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NEW

ZEALAND



WAIMANGI GLACIER.

NEW ZEALAND

THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE

BY
MAX. HERZ, M.D.

WITH EIGHTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A MAP

NEW YORK
DUFFIELD & COMPANY

1912

PREFACE

Commissions, yes, they gave to me,
When leaving home for oversea!
Indian covers for the table,
Furs of ermine, seal and sable,
Tuatara, egg of Moa,
Platypus, constrictor boa,
Zebra, elephant and gnu,
Ceratodus, and kangaroo,
Bananas, mangoes, flying fox,
'Possum, bronzes, dingo dogs,
Fans, the real Japanese;
Ceylon, Pekoe, China teas,
Postal cards from every State—
If possible in duplicate;
Postage stamps of every nation—
Of course, with every variation;
Lizards, frogs, a full aquarium;
Cholera, lepra, plague bacterium;
Mosquitoes, savage, pitiless,
Pickled into harmlessness;
Plants exotic, flowers, ferns,
Rhamses' mummy, burial urns,
Hieroglyphs from tomb and wall,
A heap of minerals, big and small,
(But I know, I have to own,
Only gall and kidney stone),

..

Buddha pictures, silver handles,
Belts and buckles, holy candles,
Caterpillars, butterflies,
Gathered under various skies ;
Boomerang and bow and arrow,
Sabres wide and sabres narrow,
Bloody lance and pointed spear,
Bowls and cups of Kava beer,
Paintings, screens and ostrich feather,
Moccasins of bison leather,
Porcelain and shells and pearls
Brown and black and yellow girls,
Chop-sticks, idols made of clay,
Vases rare of Cloisonné,
Bronzes squat and priests of Brama,
Autograph of Dalai Lama,
Eagle, Lyra, Kea wings,
Ear and nose and finger rings,
And a thousand other things. . . .

And now I am bringing something no one had asked for. I have to tell of what I have heard, seen and read in this far country, and perhaps I shall fail in the telling ; perchance I shall be raising the ire of those friends who must assuredly be disappointed in getting something they have not ordered and do not want. But I put my faith in the equability of their tempers and hope for their indulgence. For besides the unpleasant outlook, that the fulfilment of their commissions would have brought me *vis-à-vis du rien*—face to face with the Official Assignee—I am bringing, to my thinking, a better gift than any for which they have asked—the tale of the rise of a nation. For, after all, “ the proper study of mankind is man.”

PREFACE

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The translation of this book from the German original was made by the author, filed by his wife and Miss Rita Harris, and polished by several gentlemen friends of mine in Auckland. All thanks and acknowledgments are due to the three last named ; all blame to be addressed to

MAX. HERZ, M.D.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

The Translation of Mr. Martin Greif's poem on p. 338 is by Mr. Richard A. Singer of Auckland (N.Z.).

The designs introducing the chapters are original Maori patterns.

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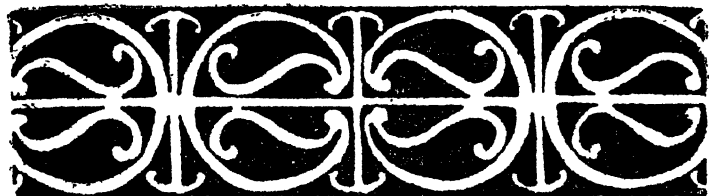
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[The design of the cover, delineated by Mr G. E. Jones of Auckland N.Z., depicts the Hongi of the Maori. When these natives of New Zealand meet they lay their noses together and murmur "Naumai, Haeremai, Haeremai," i.e. "Be welcome, thrice welcome."]



NEW ZEALAND

IN the beginning were heaven and earth, Rangi and Papa, the parents of all life. And their children were Tu, the red-belted god of battle and of men; Tane, the lord of the forest; a third son who ruled the sea; another who blessed the fruit of the land, and a fifth who protected all wild vegetation. But heaven lay upon earth, and everywhere was gloom and darkness. The children outgrew their parents' care, wearied of groping in black night and of passing their time in shadow. And so they asked their father and mother to separate from each other so that there should be light. "Part from each other? Never by our own free will," they made answer. "Then by force," was the retort. Mighty logs the rebels gathered for the severance of heaven from earth. But love was too strong and like dry branches the great beams broke. Yet merciless were these unnatural children. Tane, the forest-god, turning himself upon his head, forced heaven upwards with his feet. Thus was the separation achieved. The union of Rangi and Papa was ended; but not ended was their love. In the hours before the day they whispered to one another. Hot tears drop

from the father's eyes—this men call the dew. Deep sighs of mourning rise from the mother's breast—this men call the mist. But punishment befell the conspirators. Tane's children, the trees, stand unto this day upon their heads, stretch their feet towards heaven and hide their hair in the ground. The sea-god rushed into the ocean, where he and his folk live as fishes. The protector of the plants threw himself despairingly into his mother's arms. True love forgave and granted him and his offspring shelter in her lap. A sixth son, Tawhiri-Matea, had no community with his brethren. With true filial love he followed his father, and from the skies he visits his false brothers in the mighty storm. Only Tu, the man, was left on earth, helpless and unprotected. And thus it comes to pass that until this hour wind and weather oppress the children of Tu, (Tiki and his brothers and sisters) lash the seas in their path before them, hurl their vessels on the reefs, tear down their huts and destroy the crops and the work of their hands.

Many years later lived Maui, a hero not unlike Hercules, only of lighter nature. A playful, tricky little imp, disposed to mischief, he was ever ready to snap his fingers at philistines, both gods and men. His loving mamma had thrown him, soon after birth, into the sea. A fish, however, brought him to shore and saved him from being murdered by wild birds. In varied adventures his lust for action was exhibited. He discovered that the sun did not do his full share of work, and undertook to bring the lazy one to reason. In the night he crept up to the sleeping god, threw a rope round his horns, choked him until he yelled, and,

with the jaw of an old aunt, battered great holes in his head; compelling him thus to circle more slowly and to give mankind a longer day. From the fire-goddess, whose nails sparkled with flames, our Maui cajoled almost all her precious possessions, until the maiden, angered at his pranks, sent down fire to the earth and would have burnt her tormentor to death, had his relatives not showered rain to extinguish the brand. Only a few trees preserved the precious element. Thus by Maui's act fire came to earth and into the trees from which men obtain it.

Now, one fine day Maui sat upon a star and fished in the ocean. A sudden jerk—Maui hauled up his line and landed on the surface the "Ika a Maui," the fish of Maui: New Zealand.

But not for long did he enjoy his catch. For other doughty deeds our knight went forth. He must subdue the goddess of night. Disguised as birds, he and his companions set out on their quest, and eventually found the old lady sunk in deepest slumber, her mouth wide open. Maui straightway determined to hop into it and to bite off her vital thread, the while admonishing his associates to watch in dead silence. But the sight of Maui creeping into the toothless, snoring cavity was so comical that they burst into a peal of ringing laughter. This awakened the old dame; she promptly snapped her jaws together and Maui received his despatch. So came death to living beings. Maui's fish, however, remained on the surface, a lasting memorial of his deeds.

Thus is painted in the mythology of the first New Zealanders, the Maoris, the history of the Islands'

origin. Less fantastic, perhaps, but still like a fairy tale, is the story of New Zealand's birth, to be read in the gigantic book which the earth periods have written down in millions of years, the runes of which have become readable to ordinary mortals through the labour of many savants, such as Hutton, Gregory, Marshall, the Viennese Hochstetter, the German Julius van Haast.

. . . Grey dawn over the world ; steaming mist and wandering clouds. Out of the waters rises the land ; fern and grass and rush shoot and bloom—time passes, and all sinks down again into the sea. The primeval forests petrify and the cretaceous period lays strata thousands of feet deep above them.

A broad deep sea covers these.

Thousands of years pass. It is the end of the secondary period. Slowly a new continent rises to light ; far to the west it stretches towards Tasmania and Australia, reaches perhaps even to the Antarctic Continent ; New Zealand forms its coast. Mountain giants are born out of the bowels of the earth ; volcanoes belch forth immense streams of lava over the young land ; fern forests rustle in the wind. But all else is silence. No animal calls to its mate, none hunt for prey, roaring in the forest deep, cracking the mighty branches. The Continent sinks beneath the ocean ; the coastal line, however, remains, and between Australia and New Zealand rolls the Tasman Sea. We are on lasting ground. Never since that time has New Zealand fully disappeared. A firm substratum has remained and lasted over thousands of years of storm and stress. But for a

while yet it is in restless action ; new land is born ; a bridge is formed to New Guinea, New Caledonia, the South Pacific continent originates, the southern end of which is New Zealand.

Plants immigrate from the warm north and with them lower animals—snails, lizards, worms and insects. The grotesque *Ichthyosaurus* furrows the waters.

The tertiary period approaches. Rest has not yet come to the land. The sea foams up in volcanic upheaval—and when the waters had withdrawn the primeval fern forests are spread thousands of feet above the sea level as mighty coalfields (and lie so to-day on the west coast of the South Island).

The land in the north sinks slowly down, the communication with the South Sea Islands is lost ; but new ground rises in the east which stretches across to South America. In large herds troops of new animals advance, land birds among them ; plant seeds are carried by favourable winds ; then it was, that the foundation of to-day's fauna and flora was laid.

The early part of the tertiary period sees a renewed sinking of the land, this time to a greater depth. Large tracts are submerged, only the former summits and peaks rise above the water, the land is torn into small islands ; into the old valleys falls a dense rain of the shell coverings of the lowest animals, producing a heavy surface of chalk deposit.

Time moves on. Depression is followed by rise. Deep as it had sunk before, to enormous heights is the land now lifted, thousands of feet

higher than it lies to-day. Whether as a result of this rising into colder zones or of a deviation of the earth's axis, the ice period dawns, too, over New Zealand. The mountain summits are covered with enormous glittering caps; glaciers stretch forth their icy arms hundreds of miles long; immense torrents rush into the valleys, gnawing deep ravines, tearing down with them massive boulders and débris.

Over this the quarternary period breaks. Again the land sinks; a great valley subsides in the centre of the island, and now Cook Strait separates North and South Islands. A warmer wind breathes upon the edges of the glaciers, large masses are melted off, volcanoes burst forth in the North Island.

The sinking ends, and again commences a period of rising; and in this latter state New Zealand still remains to-day. Slowly the South Island ascends out of the sea. By a great earthquake on 23rd January 1855, the neighbourhood of Wellington (North Island) was lifted almost 8 feet, sinking again 3 feet, with the resultant increase of 5 feet.

At last New Zealand is finished and assumes its present form.

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION AND FORMATION

Like a torn boot New Zealand lies between the 34th and 48th degree of the southern latitude. The 175th Greenwich degree of eastern longitude goes through the gap of Cook Strait. Thus lies the South Island (the "leg-part") to the west, the

North Island (the "foot-part") to the east of it. Three islands are officially recognised, the small Stewart Island being added, which Foveaux Strait separates from the South Island. (That forms the tag of our boot.)

The trend of the land is chiefly from north-east to south-west. Only the most northern part of North Island (the sole of our boot) has a northward trend. The average width of the country is scarcely over 225 miles—the "sole" measures just about sixty miles. A thousand and more fathoms deep the ocean girds the islands; on the western shores breaks the Tasman Sea with its ceaseless waves; the South Pacific washes the rest.

Could one drive two giant poles through the north and south extremities of the Islands, and another through the centre at Cook Strait, almost where to-day stands the capital city of Wellington, so that all three passed through the middle of the earth and emerged again at the other side: in Morocco the Arab would stand aghast at the remarkable apparition protruding from the ground and forget in his terror to kidnap and rebel; the pole of Wellington would spring up in Spanish soil near Salamanca, perhaps on that battle-field where the Iron Duke defeated the French in 1812, so fashioning a monument to the great victor of Waterloo from the city that bears his name; the pole of the south point would rise in loneliness in the Atlantic Ocean, slightly to the west of the inhospitable Bay of Biscay, in line with Bordeaux.

And many a man whose school education had not introduced him to the secrets of geography would be vastly enlightened by the knowledge of

the dimensions of the twin islands, which the European imagination pictures as a mere appendix to Australia though more than a thousand miles of deep sea roll between them.

The coast-line is regular, especially in the South Island. Its western shores, occupied by the Province of Westland, runs in a shallow curve. The southern corner is torn into numerous fjords. On Cape Province the line breaks nearly in a right angle towards the east, only to bend soon as sharply to the north. The small Otago and the greater Banks Peninsula only interrupt its straight trend. The Provinces Otago (in the south) Canterbury (in the north) share the possession of this coast. From Cape Campbell the line turns towards the north-west and breaking up into a few sounds forms the southern borders of Cook Strait. Here lies the Province Marlborough and Nelson. The South Island offers thus the figure of an almost perfect rectangle.

The North Island is triangular. The base lies on the east extending from Cape Palliser to East Cape. The great Hawke's Bay, in the province of the same name, and the shallowed curve of Poverty Bay bend the line inland. The second side of the triangle runs towards the north-west terminating at North Cape. The country between East Cape and Runaway Cape is the keel of the New Zealand boot; the Bay of Plenty the arch. Then comes the sole, which is shamefully torn. The greatest hole is Hauraki Gulf, in which Auckland, centre of the province of the same name, lies well sheltered. The Bay of Islands forms another tear—and more rents are to be found on the way

to the North Cape. At Cape Maria van Diemen we reach the uppers of our boot; but here also there is need of thorough repairs, for Hokianga, Kaipara, and Manukau harbours have torn great holes; but thereafter the conditions improve. In a shallow curve the outline stretches southward to Cape Terawhiti. In its midst springs sharply forward the spur of Mount Egmont, dividing the coastal waters into North and South Taranaki Bights. Taranaki, too, is the name of this part of the country. The southern corner from Cape Terawhiti to Cape Palliser with the wide hinterland bounded by the Taranaki and Hawke's Bay districts, forms the Province of Wellington.

The division into provinces is the outcome of the various settlements of the early colonists. The geographical character of the country caused these settlements to remain for a long time isolated and independent. Union was delayed by the geographical barriers: steep impassable mountains, which age, storms and rivers had not yet rendered fit and ready for road-making; and streams, which rushing wildly from the heights and roaring over precipices had not yet channelled deep and navigable beds.

New Zealand, to follow Prof. J. W. Gregory's opinion, possesses four different mountain-systems, the work of three periods. The backbone of the South Island is the Southern Alps, built of continental rocks, chiefly slates, which trend in the main direction of the island, lying nearer to the west coast. Their southern end is frayed into the steep rocks of the fjords and southern lakes. Firmly packed is the midpart, crowned by New

Zealand's highest peak, Mt. Cook (12,359 feet); the north-end broadens out again and ends precipitously in Cook Strait. On the western side stretch the narrow coastal plains of Westland, which owe their existence to the débris of their glacier-fed rivers, among which the Buller, Grey, Teremakau and Hokitika rivers are the most prominent. On the eastern foot lie the wide, spacious, fertile plains of Canterbury which slope slowly down to the Pacific. They, too, were created by the action of their rivers. Immense boulders, mighty masses of mud and slime were brought down by the Waimakariri, Selwyn, Rakaia, the Ashburton, Rangitata, Waitaki and other smaller rivers. Their beds are even now mile-wide fields of stones, in which the water arteries often alter their courses. It is the aspect of these river beds that gives these plains their peculiar and characteristic appearance.

As the Southern Alps terminate so abruptly in Cook Strait, one would expect their continuation in the North Island. No such formation is, however, to be met there. Where it might be looked for a flat layer of age-old rocks is spread belonging to the quarternary period, forming the basin of Wanganui.

Northward follows the volcanic region of Lake Taupo and Rotorua with its boiling waters and spouting geysers. In olden times in all probability the Alps extended into the North Island, but later sank to a lower level; and this subsidence, according to Professor Suess's opinion was the cause of the volcanic outburst.

Through the Wanganui basin flow the Patea,

Wanganui, Wangaehu, Turakina, Manawatu and other rivers, rich in water and partly navigable. The main stream of the volcanic region is the Waikato, which, rising on the eastern slopes of the volcanic Ruapehu, runs in a wide curve, 270 miles long, through lakes, deep gorges and fertile plains until creeping over sandbanks it empties itself wearily into the Tasman Sea.

The second mountain-system runs in the same direction as the Alps, but situated nearer to the east coast. In the north of the Canterbury plains these heights commence in the Kaikoura Ranges; they travel in double rows through Marlborough, breaking off sharply at Cook Strait. Across the channel in the south-eastern corner of the North Island, they reappear and follow the east coast to the north as the Rimutaka, Ruahine, Huiakau, Raukumara Ranges, ending only in the sea between East and Runaway Capes.

From these summits numerous rivers fall into the valleys beneath. In the South Island the Clarence and Wairau rivers terminate eastwards in the Pacific. From both slopes, to east and west, streams radiate in the North Island, some entering the South Taranaki Bight, others the Eastern Pacific, and others again the Bay of Plenty.

The third mountain-system is of the most ancient origin. Its direction is north-west to south-east, crossing the line of the others at right angles. Only in a few ranges is the line preserved. One lies in the north; the deviation of the north coast, the sole of our imaginary boot, owes its origin to these heights; another one stretches in the south, in the lake-dotted region of Otago; likewise from

north-west to south-east extensive rivers, the Aparima, Oreti, Mataura and Clutha rivers have here channelled their beds, the direction of which had been mapped out by these ancient heights.

There remain as the fourth mountain-system, the volcanoes. Gregory divides them into those occurring inland and those lying on the coast-line. Among the latter stand out the snow-clad Mt. Egmont with its well-preserved crater from which, however, no more sulphurous breath and no more lava issue. In the South Island, Vulcan's labours have piled up the Banks and Otago Peninsulas. The inland volcanoes are to be found in masses in the basin extending from Lake Taupo to the Bay of Plenty. On the shores of the lake lie Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe and Tongariro, massed high into the region of eternal snow and ice, all, still active. An ice-field covers the maimed cone of Ruapehu; in its midst a lake of boiling water 200 yards across, in which the falling ice-blocks slowly melt. In their circuit are numberless extinct volcanoes: Pihanga, Tauhara, Edgecumbe, Ratapuku, Pirongia, Keriori and so on. Northwards around Rotorua extends the geyser country with Ngongotaha, Horohoro, etc., all extinct, and Tarawera, which in 1886 suddenly awakened from the sleep of centuries and destroyed lakes and sinter terraces. Farther north is the isthmus of Auckland strewn with volcanic slopes. As far as White Island in the Bay of Plenty this thermal region extends.

FLORA

Densest bush and jungle covered the land.



Photo. CABBAGE TREE (*Cordolync australis*).
Jos. Martin.



KAURI PINE (*Dammara australis*).
THE CABLE-LIKE ROOT ON THE TRUNK BELONGS TO
THE RATA-PARASITE.

Skywards, slender as a column stretched the Kauri pine (*Dammara Australis*) in its northernmost forests, its precious gum falling in clots to the ground. The Nikau, New Zealand's only palm, gracefully spread its fans. Tree-ferns wove superb screens; high coniferæ grew side by side with these: Rimu (*Dacrydium cupressinum*), Totara (*Podocarpus Totara*), White Pine (*Podocarpus dacrydioides*) and many others; in the wind rustled the bushy long-leaved crown of *Cordilyne Australis*, the Cabbage tree; in impenetrable denseness sprouted and bloomed shrubs and ferns; lianas climbed from branch to branch twining plants and trees, close and thick stood and stands the jungle, the bush; no dry account can do it justice; intimacy alone can teach the love and knowledge of it.

Only a few spots were free of forest. In swampy grounds, on riversides New Zealand's flax (*Phormium tenax*) spread its long, narrow, thick leaves. On the hot soil of the volcanoes stood bracken and white and pink flowering Manuka; all other life the rain of ashes had destroyed. Void and empty, too, were the Canterbury plains; the high Alps at their backs allowed but few rain-clouds to reach them and nothing but tussocks flourish there; on the other hand the bush of the west coast throve all the denser.

The flora of New Zealand was quite different from the Australian. Here were no Eucalyptus, no *Acacia* (wattle). Two-thirds of all the plants of this country, among them the flax, are New Zealand's very own, although there are related families to be found in other places, especially (and

this is noteworthy) in the Malay Archipelago, in South America and in the Antarctic regions.

FAUNA

The peculiarities of the flora are surpassed by the singularly developed fauna. Before men stepped on these shores, bringing with them domestic animals, the land was the almost undisputed realm of birds. It was the home of a happy family. Two kinds of bats alone represented the land mammals; there were no wild quadrupeds, no kangaroos, no serpents as in the near Australia, no Duck-bills, no Salamander-fish. No foreign foe lay in ambush for the feathered folk which could thus develop undisturbed. But this leisurely existence made some fat, stupid, lazy and greedy. In ease and enjoyment Moa, Kiwi, Takahe, Weka strolled about; nobody hunted, nobody troubled them. What need then for wings? Their nourishment was to be sought upon the ground; nor had they need to hop from branch to branch, to pick berries, to catch insects. It was unnecessary waste of energy to fly. And so they forgot the art and neglected the use of their wings which became atrophied in consequence. The wings of the Moa disappeared completely, leaving no trace of any kind not even rudimentary joint-formation. Their days were passed in ease and gaiety. The worldly hope they set their hearts upon turned ashes. Laziness revenged itself. Now, animals came who knew not Pharaoh and the funeral march commenced. The Moa disappeared

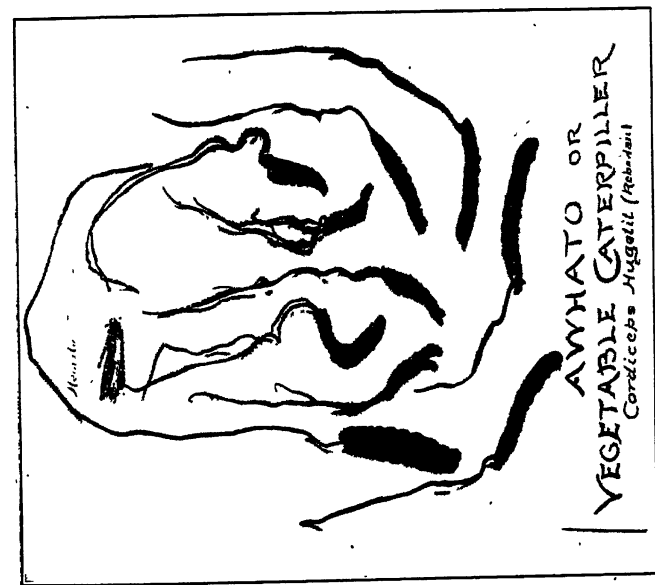


Photo.

Jos. Martin.

VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR.

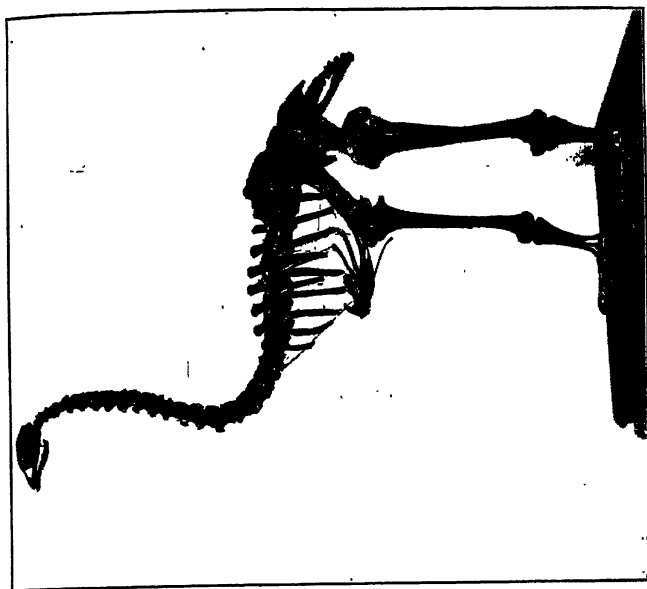


Photo.

Jos. Martin.

MOA SKELETON.

completely; four Tahake only have been caught; the Kiwi has become relatively rare.

Bones of the Moa (*Dinornis*) were and are still exhumed, which framed together, exhibit a monster; a bird, with three-toed elephant legs of man's height, 12, 15, 18 feet tall! It must have been a horrible sight. On legs as thick as a tree-trunk, a balloon-like body with the neck of a giraffe and high above a minute head covered all over with hair-like feathers. Their trot must have shaken the ground. The first inhabitants still met this atrocity in life; for them it was, in a country poor in meat, a desirable quarry. But when the whites discovered the Islands the last one had long been eaten. Only their bones, their relatively small eggs, their cropstones have seen the light of our day.

A more gracious fate befell their smaller cousin, the Kiwi Apteryx, of which four or five species are still alive. He is a real vagabond: his clothing in rags, his wings only rudimentary and not visible through his dingy-coloured hair feathers, lacking a tail, and with a long narrow bill. The livelong day he sleeps, and only at night time, when all decent bird-folk have retired within their feathers he goes forth preying. In the darkness he cannot rely on his eyes, which are too weak and small; but a fine scent, a brilliant ear has this fellow—not for nothing does he wear his nostrils on the end of his bill. He is an ostrich in build, but of the size of a fowl. Only his egg reminds one by its measurement (4 x 2 inches) of past days of greatness.

Better even than he, fared the Weka (*Ocydro-*

mos), the Wood or Maori-hen. But he, a real rowdy, has made a regular fight for it. On his wing-ends he carries sharp claws, with which he administers boxes on the ears and unpleasant hidings. In his brownny red, black striped dress he looks so innocent, so demure, as if butter would not melt in his mouth; "no angel is more pure"—and with it all he is a veritable larrikin, a real cute, knowing customer. He steals like a practised hand everything he can lay his beak on, from ducks' and hens' eggs up to silver spoons and pocket watches; he possesses the pure kleptomania. Inquisitive as a crown prosecutor, he puts his eyes, nose and claws into everything. But where there is shadow, there must also be light. The little fellow has his good parts; devours insects, larvæ, worms with great appetite and keeps many an acre clear of vermin.

Most of the native birds which use their wings for flying, are inexpert in the art even to this day. The sloth of the ancestral age visits the third and fourth generation: most notably two species of thrush and robin which have become so limp and feeble that they are afraid to cross Cook Strait over which any bird of repute sails comfortably in an hour. But these two do not feel equal to the task; and while the finches of the North do not visit the South, the finches of the South cut their northern relatives. Only a few have awakened from this general lethargy. Godwits and Knots migrate in the winter time (March till September) to Eastern Siberia, by this extraordinarily long flight proving what a real New Zealander is capable of doing.

These are the most interesting among the

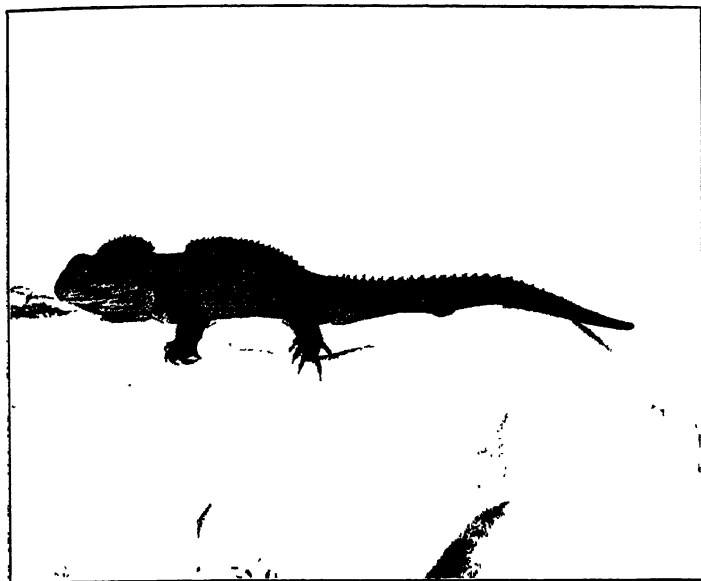


Photo.

TUATARA (*Sphenodon punctata*).

Jos. Martin



KIWI WITH ITS EGG.

feathered folk; but many others also we meet on our trips through the country. He who desires to know the tale of them should peruse the lately deceased Sir Walter Buller's work, "Birds of New Zealand."

But we must now sum up all our reverence and respect, for the aristocrat of the animal kingdom approaches: the Tuatara, *Sphenodon* (Hatteria) *Punctata*, the last remaining scion of grey old nobility belonging to times previous to the origin of birds, before the *Archæopteryx* undertook its first flight. Its nearest relatives lie in the vaults of jurassic rocks, extinct millions of years. He is the right honourable cousin of the families of *Homœo*-, *Rhyncho*-, *Plesio*-, *Ichthyonaurus*. *Sphenodon* is like a lizard, 10 to 12 inches long, wearing a grey-green and yellow speckled dress covered with scales and little knots. A thorny ridge runs from the crown of the head to the end of the tail. A little mouth covers a double row of sharp, small teeth in the upper jaw. Two dark eyes gaze, full of wisdom, into the world. Chest and stomach rest on the ground. Four tiny, five-toed legs with web skins move it slowly forward or row it swiftly through the water. Its patent of nobility is its anatomy; form and development of breast-bone and ribs bring it near turtles as well as birds. In the vertex, inside the skull is a third eye, developed and furnished with a nerve, the remainder of which *homo sapiens* carries still in his Hypophysis. Its castle is a hole in the earth dug out by its own efforts or usurped as knight of the road. Often it sublets a part to *petrels* as boarders. Mostly they are on good terms, but now

and again there is an argument when the little teeth quickly settle all matters in dispute. Its favourite dishes are snails and young birds. Her ladyship lays the leathery eggs in a little hollow, which she thoroughly covers with earth and makes unrecognisable. Eleven months the offspring takes to appear. Once upon a time this oldest of old animals ruled the whole country, as became its nobility and age. But times grew more democratic. Cook, in 1773, set free three pigs, which quickly increased their number, and these plebeians, in alliance with the bourgeois cat and dog, assaulted the nobility. To a few islands the Tuatara has now retired, and with other old native animals is there protected by law against all murderous onslaughts.

A few words only need be said about two animals which, though not belonging to New Zealand only, are here represented by good specimens. There is primarily the *Paryphanta busbyi*, a snail as big as a man's fist, carrying on its back a beautiful, brown spiral house, and laying an oval, hard lime-shelled egg of the size of a hazel-nut. Next the vegetable caterpillar. In peace and quietness lives this caterpillar, until it feels the call of time and destiny to turn into a chrysalis, to give life to a moth (*Porina enysii*). There live also the spores of a parasitic fungus (*Cordiceps robertsii*). These assault the sleeping caterpillar, creep through mouth and pores into the interior and there make themselves comfortable; live on the animal tissue and change it into vegetable matter. They increase and grow, spread their roots, overlay in time the whole of the bowels and replace them by their

mycelium. The external skin only remains. Out of the mouth, more rarely the neck or anus, a long stalk grows, bears spores, and the play starts all over again.

The arrival of man soon changed the animal picture, as they gave new features to the flora by the introduction of European flowers, grass, trees, (willows, cypress, eucalyptus, etc.). The Maori brought dog and rat, the white man his domestic animals, cattle, sheep, deer and pheasant; the imported vegetables carried caterpillars and insects, which increased so rapidly, that for their destruction birds were introduced, among which was the sparrow, that larrikin, which has in turn itself become a great nuisance. Practical reasons dictated the introduction of the honey-bee, which soon helped the propagation of the red clover. The wild rabbit was imported, too, and is to-day relegated to all imaginable hot places as it has become so destructive a pest. Sentiment brought the lark, thrush, and blackbird. In rivers and lakes trout were set free. Sea-fish were always abundant. Everything grew and flourished exceedingly, but before the advance of the newcomers the old fauna decreased to such an extent that finally the Government with commendable decision reserved two islands, the Little Barrier in the North and Resolution in the Sounds for the protection of native birds.

CLIMATE

A propitious climate favoured such life and growth. About the weather, people in New Zealand love to boast. Rarely does the passer-by

in the street omit some reference to it with his "how d'you do?" If you would discuss the climate with him, he looks at you in bewilderment. "Discuss? Perhaps even criticise? Does that fellow not know that he lives in God's own country where God's own climate rules?" Such opinions grow by comparisons with Australian heat-waves and droughts, with English fogs and continental winters. The geographical latitude would lead one to expect subtropical weather. But the insular position prevents that. The sea with its cool currents has a prevailing influence, allowing no extremes of either heat or cold and equalising the temperatures of the seasons at far distant places in a remarkable degree. Dunedin lies 630 miles more southerly and nearer the ice-pole than Auckland; the difference in mean annual temperature is only 8° Fahr. Auckland's coldest month, July (N.B. we are with the antipodes) has an average temperature of 51°, and its hottest, December, of 65.5°; the difference between the same month in Dunedin is 12.8°. The average difference between the temperatures of day and night measures 12°. Only in a few or in particularly exposed places does snow fall and then it stays but a few days on the ground. Ice skating may be enjoyed in two or three places only in the earliest hours of the morning. No part of New Zealand suffers from want of rain; the vicinity of mountains often effects local differences, but drought is unknown. But "the wind, the wind, the heavenly child!" If you chance to see a man before turning round a street corner, secure his hat with his hand, he is a New Zealander. Hotly whistles the nor'wester over the Islands, raising in

the dry country whirling clouds of dust with severely enervating effect, especially in Canterbury, upon both man and beast. Suddenly it veers round to the south-west, ice cold then it strikes through to the marrow. The quicksilver leaps down 30° within an hour. This sudden change, these storms, now warm now cold, with their clouds of dust penetrating eyes, nose, mouth and ears, can make your day very unpleasant—"God's own climate"? I fear, on such a day it is for the atheist another reason for his heresy. But these bad times are rare. Most of the days are full of bright warm sun; wet days come, but scarcely more often, than is required for the country's needs. The climate is on the whole pleasant, healthy, and favourable to every form of life. The soil fertile, the climate mild—where were the men who might have lived on that land?

Long they stayed away. Men did not see the glacial period here. In Europe they sat in their caves round the fire laboriously lit, thawing their frozen limbs.

New Zealand, however, remained empty until quite recent times.

DISCOVERY

Tasman and Cook were the first of the white race to visit this land. But for humanity in its widest sense, they are not the discoverers. The first men to set their feet on these shores were coloured. Polynesians. This is transmitted by native tradition, the communication of which is due to Mr Percy Smith.

About A.D. 650—so the learned believe—there lived on an island in Polynesia a man of high

valour, filled with the spirit of adventure and the longing for exploration: Ui-Te-Rangiora. House and home pleased him not. His native isle was too small for his ambition. He determined to build a great canoe, "And men's bones were the wood of that canoe" says the legend, and this implies it would seem, that, to secure good luck to their venture, the bones of foes were worked into the wood. The Polynesians had skill in building large boats, for remains of canoes have been found which could carry 100 to 150 men. They knew further, various ways of food preservation and transport of fresh water; but the cocoanut chiefly supplied them with food and drink. Thus prepared, on a great canoe, our hero boldly made for the high sea. All the places in the world, his limited world, he visited, and among them a land, Avai-tautau, where rocks grew out of the ocean. He met with wild sea-maidens, who lived on mountainous waves and spread their tresses in the foaming surf, deceitful sea-monsters, and a dark, misty place, where the sun shone no more; he saw desolated mountains, grim and wild, the summits of which pierced the skies.

One is scarcely mistaken in the supposition that these bold sailors did not touch upon Antarctic regions; how could their frail ship have escaped the icebergs?—but that New Zealand was this Avai-tautau, that the dark, sunless place was the sounds of the south-west coast, the bare mountains the ice-capped heights, the maiden's tresses the piled seaweeds.

The story of these wonders lived on in their legends. Centuries passed. The tradition speaks of others whom the old tale enticed to sail. It was

not the desire or the lust to plunder and pillage foreign shores which, centuries later, incited the Vikings to cross the high seas; it was pure delight in wandering, unmarred love of knowledge. Many journeys were undertaken. In the year 1350, judging from the pedigree of celebrated chiefs, a small national migration to New Zealand took place. The memory of this voyage remained alive even in details; the names of the principal canoes, of the chiefs, the various inspiring songs and hymns, and countless sufferings, the happy landing: everything is reported. The bold wanderers home the song calls Hawaiki. In this name some will recognise (Little) Savai (one of the Samoan Islands), but Mr Percy Smith identifies it with Tahiti (one of the Society Islands).

What was it that chased them from home? Their songs speak of great floods and the terrible spears of the foe. Was it this? Was it starvation and lack of room, or was it the old wander-lust, which the account of the new land fanned into a fresh blaze? The tale of the wonders of the country, the report of the discovery of greenstone—a translucent, dark green jade of diamond hardness—which is found to this day on the west coast of the South Island? For people in the stone age its possession must have been of inestimable value. Reeves is most probably right in his remark, that the discovery of such a stone must have had such an effect on the world of that time, as the report of a goldfield has to-day.

However, there is a general consensus of opinion, that the Maori, as the first New Zealanders styled themselves, are a Polynesian, that is originally an

Aryan race, but with a Melanesian woof, an addition of a lower human family, related to the negro, from which the natives of Australia and the now annihilated Tasmanians originated.

What was their appearance? Thick set, strong, muscular figures, with chocolate-brown complexion, fleshy, blubber lips, and broad, flat noses often bent in Semitic curves. The hair is black and shiny, straight and smooth, or in big curls; the eye big and full of expression, with deep brown iris; its sclera has a tinge of yellow. Chiefs and warriors had the whole face and often the lower part of the back tattooed with double coils, coloured blue, well lined and beautifully curved, which were connected by ladder-like designs, and each example, each "Moko" is different, often only in the smallest detail, scarcely noticeable. Married women had only a few curved blue lines as a frame placed round the lips or on the chin, from their ears hung red-rimmed shark-teeth or polished fragments of greenstone. Round the neck dangled the "Hei-Tiki," carved out of whalebone or greenstone; a picture of the Maori patron of humanity. Above a little paunch a coyly bent hydrocephalic head with round staring eyes, red lids and protruded tongue, arms akimbo, bandy legs, which crave to be set straight by the chisel—such is the Maori Adonis.

About thirty-four tribes populated the islands, closer settled in the warmer north, less numerous in the colder South Island. The families remained near each other and formed small communities.

Their houses or wharés had a rectangular ground plan, short vertical side-walls of wood, a steep, high roof, sloping to the length, and containing one

room. In the front the wall was set a little back so that with roof and side-walls a small verandah was formed. Roofs, walls, holes were covered and filled with reeds and rushes. In the front wall was a small door, next to it a little window, both of which could be closed with boards. Two poles, one on the verandah, the other inside the hut supported the roof. Similarly built was the storehouse (Pataka), but this stood on piles rising high above the ground, thus protected against rats and humidity. Usually it was gorgeously carved. Extensive and beautiful ornamentation decorated the meeting-house (Runanga), which was really only an enlarged wharé. Such houses and huts were built close together, forming a village which was surrounded by a high palisade. One or two low and carved doors, permitted entrance. In the vicinity of all these villages was situated a Maori fortress (pa) erected on high walls, rocks or river banks, which, though protected by nature, were strongly fortified. In times of war such forts offered all inhabitants refuge and shelter.

Sober and industrious people were these natives. Intoxicating drinks, the use of narcotics (Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco) were foreign to them. And they were compelled by necessity to be industrious. The country did not permit them to live happily day by day without much toil and trouble. The climate was less mild, the soil less rich than in the old home of the South Sea, where cocoanuts, mangoes and other fruit grew without human aid. The old loafing life was at an end. Here they must work; the body claimed clothing; as there were no animal furs, it had to be woven from the fibre of flax or

cabbage-tree. Square mats were woven in their natural colour with artistic borders braided in black and red in geometrical style, thick, bulky, roughly finished rain collars or ornamental blankets, thickly covered with Kiwi feathers and with this was worn a loin apron made out of reed fringes.

Foodstuffs had to be cultivated, and the Maoris soon became skilled gardeners, growing in particular the sweet potato, their Kumara (*convolvulus batata*). Birds and fish, too, were caught, and after the battle there was always the enemy.

Nobody could be idle. After breakfast work began. Some went into the fields, some into the bush to fell trees or to snare birds; others collected berries and healing herbs. The craftsmen stopped at home, built houses, hollowed with fire and stone-axes a tree into a canoe; erected earthworks, excavated trenches; made fishing lines, rods, bird snares and arms, or with painful labour fashioned tools out of stone, bone, and wood. Steel, bronze and earthenware were unknown. The artists among them took their stone chisels and obsidian splinters and carved beautiful ornaments on broad boards for Runanga and Pataka and war canoe, or decorated wooden bowls and arms. The women (Wahine) in the meantime, cooked the second meal for the evening on glowing hot stones; or prepared flax, wove mats and attended to the children.

Every day had its work, everybody his employment. The tribe lived in a kind of communism. The harvest and what the day had not consumed was kept for future needs in the Pataka, the store-houses. From here each took what he needed; the love of his neighbours prevented him taking

more. Well for him who caught birds or fish; but if these proved of too fine a quality, probably, the chief or priest claimed them for himself. Gladly they were handed over in the silent hope that the high lord would soon make some return.

The ground belonged to the tribe, and was leased to the individual who, however, never became its proprietor and could not without tribal consent release it. Purchase and sale were unknown. Presents were exchanged or made; but in the latter case return presents were "de rigueur." When evening came, after the work of the day was done, the tribe met in the Rūnanga, sang, danced *Haka* and *Poi*, laughed and made merry, or the priest (Tohunga) recited the history of the tribe, the epics of bygone days.

They lived in strict monogamy; only the chief was permitted to keep a harem as a reward and recreation from the cares of government. All the others found the one Wahine more than satisfying. No peculiar customs and rites accompanied the wedding. Here and there a newly married couple were locked in the house for a few days; while outside all the tribe gave themselves up to gormandising and debauchery, inside in their cosy corner the couple could live on air and love.

Every event seems for the Maoris to have grown into an occasion for feasts. If any died, great and noisy was the mourning; round the corpse the tribe collected, howling and sobbing miserably; they praised the dead, sang his glory, did homage to his deeds, always with the hidden wish that his ghost

would be gracious and merciful to those left behind. After hours of wailing and lamentation the self-interest grew stronger and "each seized a portion of the kingly feast," using lavishly the stores of the deceased. It was the pride of the family, when afterwards a whisper went through the land: the Tangi of such and such was a great feast, a huge meal.

Most corpses were interred in a sitting posture, some tribes tied them on trees and left them to decompose. Chiefs were exhumed after thirty years; their bones scraped clean and dyed red with iron earth in the very best style of the Stone Age fashion.

The soul, the aspirations, aims, reflections and inner life of the Maori—what were they?

On the shores of Lake Rotorua, the waters of which wash the little isle of Mokoia, once lived Hinemoa, a young maiden, radiant in the fullness of her youth, beautiful as the dew of the morn, to all eyes a joy. On the island in the lake, Tutanekai ruled over his tribe, a fine young chief, the glory of whose deeds had spread over the land. Hinemoa and Tutanekai were true lovers, but both had kept silent, neither daring to speak first for fear there might be no response. Blissful uncertainty was preferable to chilling reality. Later, however, they came to confess their love and their hearts found joy in one another. When Hinemoa's relations realised the truth, their young happiness was swiftly ended. Tutanekai would not make the husband they desired; he was too young, too lowly born, not worthy of the chief's fair daughter. Meetings of the couple were forbidden; Hinemoa

was guarded and prevented from seeing her beloved. This separation made their hearts grow fonder; and though they could neither see nor speak to each other, their love brought them together in spite of all. When the stillness of night had spread over the lake, Tutanekai took his flute and poured forth his grief in music. The mournful sounds travelled to Hinemoa across the waters and reached her heart, which listened with passionate fervour. Nameless longing seized her, and high flared the flame of her love. What need to care for the wish of her people, the tribe's commandment? He, only, was in her heart. To him, to him! The note of the flute becomes despair, calls mournfully, longingly—no fetter no rope can hold her now. To him! to him! Stealthily she creeps from the house into the sheltering darkness of the night, runs fleetly to the lake, stands now upon the shore, leaps into its icy waters and swims to the isle. The longing strains of the flute guide her truly. At her landing-place there bubbled a hot spring. Into this water descended Hinemoa, for she trembled from cold and excitement at thought of her lover's presence. While she was bathing in the pool a slave came to the lake to fetch water. Hinemoa in her fright dissembled her voice and cried out to the lad, "For whom is that water?" "For Tutanekai," was the answer. Welcome were the words; quickly she bethought her how to notify her lover of her presence, and so asked the slave for a drink of the water; he held out the calabash to her, and as she took it in her hands, she let it drop upon a rock as if by accident and broke it. Presently the slave returned; again the

maiden asked for a draught and again she broke the vessel; a third and fourth time the same incident. But at length the slave lost his patience and running to his lord told him of what had happened. When Tutanekai heard of this destruction of his property, he took down his arms and rushed in fury to the lake. Wrathfully from his lips came: "Where is the wretch who broke my calabashes?" Well Hinemoa knew his voice; bashfully she stooped behind a rock jutting out in the spring, more in shyness than in true desire to hide. The young chief groped along the edge of the pool to seize the evildoer, whilst Hinemoa coyly hid behind her rock, burning with impatience to be discovered. Now he felt her hand, "Who is that?" "'Tis I, Hinemoa." "Not my Hinemoa?" "Yes," answered the maiden as she stepped from her hiding-place, rising from the water beautiful as the wild falcon, climbing up on the bank, lovely as the graceful heron. Tutanekai threw his garments over her and hand locked in hand they sought his house, where she became his wife.

A jewel out of the fairy treasure of New Zealand's native lore is this story. This precious idyll, which Sir George Grey in his "Polynesian Mythology," brought to safe shores out of the river of oral traditions, proves for all time that one must forget what one has heard about the barbarism and brutality of savage people, at any rate when one sets out to consider the character of the Maori. A breath of delicious freshness, of eternal charm runs through the tale of these children of men, separated by wide waters, whose fate was happier

than that of Hero and Leander. A fragrant veil of tender chastity, of graceful modesty, lies over it which must surely delight every heart; a true song of love, the deep feeling for music's power, the charming play of woman's cunning wit in this brown Eve, these similes from nature: wherever one looks, one cannot help but admire. To this wealth of refinement our ideas and judgments of savage culture do not conform; a tribe which owns and preserves such poems is of higher character than we pale-faces will admit.

And yet, were these Maoris not cannibals almost in our own day? Verily, a strange mixture. On the one hand dignified art, tenderly and delicately realised; on the other the devouring of their own brothers. That these two facts do not accord has not escaped the notice of the earliest observers, and Cook, too, found the right answer, the correct point of view, which after him travellers of most unbiassed judgments, Hochstetter among them, have recognised: *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, here also. And to him who, following the Darwinian method of thinking, has trained himself to see in morals and customs heredity and adaption, Maori cannibalism constitutes fresh evidence of the truth of his theory.

The native food was mostly vegetarian; fern roots from the bush, rich in starch, and the Kumara, the sweet potato, formed the main part of their sustenance. Birds caught by the most intricate means furnished them with meat. The difficulties of bird-snaring alone made this animal nourishment a rare delicacy. The coastal tribes availed themselves of the abundance of fish in the sea. Besides these

there were no animals which could have served as food for their higher relatives, no land mammals or game. In the earliest time the hunt of the Moa supplied meat food. But not many of these birds were obtained; and soon the last was killed. The hunger for animal food remained unsatiated. The land had no means to satisfy it by natural ways; therefore, man himself had to come to his own rescue. Not the people of their own family or the sick; the wild passion to fight selected the foe in the battle; hunger and lust for war, lack of suitable food and the belief that with the body of the foe, his strength and braveness would pass over to the eater: these ideas paved the way for cannibalism. From the manner in which this custom died out further evidence is to be obtained; and a diagnosis *ex juvantibus* is to be made.

Cook brought to the Maoris the pig, that true pioneer of civilisation. Here it worked wonders, which all sermons and admonitions would not have achieved. And just that characteristic which to the European is symbolical, which fosters a love for it only after its death made this quadruped the wonder worker which it proved to be. The dirt and mud, in which the pig dearly loves to wallow were its qualifications as a pioneer of culture. Cattle demand for their existence a higher stage of civilisation, pastures and meadows. The pig became a close friend of the savage in his home and environment which assuredly were not exactly the cleanest of places. It increased quickly; a rich source of animal food was opened up. The internal cause of cannibalism was removed; with the external motive for its disappearance the

missionaries may be partly credited, but mostly it was the living example of the whites. Far too intelligent not to recognise at once the superiority of the Europeans, the Maori strove hard to copy their ways, to equal them in ingenuity, skill and power. Thus came about the immediate extensive importation of fire-arms, the conversion to Christianity, though slowly and externally only; thus the exterior reason to extinguish an evil habit, whose inner cause was removed long ago.

And is it not perhaps here that may be found the key for the understanding of a characteristic feature of the Maori nature, which all observers from Tasman downwards have appreciated as the dominating factor in their lives? Does not this lack of food and its consequence, cannibalism, conceal the inner cause for their passion for fight? Every Maori was a born soldier; the country had made him so. It was no Garden of Eden; fiercely they had to wrestle with the soil; tools were necessary which spelt heavy labour for the people of the stone age. The acres needed ploughing and planting, regular and attentive culture. All these requirements, of course, increased enormously the value of property, and the craving for it; the longing for speedier, for speediest gain, for pillage. Thus everybody had to stand by his property and to defend it. A good harvest of one tribe frequently enticed its foe on to the war-path. The natives' lives were in truth a constant battle.

Their pas, already mentioned, were genuine fortresses; mostly built on cliffs or jutting points of mountains and river-sides, in naturally strong positions strategic skill had made them almost im-

pregnable. Double palisades of massive thick piles and trees, between which were deep ditches, filled with water, surrounded them. Outlying forts served as look-outs and safe retreats, from which stones could be hurled upon the besieger. In later times, after the introduction of fire-arms, the Maori dug out trenches, casemates, and subterranean vaults, sought shelter behind walls of trees and stones. So quickly their strategic eye followed the requirements of the new weapon.

The Maori was in his element, however, in hand-to-hand combat; for that alone were they armed with gorgeously carved spears, flat, short clubs (*meré*), the best of which it took a generation to cut out of greenstone. Bow and arrow were quite unknown; battles in the true sense were waged only in sieges. They employed throwing-machines to hurl mighty boulders or red-hot stones on the reed roofs of the *pa*. For all such expressions as arms, attack, siege, fortification, the Maori language possesses many terms, which describe them in the minutest detail, in the smallest particulars. This is another proof of the commanding position fighting occupied in Maori life. But the remarkable feature of their passion for warfare, not easily paralleled in the history of nations, is that it meant fighting for fighting's sake. It was to them a free playing of forces, a measuring of strength, an athletic sport, but a holy one. Laws of true chivalry governed it, acknowledged and recognised equally and genuinely by both sides, as rules regulating the game; there were no sudden surprises, no ambush, no stealing of a march, nothing which would make the enemy's position



MAORI CHIEF WITH KIWI MAT AND MERE.

unfavourable before the beginning of the battle. The day of the attack was announced to the enemy beforehand, and the appointment once made was strictly kept. During the Taranaki war the Maoris sent to the besieged English abundance of food supplies, requesting them to partake of a good meal and to come forth the next day with renewed vigour. The Earl of Pembroke relates a characteristic saying of a Maori chief. He was asked why in the Waikato war he did not attack the wagons filled with ammunition and provisions when he had command of the road. "Why, you fool?" he answered in astonishment, "if we had stolen their powder and food, how could they have fought?"

Extremely significant is the judgment of a Maori chief whose history of the Heke campaign Judge Maning has transmitted to us. "The musket is a bad weapon, the worst of all weapons; for let a man be as brave as he may, he cannot stand up before it long. Great chiefs are killed from a distance by no one knows who, and the strength of a warrior is useless against it." This now was the direct reversal of their views. Personal courage, individual bravery in close fight, was their ideal with which the rule of the masses proclaimed by the fire-weapon would not conform. This has always been the aristocratic conception of war against the democratic. At close quarters alone would it be proven what a man was worth. To re-commence a completed combat on the same day was absolutely unfair. Had the war-lot been cast, the vanquished yielded. A renewed fight was regarded simply as a piece of foul play. Sometimes two villages would

stir up a little war, and the inhabitants, after potting at each other all day, as we are told, would emerge from their pas in the evening to talk over their day's sport in the most friendly manner. "I nearly bagged your brother to-day." "Ah, my boy, you should have seen how I made your old father-in-law skip!" Their fights were in truth nothing but great duels; bodily strength, personal agility were the arbiters. To be captured brought shame and infamy, not so much to the warrior himself, who usually very quickly disappeared behind the fence of hostile teeth, as to his family who were carried off as slaves and made to feel the disgrace until the third and fourth generation. The land of the subjected fell as spoil to the victor, those of the tribe who remained became slaves.

Religion cast its consecrating light over war. To the law of Tapu (about which later on a few words have to be said) was subjected everything in any way connected with the campaign; from the first mobilisation to the end of the fight, the warrior was regarded as sacred and protected by Tu, the demon of the battle. Before they went into the field all men able to bear arms met by a river, which since the earliest times had served this purpose, namely to receive the "Toki Tana," the baptism of war. Their mediator between the Unseen and themselves, the Tohunga, walked through the rows of kneeling soldiers and murmuring a charm gently struck the shoulders of each man with a holy twig, which had been dipped in the river. The breaking of the branch meant death to the warrior in the coming battle. And with a logic which we would not call reckless or brave, the

soldier thus singled out remained at home. To go to certain death, seemed to him useless. It was a sin not to regard the omen. The Tohunga accompanied his tribe into the field, and was often the right hand of the chief, more often still his speaking-tube; in times of dire necessity he took part in the fight. It is reported that once a threatened defeat was changed into victory by the Tohunga who thrust his staff, the Turu-pu, into the ground, collected the fugitives around it and incited them to conquer or to die. The battle itself unchained all their brutality. Blood-thirsty war-passion ruled. The law of Utu, of retaliation, of eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, ordered the captive to be killed. To strike the Mataika, the first in the battle, was the aim of every ambition; such a deed brought high fame to the warrior and his relatives for many generations. Examples of heroic self-sacrifice are transmitted, which in greatness do not stand below the deeds of Leonidas and the brave men of old. Such were the laws and views that governed war, which stood in the focus of all Maori interests. Art lent its service, decorating with laborious toil spears, clubs, bow and stern of canoes with gorgeous ornaments. The impulse towards fighting gave rise to sentiments and ideas, which led the Maori to estimate property acquired in wartime at a higher value than that gained by the sweat of the brow. No glory approached the fame of battle, the warrior's valour gave man his highest honour.

In times of peace the Maori was an easygoing, good-natured fellow, but keenly sensitive to insult or injury. He set great store by etiquette, stand-

ing and position ; before everything came his sense of dignity. A fine feeling of tact was his, he would not knowingly hurt the feelings of another ; and like treatment he expected in his turn. Thus an affront was a deliberate act, done with the intention to insult. And for such an offence retaliation was indispensable. This was the law of Utu. Once the honour of a family was touched, the wife badly treated, the relatives claimed expiation of the insult. A kind of duel was arranged. Cousins, brothers and father-in-law placed themselves in a circle round the evil-doer and threw their spears, axes, and merés towards him ; if he could ward them off, everything was atoned for ; if not, just punishment was dealt out to him by the wounds inflicted. But not every trespass was of such great importance that it had to be washed out in blood. If, for instance, a child fell in a neighbour's house, hurt himself or burnt his fingers, (a fault of the neighbour's lack of attention), if small offences against morals and customs were committed, such slight transgressions were punished by *Muru*. *Muru* is the peaceful pillage, the friendly theft. The offended party forced their way into the house of the sinner, emptied kitchen and pantry, gobbled up all delicacies, preserved pigeons, pickled enemies ; rolled on all the mats and finally carried off everything that was not fastened down, whilst the proprietor was obliged to grin in silence and do his best to look pleasant.

The law of Tapu (Tāpū) was of a curious and sacred character. The Tapu drew an invisible fence round persons and things. Anything tapu could not be touched or entered except by a

privileged few. Death was the punishment for the violator. The spirits sent terrible diseases and affliction to him who unwittingly offended against the law. Tapu made the chief, his family, his goods and chattels, sacrosanct. Anything he touched became tapu. The political results of tapu are easily seen. The ruler himself would sometimes suffer unpleasant experiences from it, as that brave Rangatira who was nearly choked by a piece of fishbone in his throat, and whom nobody dared touch until a missionary delivered him from his evil plight; but the forceps used became forfeited to the chief,—it was tapu. Young Kumara and Taro plantations were tapu, nobody was allowed to enter there: this constituted economic tapu. Tapu served hygienic purposes also; anything relating to death was tapu; the corpse itself, its house, belongings, resting-place, nurse and watchers. Tapu people were not allowed to raise their hands to their mouths, they had to eat their food like animals off the flax plates which were afterwards burnt. Special hymns alone, known only to the priest, the Tohunga, could remove the spell. It would be interesting to follow the law of Tapu through the history of mankind in the customs of savages, in the prohibition of pork among the Jews, of wine among the Mohammedans, in the holy animals of Egypt and India, in the sacrosanctity of the Romans, with the inviolability of police and of councils and their thousand by-laws, the forbidding of cycling on footpaths, of picking flowers in the park or gathering oysters, the exclusive, heaven-given privileges of princes; everywhere, through all time, tapu, the grey old tapu.

Tapu and its consequences were closely connected with the religion of the Maori. Terror fashioned faith; mercy and compassion were unknown to it. Nor was this unnatural; for where were such graces to be met with in the conditions of these times of hard fighting; of the mastery of force? And among the people did not the feeble and frail die? Did not death claim even the chief of the tribe and strike down the mother of helpless children? Did not the very ground shake in subdued fury, pour forth poisonous breath? Secret, hidden forces, horrible and sinister, everywhere waylaid men. To the Maori the world was the habitation of evil goblins. They were omnipresent in the skies, in clouds, in weather and wind, in the trees of the forest, in the ground, in fire and water. The spirits of the dead returned, in truth, after long wanderings, to the kingdom of darkness, to Te Reinga, where Roe, the female Charon, rowed them over the river. But the survivors were never free from their apparitions. The deceased chief watched over his tribe, and interposed with thunder and mighty oaths, when something was not to his liking. The ghost of the tree could take revenge for attack, and slay the feller, the stream demon wrecked the boat, the storm-god tore down huts. Perils everywhere from threatening of spirits intent of evil. The demons did not always hover on high; they often settled down on earth; the spirit of the forest inhabited a stone, and the bush remained the property of its owner so long only as he kept custody of that stone; if the enemy found it the forest was lost; the war-demon dwelt in a *meré*, or a spear. These spirits could by means

of incantations, be induced to take up their abode in certain objects ; generally they had their favourite poles, which of course were tapu. Idols were unknown, images of ancestors only were carved and preserved in high honour but never worshipped. All Maori spirits were of evil intent ; they needed to be handsomely pacified before they would grant success to an undertaking. In their claims, however, they were modest, no goods or sacrifices did they demand but only incantations and exorcisms and with these they were fully reconciled.

The Tohunga represented the prayer and history book and the spirit-medium of his tribe. He belonged to some ancient family whose forbears had been priests as long as memory knew. As a boy the Tohunga had learnt his secrets, the practices of ventriloquism and hypnotism, he had studied thoroughly the history of the tribe so that he could at length intone the incantations, Karakia, without break or hesitation. And one day when he had grown up, before the assembled populace he hurled backwards a big stone ; if it broke the thrower received his holy order as Tohunga ; otherwise the pupil remained in the same standard for another year and had to repeat the trial.

The Tohunga wielded an immense influence over his compatriots ; he cast the spell of tapu and removed it ; his was the power of Makutu, of witchcraft. If any man desired to destroy his enemy, he stole some of his enemy's property, such as his clothes, and brought it to the Tohunga who murmured his charms, conjured the devil into it and thereupon buried the article. Did it rot there, the life of the former possessor came to an end,

provided the owner did not hear of the witchery or did not ask a more powerful Tohunga to disperse the Makutu. The Tohunga invoked the demons and the spirits of the dead ; in the night, when darkness filled the hall, and the air was hot and thick from the smouldering fires, the Tohunga fell into convulsions ; the spirit took possession of his body, and with an unnatural voice the will of the god or of the dead rang forth from his lips. The scene reminds us of the materialisation-meetings of our spiritualists. The Tohungas were at the same time historians of their tribes, their rhapsodists. As the Maoris were unacquainted with the art of writing, the priest's memory was his chronicle. Everything was transmitted orally, their history, their legends and songs. Their language is simple and precise ; every word ends with a vowel, every syllable is evenly accentuated. Sibilants are not in use ; for many quite different things there is only one word ; to hear, feel, taste is : rongo—favour, compassion, affection, love—aroha. This seeming lack of differentiation in expressions is remarkable ; but one must not forget that the Maori did not write, that his language served only for conversation ; and that liberal use was made of gesture ; a movement of hand, head, body, the accentuation made the meaning of the word understood. The Maori loved and loves to talk and speak quickly and without hesitation. He goes straight to the point, calls a knave a knave, a lie a lie, no matter with whom he conversed, whether chief or priest, father or mother. A poetic rhythm runs through his songs and rhapsodies, in which words no longer understood are often to be met, giving proof that this language, too,

has passed through a long course of development. A good example is found in the verse accompanying a well-known Haka dance:

Kámate, kámate, káora, káora, ténei te tángata
púhuru húru-nána itíki mai wháka whíti terá;
úpáne úpane kaúpáne whíta terá—all of which in
George V's English means just "be good or die."

The surroundings of the Maori, their *milieu*, explain their morals and customs. Their literature, their poems, their songs of mourning over the dead show a heart full of refined feeling and deep emotion. The true light of their culture, however, becomes manifest in their plastic art.

MAORI ART

On a mighty rock, buried deep in the pine forest, lay Brunnhilde, surrounded by flames and sunk in a magic slumber, the punishment decreed by Wotan. Cowardice and sloth are daunted by the flames; but young Siegfried is led on by the little bird; he felled Fafnir, the Dragon; Wotan's spear, which barred the hero's path, lies shattered. He ascends through the glow and reaches the summit. He bends and kisses long the slumbering child of the gods; and Brunnhilde wakes to life and song.

Thus, too, slumbers Art on a lofty rock, hidden from mankind in his youth. Dangers, cares, necessity guard its sleep. These must be overcome ere Art shall be awakened. Hunger claims satisfaction; the body-clothing, roofs and walls;

life, in its turn, order, morals and laws. Then only is Siegfried born, to kiss Art into life.

The Maori in New Zealand had settled down after long wanderings. His unwritten laws regulated life; his communism fed every man who put his hand forth to labour. The ground was fertile for the flower of Art to take root and blossom.

Mr Hamilton, Curator of the Wellington Museum, has published a work on Maori Art, containing beautiful and carefully chosen reproductions of representative work of the Maori, which give a clear and excellent idea of their capabilities. But the text is disappointing, in that it is a mere catalogue, a register, a descriptive anatomy. There is no unified and comprehensive treatment, no analysis, no psychology, no evolutionary method. This is to be regretted, for in these lie the interest of the subject. The ethnologist has a rare task in following up the motives of this art through different epochs, deriving its origins, analysing its meanings. A dilettante can but draw the picture in faint outlines; we would, therefore, ask for indulgence . . . Exoriare aliquis.

Maori art is mainly plastic. There are no paintings, pictorial aims, exhausting themselves in line ornaments on boards, which divide the gables and ceilings of houses into small fields. The work is done in colours, black, white and red. The white and red are clay, mixed with fish oil; the black is an extract of tree bark. The sketching of the patterns was done without models and with free-hand straight upon the boards. All this considered, one is overcome with wonder at the beauty, the exactness, the vigour of the ornamentation; with



MAORI ART. CARVINGS AND WALL DECORATIONS.

admiration for the feeling for style, and withal the simplicity and nobility of those decorated rafters.

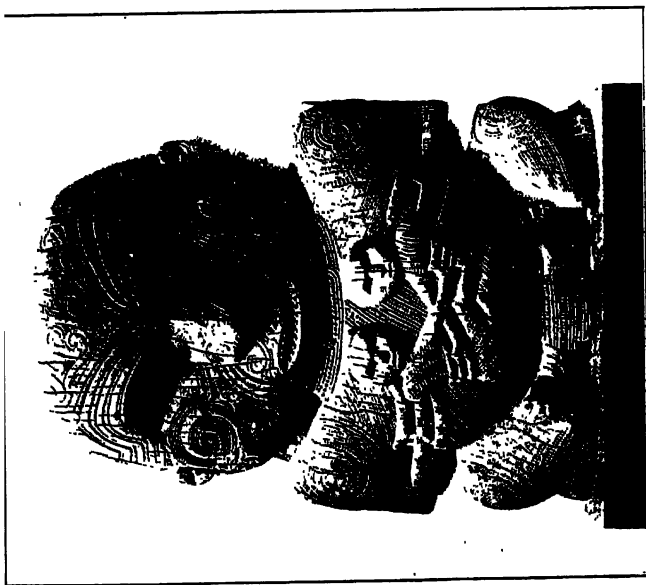
The Maori was not partial to the straight or angular line, the latter being of very rare occurrence in his work. The eye could not glide with ease over such designs ; corners and edges would be discomforting. His motives are clearly from nature ; the wavy lines of mountains and sea ; the moon in its different phases from half to full ; circular figures, simple and complex ; beautiful delicate tendrils of plants. The most frequent characteristic is a line curved at one end, to be seen everywhere in Maori art :

We shall have to speak of it again. Its model was the fern-frond unrolling, the twig moved by the wind, the overhanging flax-leaf. But it is not slavishly imitative, not a mere copy from nature, but nature passed through the Maori brain. All these motives are combined in beautiful still patterns with no finicking brush work, or narrow scroll and flourish, or overdone ornamentation. It is all so sure, so steady, manly, strong, and firm. The same design is repeated throughout, with changes only in the colouring. Carving followed perhaps chronologically this work on flat surfaces. Instead of paint, lines and figures are scratched ; deeper and deeper went the sharp instrument and we get high-relief. Then the carver worked through the timber, and we have open, lace-like carving. And now we have cause for admiration indeed ; for the only tools employed were of stone or wood, stone hammers, greenstone knives, and chisels of wood with a piece of obsidian lashed on. Sometimes years, sometimes decades, sometimes

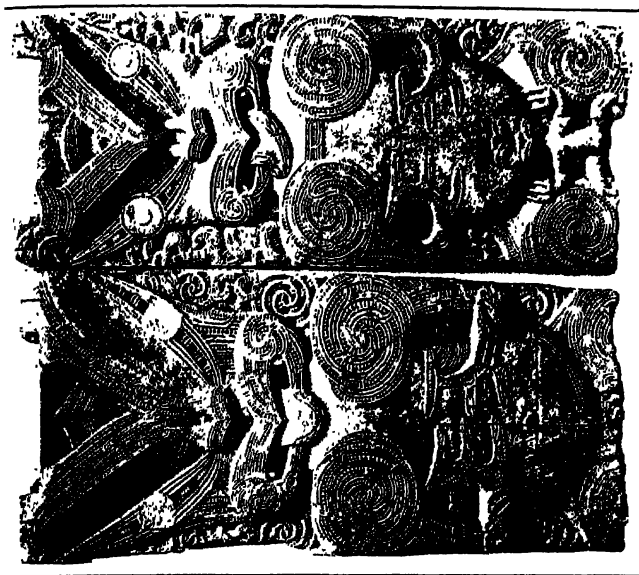
generations were spent on one piece of work. With the tools mentioned the Maori artist carved boards for the overlapping eaves of his roofs, for his meeting and store-houses; on oblong boards he cut legendary figures, figures of his tribal ancestors; he constructed ornamental boxes for feathers, for pickled pigeons, for preserved human flesh; he fashioned artfully his spear point, his paddle blades, the balers for his canoes; he adorned the bow and stern of his war canoe with gorgeous carvings.

Nearly all the carving is in relief; there is nothing in the way of true statuary, though, indeed, the Maori carved giant figures out of great trees, figures sitting and standing, which served as ornaments for doorways, the entrances being hewn between the legs; yet these figures never possessed the full three dimensional body.

In figure-work, as in line-work, the Maori was no slavish copyist. Maori art, too, is nature viewed through a temperament. In some of his figures, it is true, he approaches very close to nature; he made use, for instance, of the lizard as a pattern; but, while preserving its external form, he covered the body everywhere with curved lines; in fact he tattooed it. Few of his human heads, however, have much likeness to the living subject. In these, too, the bodies are always fully tattooed with characteristic lines, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. But for the most part there seems to be no desire to faithfully portray the human being. He conventionalises the man; makes out of him an allegory of fighting power, a living terror, giving him crossed Mongolian eyes, round shells forming the eyeballs; a gigantic mouth out



MAORI CARVING.



MAORI CARVINGS (THE SMALL FOURTH FINGER IS PLAINLY VISIBLE).


of which the tongue hangs; shortened, deformed bow legs; arms holding the sides. And here a peculiar thing may be noticed—three fingers in fork-like fashion are on each hand: at least such is the first impression, and so the books have it. But it is to be observed that, when one examines more closely, a rudimentary fourth finger can be made out. This fourth finger is pointed backwards and generally is in the nature of a continuation of the top finger, which points towards the front. The three fingers lie usually on the hips and chest, the fourth, this appendix, as has been said, pointing towards the rear.

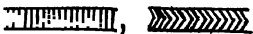
This strange three, or rather four-finger design is of very ancient usage. It is to be found in the oldest carvings, 200 to 250 years old, such as the burial chests in the Auckland Museum. On later examples the fourth finger is more plainly marked and is placed parallel with the other three. The joint formation and nails are also shown on all the fingers.

What is the origin of this curious number four? Much conjecture has already been expended on this question. Was there once a hero who lost a finger in battle and whose glory is thus celebrated? Or was it the intention to disfigure the form of the ancestor represented, so that when it met with maltreatment from a foe it might be said that there was no disgrace to the Rangatira himself, for he had possessed the full five fingers? Or did the old Maori chiefs sacrifice one or two fingers to pacify the evil spirits as was the custom in Tonga? But such conjectures seem too subtle and far-fetched. It seems as if the Maori mind omitted one or two

fingers with some definite intention—that this is not meant to be a human hand. The dead is distinguished by it from the living, for he has become a spirit. As a spirit he grew a bird's claw with three frontal claws and one rear claw: perhaps the belief was that this form was stronger than a human hand, and the Maori may have had the days of the moa in remembrance. It is to be observed that the toes are usually full number, either five or more.

With this mysterious three or four-fingered hand or claw the protruded tongue is always a feature. In all figures of the human form the tongue hangs out of a mouth widely, even frightfully, open. The point of the spear is also fashioned as a tongue thrust out of a mouth. This symbol admits of easy explanation. It is a universal symbol, used by the larrikin of to-day as by the Maori of old. It is a sign of deepest contempt and is developed by the Maori into an emblem of high courage.



Characteristic lines cover the faces and bodies of human figures and animals that ornament house and gable boards, boxes and caskets, and they are to be met in the tattoo also. They are either in relief, or, as in the canoe-pieces, in lace-like open-work. There are two line motives; one a ladder-like design consisting of two rows of three lines each connected by cross, straight or angular dashes, or rills—Pakati: 

This motive is found on the early burial chests, only the long lines are single: 

In later works this ornamentation contains the mysterious number three. It is difficult to say

what is its origin. It may be derived from the fish-bone. At any rate, it seems only to have been used incidentally in order to fill vacant spaces between what may be looked upon as the chief design, the double coil—Pitau.

The coil is a remarkable form of design. It is found glittering in the sky as the Milky Way, as Andromeda's nebula. It is a favourite means of ornament. It seems always pleasing to man's eye, gliding agreeably over its snake line, turning itself about and returning rhythmically and still winding in endless vibrating harmony. It is to be found in the art of all prehistoric people. In Europe, in the Bronze Age it was used to adorn the arm-bangle, ornamental urns, caskets, helmets, shields; and in the farthest corner of the world, in New Zealand, the Maori joyed to carve it in wood.

Is this a recollection of the childhood days of the world, the Aryan age? Or has each people invented it anew for themselves? Perhaps it is derived from the young frond of the tree-fern, which is curved like a crozier. Perhaps it is a development of the Swastika, ,  the symbol of sun adoration. But such conjectures cannot be verified.

Among the Maori this coil form is always double. The internal ends do not touch, but are worked into one another, and the two lines then unroll parallel-wise, radial stripes piercing them, (chiefly in open-work), and binding the whole design together. Elaborate care was employed in drawing them with wonderful regularity, always equi-distant, in the tattoo of the living, in the carved

figures, the high-vaulted canoe stern, its curved bow, in the ornamental gable boards.

Perhaps with the Maori also this coil design is a relic of the Stone Age. It is to be seen occasionally in caskets of the Bronze Age (cf. Springer, "Handbook of the History of Art," 1904, Fig. 20). But on the other hand, the South Sea Islanders, with whom the Maoris lived at one time do not know this spiral form. Nor is it to be found in the decoration of the old burial chests. It would seem to be of later origin with the Maori. Some authorities would explain it as being imitated from the spider's web, but the spider's web is not spiral. Others derive it from the crozier-like formation of the fern-frond; but even here we find no double formation. Yet the fern-frond may have suggested this coil design, and the decoration on the old burial chests gives us some idea of the origin of the double coil. There we find those lines with curved ends as found also on the painted rafters.

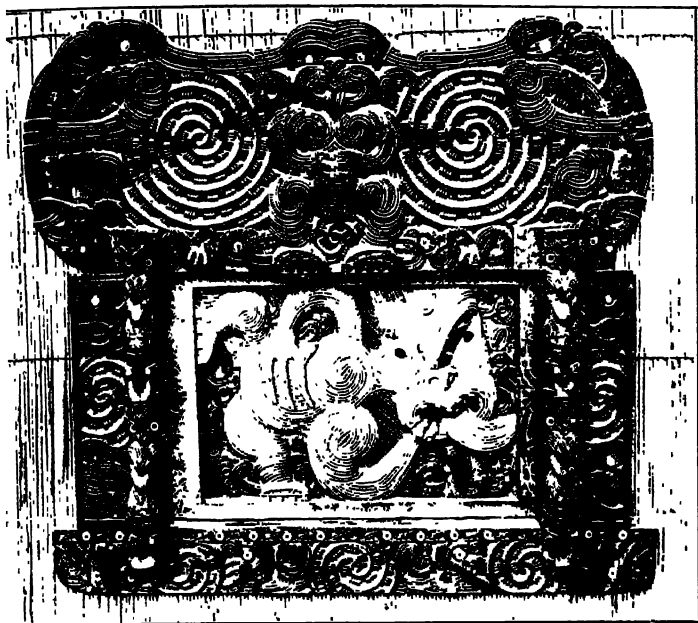


But now they are worked into one another forming a chain. Perhaps it may be that the Maori artist invented the double coil from this chain of formation

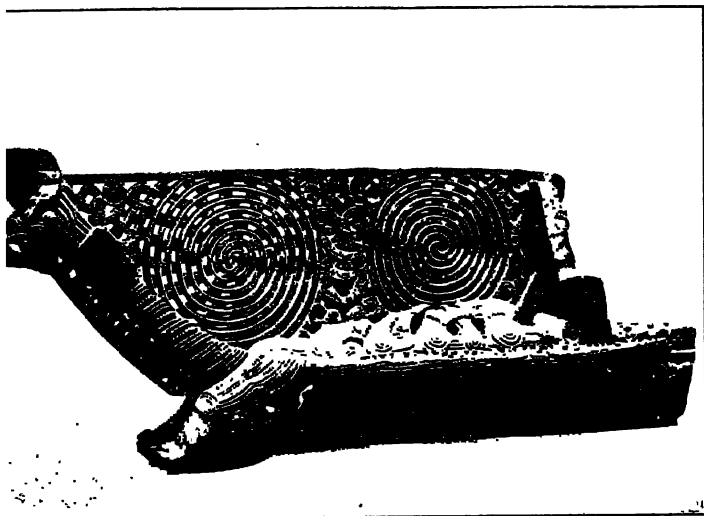


It is for the historian of art to decide.

The line-work of the Maori holds a beauty of its own; it has been wrought with patient and loving care. The tired eye receives a satisfaction from contemplating it. Though the Maori artist had a "horror vacui," though he left no corner of his surface unfilled with ornament, his work is not petty;



CARVED WINDOW FRAME AND SHUTTER.



there is nothing small or smacking of the Philistine about it. The figures may seem grotesque caricatures, senseless distortions. But as conventional ornaments, as arabesques, they are extraordinarily effective ; a wall so decorated and raftered is gorgeous to the view. Not only is there strength and vigour in this art work, but it is full of grace. The dominant characteristic, indeed, is of a settled, serious, and distinguished dignity.

Such were the customs, laws and ethics, such the art of the Maoris ; thus they contemplated the world, so they lived, when the white man encountered them for the first time.



THE STATE OF NEW ZEALAND

HISTORY FROM ITS DISCOVERY UNTIL ITS FOUNDATION AS A COLONY

WHEN boys we travelled with Tasman and Cook on their voyages; with quickening breath and eager eyes the reports of their adventures were devoured, and in many a game transmitted into reality.

This passion has fled, but the admiration has remained, and grows only the stronger when one's own feet step upon the land that was the actual scene of our childhood's play. A modern Union steamer of 5,000 tons and 14 knots brought us to it in Easter 1903. But what an Easter had that been! The sea raged furiously, waves washed over-board; in a deep valley at one time dived the bow, almost disappearing in the foam, high in the air stood the screw, the whole body of the ship shook and trembled like a wild beast in fury; then another wave caught her and threw us heavily to starboard. The gale whistled and howled and dense rain splashed on deck . . . and this with all our 5,000 tons. Now think backwards, turn the world's clock back 250 years. At that time the greatest vessels reached 300 to 400 tons, their

highest speed was four or five knots; many a voyage of discovery was made even in crafts of 40, 60, 100 and 120 tons. Chronometer, sextant were unknown; the log only in use a very short time; primitive were the instruments employed; the hour-glass which ran out every half-hour and had to be turned upside down again; wretched maps. Remembering all this, it is hard to exaggerate the admiration that the deeds of these bold sailors deserve.

The ship journals of Tasman and Cook are the oldest documents dealing with the relations existing between white men and the Maoris. To read them after these centuries is a singular enjoyment. The narrative of Tasman, short, simple, objective almost to dryness, characterises the whole man: a sea-bear, firm, tough and disliking fancy phrases. Cook is a striking contrast to him, a man of the world, of education and experience, who entwined with the learned philosophical dissertations very exact, detailed and infinitely valuable reports.

On 13th December 1642, when in Europe the second dozen of the thirty years of terrible war had almost closed, Abel Jansen Tasman entered in his log "Towards noon we sighted a big, high and wild land, about fifteen miles from us to the east." This was the discovery of New Zealand. From Batavia Tasman had started with his good ships *Heemskirk* and *Zeehan*, to seek the southern continent; had discovered and sailed round Van Diemen's Land, which a thankful world now calls Tasmania, and kept a look-out thereafter for the great continent. Here he thought he had at last found it and gave it the name of Staatenland, which

he changed later, in honour of the Dutch province "Zealand" into "New Zealand."

A singular fate visited him in his discovery and made him another Moses, who could view the land of promise, but not enter it. He had sailed into Cook Strait and cast anchor in the "Golden Bay" of to-day. Soon the natives showed themselves, coming in double canoes towards the ships. Loud roaring and threatening weapons were no proofs of friendly intentions. It was impossible to open up relations with them. Enticing objects were held out to them, shining, glittering articles, but without success. None boarded the ships or changed their hostile attitude. These white apparitions on their white-winged birds were evil spirits, demons, who had to be annihilated to save the tribe from destruction. They assailed a boat which plied between the ships, and killed some of the crew. Shots came in reply but they missed their aim, and undisturbed the Maoris reached the beach. On the next morning they came back in great numbers; a salvo cracked, one Maori fell. All stood aghast. The advance movement stopped; loudly yelling they turned and fled in wild disorder to the shore. The first acquaintance of white and Maori had been sealed with blood. Tasman christened the bight "Murder Bay" and heaved his anchor. For several days yet he cruised in Cook Strait and then turned back, though he was convinced of a passage to the east. Sailing up the west coast he reached the most northerly point of the North Island and named it Cape Maria van Diemen in honour of the Governor of Batavia; then he returned via New Guinea to Java.

The first meeting of the two races had taken place in unfriendly relations, with hatred and hostility and the impression left was of horror and fear. That perhaps was the reason why the Dutch did not make use of their discovery. In the world-map which they carved in 1648 into the stone floor of the *Stadhuis* in Amsterdam, this land was outlined. Thevenot in 1663 speaks in his "*Divers Voyages Curieux*" of this discovery. Tasman's log-book itself was lost to sight for over 200 years.

However, the veil was at length torn aside. James Cook had acquired an exact knowledge of Tasman's journeys when in 1769 he set out to look for the great Pacific Continent, the "*terra Australis incognita*." He had been ordered to sail from England to Tahiti with a staff of savants to observe the transit of Venus and furnish material for an exact calculation of the distance of earth and sun. On the third of June the problem was solved; then he took on board a native, Tupia, and shaped his course for the south-west. If the theory is correct that the Maori Hawaiki is the island Tahiti, it is one of the most remarkable coincidences on record that Cook now traversed the same path as the emigrating Maori. On the sixth of October 1769, the boy Nicholas Young called out from the masthead, "land, land," and the first point of land seen by English eyes was called after him, "Young Nick's Head." In Poverty Bay, in the north-east of the North Island, Cook dropped his anchor. His first impression of the land and its people was not to be exactly a favourable one. He and his comrades were looked upon as savage by the Maoris. They must needs be superhuman else how could they pull

ashore with their backs turned to the land and have eyes at the back of their heads. They tried to prevent his landing; Tupia's language, however, which they understood, pacified them, and Cook was not the man to be frightened by such an attack. His courage, perseverance and love of science succeeded in bringing about most friendly relations. For full six months he remained here, sailed round both islands and entered a perfect design of the land in the map instead of the simple bare line which he had found. To bays and capes he gave names both romantic and prosaic after incidents, or the names of his fellow-passengers: and thus held Tasman's child to baptism. Finally he took possession in the name of George III. In the course of the following years he returned twice and deepened and completed his observations.

The path was cut and others were soon to follow. First the French D'Urville and Marion du Fresne. Both visits ended in war; Marion was attacked, probably because he entered Tapu places, and him the Maoris killed. His comrades found his bleeding remains when on the day after the attack they undertook a punitive expedition. D'Entrecasteaux and Vancouver came later. England, however, took neither care nor notice of these islands; she had both hands engaged in Australia and in the war of the North American Independence. Later, it is true, some chiefs and missionaries were appointed as officials in the heavily populated Bay of Islands in the far north, but in 1825 the Duke of Wellington still refused the proposed annexation in the memorable words: "England is satiated with colonies."

THE STATE OF NEW ZEALAND 57

The country remained masterless; escaped prisoners from Sydney and deserters from ships were the first settlers. England's indifference at any rate, saved the country from the evil fate of becoming a convict settlement. The wealth of the sea enticed whalers in great numbers; a spirited commerce set in. Kauri forests furnished excellent masts. The Maoris brought flax, sweet potatoes, and Kauri-gum in exchange for iron tools and especially guns. Fire-arms constituted the sole demands of these war-loving tribes. Hideous was the trade in tattooed heads; regular contracts were concluded for the delivery of such tokens; to such an extent did this trade flourish that chiefs tattooed and killed their slaves to comply with the demand, and obtain fire-arms in return. Far too late, and only in 1831, did the Governor of Sydney prohibit by heavy penalties this abominable traffic.

The representatives of the white race who reached New Zealand in those days were not exactly the choicest specimens. It was natural that at first only those sought the new, and in truth inhospitable, shores, who had nothing to lose at home, but all to gain in the colony, the brutal and hardened, in whose eyes burnt the greed for quick gain. A long sea voyage, full of privation and peril lay behind them—what should they care for civilisation and culture? Gain was the main thing. If the Maori was willing, well and good—if not, well, his tattooed head was a negotiable article. Naked force ruled; eye for eye, tooth for tooth. That Stewart, captain of the brig *Elizabeth*, who allowed a tribe, whom he had himself brought in his ship to the seat of battle, to slaughter and roast

the captives in the ship's kitchen, is an example of the spirit which filled these Europeans. They treated the natives outrageously; took them on board, landed them in the enemy's camp, watched them slaughtered, and then took the severed heads back, rolled them before the feet of their relations, and fed on their horror; and finally they sold the heads they had thus treacherously acquired.

But not all were such *bêtes humaines*. Some whites had adopted the morals and customs of the Maoris, had married their women and dwelt as Pakeha Maori (white Maori). Among those were educated people; one of them bequeathed his Shakespeare to his chief, another has told us in an excellent and humorous book: "Old New Zealand," the history of his Pakeha time. Such Pakeha held a peculiar position; they belonged to the tribe, were subject to all customs and rites and yet were not part of it. It was not pure friendliness that permitted such settlement, but the principle of bare utility. The Maoris were intelligent enough to recognise the supremacy of the whites, and in natural consequence imitated them wherever possible; as the Japanese took German officers into their army, and English into their navy to help to educate them to a higher stage of perfection, so the Maoris tried to link themselves with the whites, of course only with the more capable of the strangers. If the pale-face was simply a Christopher Sly, a loafer or adventurer, he received perhaps a lodging for the night; but if he proved useless the next morning, the chief considered himself paid for his lodging by slaughtering him and the whole tribe put forth their hands to the good

cheer that lay before them. Two convicts, escaped from Sydney, were only too relieved when the captain of the *Active* took them on board and brought them back to their prison. Cobbler and tailor they had once been in London. What did they want here? What could they teach? the Maori? They had gone forth in search of a kingdom, and were compelled to hide themselves for weeks in the bush in order to escape the fence of glittering teeth. But were such Pakeha a skilful man, and did the tribe see that they could learn something from him, he was petted and nursed like a useful domestic animal, like the goose which laid the golden eggs. The special care of the chief protected him, his lodging lay near the hut of the Rangatira, so that this high lord had him and his doings permanently under his eye, which proceedings on the other hand gave the Pakeha an opportunity of looking at the cards of his protector. When His Majesty thought that the Pakeha possessed too much knowledge of internal affairs and had accordingly begun to feel uneasy, he strenuously recommended him to another tribe. The Pakeha was the teacher and the merchant; in his store the native exchanged tools and arms. He had to offer his merchandise first to the chief, as he had the right of pre-emption of all the goods of his patron, with special privilege of paying 25 per cent. more than others for the same articles. Further as "Old New Zealand's" author tells merrily "The chief's own particular pipe was never to be allowed to become extinguished for want of the needful supply of tobacco." In return for these duties and customs the chief was obliged,

in case of pillage, to come in hot haste with all his family, armed to the teeth, to the Pakeha's rescue, after all was over and when it was too late to be of any service. He was also bound on such occasions to make a great noise, dance the haka and fire muskets, (the Pakeha finding the powder) and to shout loudly what he would have done had he only been in time. The passion of these laggard Falstaffs who knew so well the better part of valour had by this time reached boiling point; They were roaring out demanding their pound of flesh; and it was now the painful duty of the Pakeha to kill three fat pigs and serve out potatoes and tobacco to the "army." In the rare case of theft it became the bounden duty of the Rangatira to give chase to the criminal, to recover the stolen article if possible and keep it himself for his trouble. Relations progressed easily and in patriarchal fashion, if the Pakeha possessed but a little goodwill, sense and humour. In such cases both parties fared well. But sad to relate this mutual understanding was a rare occurrence. Most of the whites were men of "questionable shape" in intellect and feeling.

From such as these the Maoris could not learn the blessings of culture and civilisation; these acquirements came to them from another source. Samuel Marsden, in his voyage from England to Sydney, had made the acquaintance of a Maori chief, whom a captain had taken to London, but deserted there. The knowledge of the value of this race, the outcome of long interviews, had ripened his decision to go as an apostle among them. After many fruitless requests, Sydney's Gov-

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ernor ultimately placed a ship at his disposal; and on Christmas Eve 1814, on a warm summer night, he preached for the first time to the Maoris. Though he did not take up his residence in New Zealand, he was untiring in his efforts to establish and assist stations. People may have different opinions about missionary work, they may give instances of how in Asia and Africa their efforts have more often brought disturbance than peace, but nobody will deny recognition to the services of the missionaries in New Zealand. But these clergy were not entirely unselfish, the English church, too, "hath a good stomach." Their aim was to make to themselves out of New Zealand what Paraguay was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the Jesuits, a state of the church, without any secular interference. Eagerly the clergy had worked against an annexion by England, till the time dire necessity compelled them to pray for it themselves. But previous to that the brethren followed their aim with cleverness and tact. They cared less to brag about large numbers of conversions, than to work as teachers of knowledge and handicraft. The first baptism took place only after ten years, but the missionaries could write it down to their credit that morals had become milder, that slavery and, at least partly through their influence, cannibalism, had ceased. The fact, that in all the turmoil of the first thirty years not one missionary fell through a murderer's hand, speaks more than anything else for their extremely able, sensible and tolerant behaviour. Pious zealots may possibly have been dissatisfied with the results of the baptisms. But was this really to be wondered at in

dealing with so intelligent a race? Missionary work, the hope of conversion implies a goodly amount of naïveté. With all the fervour, all the devotion, which only the inherited faith instils, a savage clings to the gods and the rites with which he has grown up. The religion he professes is adapted to the claims of his country and person. Now comes a stranger, who is superior to him, as he must recognise, in a thousand things, and tells him: your faith is false—mine is the true one. And as a simple consequence, religion, belief, confidence, are shaken to their foundation; his world is destroyed. And is it likely that he, in such frame of mind, is capable of building on the ruins of an old religion, which he understood, a new faith which is strange to him, of achieving in a short space of time, what took humanity centuries? Will his heart be in it? And that is the main object. Mostly indifference, lukewarm Christianity will take the place of the old rock-firm faith. New Zealand's missionaries were on the right path in recognising that their chief work lay in instruction and education, and leaving the conversion to the new faith to gradual evolution.

However the transition to western civilisation was not to be carried out in quiet and peace. Culture and inherited ideas cannot be cast aside like clothes.

Fire-arms had been introduced into the country and it was as if with them once more, the old love for fight and passion should burst into final flames; and thereafter the obvious degeneration of the race began. The twenties of last century are filled with battle cries; streams of blood were shed, villages

and plantations destroyed, whole tribes annihilated. It was a war of Maori against Maori and of the whites only the Pakehas took part therein. Chiefs of unmeasured ambition, insatiable in their thirst for blood and for war, rose. The greatest of these was Hongi, who had visited Europe and had seen George III's power, and had heard of the last tremendous combats, which shook the earth of the old continent. The desire to become king of New Zealand flamed in him. In ambition, in undaunted courage, which no danger, no obstacle could terrify, which made him carry sea-canoes overland, to use them on lakes, in demoniac and unconquerable will he was like his model, the great Napoleon. The blood trace of his steps reaches to the south of the North Island. He had almost reached his goal, the whole country being nearly overcome by the supremacy of his guns, when a Moscow blazed for him, too. A shot through the lungs felled him in 1827. His adversary Te Waharoa, his equal in power and valour, began a war of vengeance against Hongi's sons and carried it to a bloody conclusion. The Waikato tribe under Te Whero Whero stood up against his brothers; but their force was shattered on one of the impregnable fortresses of the Maori.

In the south raged Rauparaha, whose strategic genius had settled his tribe on the island Kapiti in Cook Strait and thus secured it against attacks and campaigns of revenge. His experience and capability in war were excelled only by his cruelty and thirst for blood.

This period of ten years of terror and destruction, during which over 10,000 Maoris fell and

hundreds were eaten, was followed by a time of peace of equal duration. Nearly 2,000 whites now lived in the country, mostly in the north, in the Bay of Islands, where they had established themselves under a form of lynch-law. The increasing immigration, the growing trade, the uncertainty of the law compelled England at last to take a definite step. In the mind of the Colonial Office the annexation was not a consummation devoutly to be wished. The Department would not formally annex the country. England was "satiated" and had enough colonies. (How such ideas change in the course of years.) It has to be added that the first New Zealand Company, which in 1825 had sent an expedition of settlers, ended in a fiasco. The first thing these pioneers saw was a war-dance of the natives. Roaring voices, swinging of weapons, wild jumping, rolling eyes, the whites of which gleamed in the firelight, protruded tongues in horribly painted grimaces; there was a spectacle which would shake the nerves of peaceful peasants. Terrified, they did not stop another moment in the country, but fled either to Australia, or back home. The report of the deeds of blood of the Maoris not unlikely had an unfavourable influence, and finally the missionaries advised against annexation for reasons which we already know.

But something had to be done in a country where the Union Jack had been hoisted, especially as the signs increased that the French seriously thought of an occupation. Thus James Busby was sent in 1832 as British resident to New Zealand. But no power, no authority was given to him. "His career was a prolonged burlesque—a farce without laughter, played by a dull actor

in serious earnest," declared W. P. Reeves. He was full of the best intentions but quite incapable; among other things he drafted a constitution with extensive self-administration for the country, and its white and coloured population. For the Maoris! Who had the last morsel of human flesh still between their teeth! . . . The lack of authoritative administration favoured the questionable practice of the "land sharks" and shrewd speculators who bought wide tracts of land for a mere song. It has been calculated, that by 1845 these land sharks devoured twenty-six million acres, more than one-third of the whole of New Zealand. The conditions were untenable; everywhere reigned the greatest confusion; frictions between white and Maori were the consequence; it was high time that a strong and firm hand was felt in the country.

In spite of the failure of the first experiment the idea of colonisation had not been abandoned in England. It was Gibbon Wakefield who first strove to popularise the idea of colonisation at home. He had planned a scheme of settlement by which land could be bought, leased and afterwards easily purchased at low rates, £1 to £2 per acre, half of which was to be employed for public purposes, schools, and road building. The scheme worked satisfactorily in the beginning, but later, as the value of land rose, it failed totally. Especially it could not prevent the aggregation of great estates into one hand. Through Wakefield's labours England grew kindlier disposed. Only the Government and Parliament, with whom the newly founded New Zealand Association opened

up negotiations, declined to lend their ear. Thus the company took matters into their own hands and equipped an expedition, which, with E. G. Wakefield's brother, Colonel Wakefield, as leader started for New Zealand. Paying with merchandise to the value of £9,000 they bought with the help of an interpreter, who scarcely understood Maori and could not translate the English contracts of purchase, 20,000,000 acres from chiefs who had not consulted their tribes. There was more than one evil genius at work in this land transaction, and it was yet to have a tragic and sanguinary sequel.

The pressure of public opinion increasing and further than that, the intention of the French to hoist the tricolour over New Zealand becoming more and more apparent, the now urgent prayers of the English clergy, who feared to forfeit the country to the one holy Catholic Church of Rome, forced the Colonial Office to the decisive step of annexation; but, like the "true apothecary" it could exclaim "my poverty, but not my will, consents." And it is as if the winter of this discontent had cast its shadow over the choice of the first officers and the instructions they received.

Was it that the Colonial Office was weary of colonies after the bitter experiences in America? Was it that the philanthropic sentimentality of Jean Jacques Rousseau's call "back to nature" and his beatification of primitive culture had not yet died away? Had, perchance, repentance dawned in London for the fact that the natives of Australia had been treated with such brutality, that, especially in Tasmania, they had been shot down like wild beasts? In any case, one misses the

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keen brain, which weighed everything, considered the future and then decided, and the strong, firm hand, which leads the English colonial policy of to-day. England was at school; learning and paying heavily for tuition as Germany does to-day.

An unpolitical mind dictated the three articles of the Treaty of Waitangi, which in 1839 the first Governor, Hobson, concluded. By it the chiefs of the North Island ceded to the Queen, "absolutely and without reservation, all their rights and powers of sovereignty" over the whole of New Zealand, for which concession the Queen guaranteed to the chiefs and tribes of New Zealand full, exclusive and undisturbed possession of their lands, estates, forests and fisheries and other properties; but the chiefs yielded to Her Majesty the exclusive right of pre-emption over such lands as the proprietors thereof might be disposed to alienate at such prices as might be agreed upon. The third article reads: Her Majesty gives to the Natives of New Zealand all the rights and privileges of British subjects. At the same time Hobson issued a proclamation to witness that this Government would recognise only such titles of possessions as had been acquired under the rule and in the name of the Queen. This declaration certainly put a stop to the transactions of the land sharks, but all the other settlers, too, saw their property threatened until the appointed commission had approved and passed their claims to possession. How very necessary it was to sift the land claims is clearly shown by the fact that when the authorities in 1843 had finished their

examinations, they could confirm only 1/22 of these titles.

But the treaty itself, fair and impartial though it was intended to be, proved a grave mistake. The recognition and guarantee of the right of possession of the natives placed so much land under their control that 65,000 men held disposal over a country nearly as large as Great Britain. It would have been better policy to grant rights over only such land as the Maoris actually cultivated and used. That would have meant the end of the land question. England would then have owned large tracts which she could have cut up, leased or sold at will. Countless sacrifices of wealth and blood would have been saved. A mistaken sense of justice overstepping all bounds of discretion, the Waitangi Treaty became the first link in a chain of confusion, of bitter enmity and bloody war, which more than once brought the country to the verge of destruction. This "Waitangi" was indeed "the waters of mourning" for the young colony.

If the title to a piece of land was once recognised, all claims had to be satisfied, and that was not quite so simple a matter as it seems. Judge Maning tells a tale anent this. At the time he intended selling his land, all sorts of possible and impossible people came along, declared their rights and claimed payment. The former proprietors appeared, their predecessors, the descendants of those who had been expelled by these predecessors, a grandson who had buried his grandfather on the ground and so on *ad infinitum*, until at last some smart fellow stepped forward

and supported his claim by the very practical Darwinian argument, that an ancestor of his had lived as dragon in a cave of the estate. This sounds comical, but it is nevertheless true, and was the basis of an actual claim: for instance a tribe was defeated in one of the numerous feuds that this war-loving people took part in, and he lost his land to the victor. If the victor sold the land, however, the vanquished tribe brought forward their older rights. All this complicated the operations of land purchase so greatly, that for almost every transaction a costly arbitration became necessary.

Another impediment lay in the right of the pre-emption of the Crown, which would have been all very well if the mother country had only forwarded an adequate purchase price. But here came the difficulty; the Government was unable to buy: at the same time, it was, through this very right of pre-emption, in a position to forbid sales to private individuals: it was perhaps compelled to block private sales in order to prevent the accumulation of estates of too great an area in one hand. Trouble in their own house came to aggravate the situation for the colonists: the Wakefielders had established themselves on Cook Strait on self-governing principles. Hobson demanded submission; they obeyed willingly and proposed Wellington as the capital of the colony. Hobson altogether too scrupulous and conscientious, suspected that the Wakefielders only desired to increase the value of their lands and contemplated speculative advantage, so he declined the site and selected Auckland as the capital instead of Russell,

where, up to that time the seat of the British resident had been established. The choice was not a good one; the proper situation for the capital was undoubtedly Wellington on account of its central position, which was the essential requisite. In 1864, the seat of Government was removed to Wellington.

1840 saw the establishment of the Legislative and Executive Council; Law Courts, Municipalities, Post Offices and Registrars formed the foundations of regulated administration. The first bishop of New Zealand, George Augustus Selwyn, began the drafting of a Church Constitution.

All these arrangements concerned the North Island alone; the South Island with its sparse population was neglected. France contemplated occupation and a frigate arrived with the object of annexing the South Island. But Hobson got word of it; good wine at a banquet in Auckland having loosened the French captain's tongue, he let the cat out of the bag. The very same night Hobson despatched a man-o'-war to the south and it succeeded, just before the arrival of the French, in hoisting the Union Jack on Banks Peninsula. The French immigrants, who followed the frigate, became British subjects.

After holding office for three years, Hobson succumbed to an apoplectic stroke. A first seizure had occurred shortly after the conclusion of the Waitangi Treaty, and his physical incapacity may explain many of his acts of government, which were not accompanied by a fair fortune. "Let him be a good man like this Governor, who has just died," wrote Te Whero Whero to the Queen, when asking

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for a new Governor. His kindness of heart erected a monument for him.

Lieutenant Shortland replaced him in office until November 1843, when the new Governor, Fitzroy, who, before, had piloted Charles Darwin round the world, arrived. No glad tidings greeted him: blood had flowed anew: the careless drafting of the Wakefield Treaty had brought its own punishment. The Company demanded land from the chief, Rauparaha, who, however, did not recognise their claims and asked for arbitration. Colonel Wakefield thought it best to make short work of the matter and occupied the disputed estate; a raid followed. To punish this, the Colonel attacked Rauparaha, and attempted to arrest him and his ally Rangihæata. A fight was the result; a shot killed Rangihæata's wife. In reply came a wild onslaught of the Maoris and the English were routed. Wakefield with eighteen others had to capitulate. Rangihæata beheaded them all with his axe; nine were eaten. Thus they avenged the woman's death and the unjustifiable attack.

An evil dish had been served: and Fitzroy had to partake thereof. Investigations followed, and finally judgment was given against the Whites. Their land claim could not be supported or their attack justified. Accordingly Fitzroy confined himself to severely censuring the murder of the captives but was unable to punish the crime, as it had been committed in self-defence against an uncalled-for aggression. It can scarcely be denied that this decision was just and that it amounted to a condemnation of the Whites; but it lowered the

prestige of the Europeans. The chiefs should have undergone some kind of punishment; for the inborn sense of retaliation in the Maoris interpreted the official procedure only as weakness.

Fitzroy's whole tenure of office lacked the necessary strong hand. His action was vacillating; duties were imposed and removed, taxes collected and withdrawn. Finally he abandoned the pre-emptive right of the Crown. The blame for this must be directed to the mother country which left him without power and without funds. A more bitter punishment was still to come: the Harbour dues and the removal of the capital southwards had distracted trade from the formerly populous Bay of Islands. In the North therefore revenues, tobacco, blankets became scarce: starvation ruled. A true Maori brain saw in all this only the work of a demon, which had somehow remained in the Island. What else could it be but the flag-staff on which the Union Jack floated? Had not the whole misery come about since it was erected? That was the demon's hiding-place, therefore it must be destroyed. Hone Heke undertook the task and on 8th June, 1844, he cut it down. Four times the Government re-erected it—four times Heke cut it down. British authority ignored, the Governor without troops, many a settler prayed (with Falstaff): "I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well." The position was critical enough; Sydney sent help: in repeated expeditions they made war on Heke, but heavy casualties and smarting defeats were the only result. Thus ended the first bloody conflict of Natives and British. It was England's bitter

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destiny not to have been victorious there and then. The prestige of the Whites suffered and has never been quite restored. Several Maori tribes now joined the English troops: their chiefs uttered severe criticism about the "foolish" advances of the British Generals who in contempt of strong fortifications wanted to storm their pas, before opening a sufficient breach. One chief has communicated his opinions on the war to Maning in a singular narrative.

In May 1845 the Colonial Office recalled Fitzroy. "Often wrong, occasionally right, he possessed to perfection the unhappy art of doing the right thing in the wrong way" is Reeves' judgment upon him.

The settlers dissatisfied, the authority and prestige of the English severely injured: the Maoris insolent and spoiling for battle as seldom before, in every corner tumult and fighting: when would a saviour come to this distracted land? Distress was great: it was time he appeared.

Then at last England bethought her of her duties and obligations. George Grey, who already, had done excellent work in Australia, was appointed to retrieve the situation. Endowed with a sufficiency both of money and power, he landed in Auckland on the 14th of November 1845, with speedy and decisive victories he brought the north to subjection and peace reigned from then onward in this district. In the south he captured the old fox Rauparaha, who posed as a friend of the Whites but secretly intrigued and plotted against them. The Maoris were completely intimidated. If one of the greatest of their chiefs could be

arrested, what was in store for them? General submission followed: Te Heu Heu, the Taupo chief, however, held out. But Grey was born under a lucky star: a stone avalanche buried this troublesome opponent: and this circumstance did not fail to make the deepest impression on the superstitious Maori mind. A short revolt in the Wanganui country in 1846 was suppressed just as quickly.

And now followed thirteen years of peace. Frictions of a trivial character, such as cannot always be averted in a country inhabited by two races, scarcely interrupted this period of rest.

At last a uniform system of colonisation could be devised. Well-planned works were commenced under the leadership of Grey, with a staff of able collaborators. The Government expended ten thousand pounds on the purchase of land, roads were built, regular administration, and laws established. Grey was the head of it all: everywhere he incited and encouraged the people and supplied valuable advice. Deeply interested as he was in the Maoris and their customs, to him we are indebted for a splendid collection of the legends of Polynesian mythology: he knew how to settle their justifiable claims and to induce them to participate in public works. And great was his authority with them. He was just and knew no fear: his good-humour especially never failed him. He was very tactful in his transactions with the natives. Take for instance his method of dealing with those chiefs who would not permit road works to be carried out in their districts—he presented carriages to their wives, or if they were bachelors,

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to their sisters: and hen-pecked as all men are, they were soon persuaded to give their royal consent. Wise moderation Sir George showed, too, when he rejected the land laws which had been drafted at home on the green table of bureaucrats and which would, in direct violation of the Waitangi Treaty, have deprived the Maoris of their lands. The right of possession should not have been acknowledged at all: it was too late now to alter it.

During the years 1848-1850, Canterbury and Otago were settled systematically. A modern *ver sacrum* was decreed and a colony despatched thither from home, in which all trades and professions were represented. No wars retarded their development. The scanty Maori tribes of the South Island dwelt in peace and harmony with the Whites. In 1852 the proclamation of a constitution followed and this divided the whole country into nine provinces, each with its own administration, ministry, and parliament in miniature.

At the head of all was a central Government, and General Parliament, consisting of the Legislative Council, whose fourteen members the Crown appointed, and of the House of Representatives, consisting of thirty-seven members elected by the people, and one must admit that this was, for a country with little more than thirty thousand inhabitants, a very elaborate machinery of administration. Schools and hospitals were opened, and Church organisations were formed, and in short, a sound foundation was laid whereupon a strong state could be erected.

In 1853 Sir George Grey left the colony, which he had found in such a miserable condition. The mother country needed his organising talent in Cape Colony. So favourable were the signs for a happy further development that no one foresaw the different aspect that the future was to wear for the young country. Nobody imagined that times of dire necessity would return and for the second time would lead to the recall of Sir George Grey as the national saviour.

When the constitutional machine was set to work for the first time, it refused to run. A responsible ministry had not been provided for and the secretaries, formerly appointed from England, would not give up their offices without being given a pension. A year of discussion and correspondence followed, until an agreement was reached. A parliamentary ministry was appointed and a responsible system of government established. The questions of the native policy and land purchase remained at the discretion of the Governor, so that besides a responsible ministry a responsible Governor existed, and on the newly appointed Governor Browne, the blame for the fatal mistakes of the native policy must rest.

During Governor Browne's time, in the middle of the fifties, the first waves of the seditious movement, which in New Zealand's history is known as the King movement of the Maoris, began to rise. In the war against Heke, it had become only too apparent to all the Maoris, that they were no more masters of the land. The number of the Whites increased alarmingly. What would be the Crown men's fate at the hand of the invaders? That was

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the question which the natives asked themselves. The English bestirred themselves very little, if at all, about Maori interests. Had they not transferred all power into the hands of the Europeans? They themselves were pushed into the background—neglected. Instead of guarding their interests energetically, the English kept them quiet with presents. Browne's flour-and-sugar policy would not satisfy them. The self-respect of the race was offended, and their keen intellect recognised clearly that it all meant life or death to them.

Thus in May 1857 the tribes gathered for deliberation under the leadership of the Maori chief Wiremu Tamehana Kingi (better known under his English name: William Thompson). It was decided to establish a monarchy. A kingdom was founded: a Maori police instituted, a Parliament—Runanga—was called together, so that the chiefs could debate. Village-Runangas were appointed to administer justice and law, and a Maori newspaper was published, for surely enough the Maoris had learnt a good deal from the Pakeha. Te Whero Whero was proclaimed first monarch under the name—"Potatau, King of New Zealand."

Governor Browne was incapable of leading the current back into the proper channel. Being inexperienced himself he saw the events only through the spectacles of his ministers, although he was the responsible authority. In 1857 he attempted to stop the King movement by promising to introduce special administration and Maori laws, and in 1858 he reported to the Home authorities that disregard of their protest was the

only way to convince the Maoris of the foolishness and uselessness of their attempts. Later he went so far as to term the movement a treacherous one. This was by no means true, for at the meeting for the King's election the newly chosen New Zealand flag was hoisted side by side with the Union Jack, which demonstrated that England's supremacy was not to be challenged.

How little Governor Browne was able to estimate the significance of the King movement, and how unsuspecting he was of the storms that were to be roused by his measures, is demonstrated by his annulment of the prohibition to sell arms to the Maoris, the proclamation of which had been Grey's first act in New Zealand. An enormous gun trade followed.

The Maoris were not content with a simple union, or defensive alliance. Much more energetically and practically they set to work to dam the "white flood," and decided not to sell any more land to the Pakeha. Leagues were founded, which were to carry on the agitation, William Thompson, the King maker, led here, too, and in 1859 the Governor was officially acquainted with the decision that henceforward no more land was to be offered for sale to Europeans. The situation was indeed complicated and the position apparently spelt ruin for the colony. Browne stated that he would not permit a land purchase unless the seller could clearly show his title, and he would not allow any interference from the tribe. This was a blow in the face to all Maori views of property. The Governor cared little. He bought from a native in Waitara in Taranaki 300 acres

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in accordance with this rule. Thompson raised an energetic and justified opposition, but Browne paid no heed, and the sad consequence was a two years' war with the Taranaki tribe, which, though ending in 1861 with the submission of the Maoris, caused a ten years' conflict with other tribes—a nameless misery for the young colony.

But this mistake ended Browne's term of office. At the height of the war he was recalled and in November 1861 Sir George Grey returned to Auckland.

His powerful influence was brought to bear to calm the excited tribes and bring them to peace. He promised them a special Government which was to recognise the authority of the chiefs. It availed nothing. The excitement had reached boiling-point. Until 1863 this state of affairs went on, Grey cancelled the Taranaki purchase, which he recognised as unjust, but that did not settle the trouble. The high rolling waves of sedition and tumult were not to be easily calmed and June 1863 saw the reopening of hostilities.

For seven long years, the war raged in the North Island. Now on the east—then on the west coast, the tribes rose in a sanguinary revolt. Periods of exhaustion followed times of bitter fighting, in a country as difficult as could well be imagined: over mountains without roads or paths, in deep, dense jungle, as yet untrodden by the foot of man, and through the roaring and rushing creeks and wild gorges of a roadless and bridgeless land. The Maoris, who knew this country well, did not show themselves in open battle, but preferred an endless, wearying guerilla. They

assailed small bodies of soldiers, stole upon the rear-guard, caught patrols: and retired quickly into their pas: in the siege of which the British forces split to pieces. As long as possible the Maoris stood their ground; at the last moment a wild sally saved them from capitulation. Indeed, the Maoris had learnt the art of modern warfare. On the English side General Cameron had chief command. Cameron cunctator as he might be termed. With infinite care and extreme precaution he led the war. He was not the "marshal forwards" so eagerly desired by the settlers, who blamed him vehemently on account of his tarrying. His strategy was anxiety and cowardice in the eyes of the Maoris, and his evident weakness, as it seemed to them, made them arrogant and overbearing. Governor Grey himself, as the campaign was hopelessly dragging on, assumed command and soon brought victory to his colours.

In the second half of the war the combat for the land grew into a religious war. A sect had risen, founded on a mixture of the teaching of the Old Testament, Maori-mysticism and superstition, which had sworn death to all Europeans and Christians. Their talisman was the cry: Hau, Hau, which, according to the words of their prophets made them invulnerable in battle. Against this Hau Hau fanaticism the bitterest enmity arose in the Maori camp. A fair number of them turned against its followers and joined the British. It is mainly due to them that the English came out victors in the end after many bitter fights.

Twice the war rose to the height of true heroism, which deserves some mention, and with the memory of one combat is associated the name of the Waitara chief Rewi: the prominent heroes of the other fight were Te Kooti and his deadly enemy Ropata. In 1864 Rewi, whose capture was desired, had entrenched himself and his tribe near Orakau and the English encircled him with 2,000 men, a hailstorm of bullets and other projectiles from guns and cannons poured down on his pa. For three full days this lasted, and three times did the British assault the pa, and three times they were repulsed with heavy loss. At last a breach was made and the Maoris seemed lost beyond all hope. Out of respect for the undaunted courage of the natives, General Carey wished to avoid any further bloodshed, and he asked them through an interpreter to surrender. An old, well-tattooed head—grey with age—rose behind the parapet, and from his lips came the answer: “Ka whawhai tonu ake! ake! ake! (we shall fight on for ever and for ever).” He was asked to let the women and children come out. “The women want to fight, too,” was the prompt reply, and—after three long days under fire, without a drop of water, and only a few dry berries as food, this noble warrior maintained his iron will to conquer or to die. The battle went on and soon the Maoris were left without ammunition and only then did the attack of the English succeed. Through the breach they poured into the pa. On the other side, however, the Maoris jumped from the ramparts, over the heads of the English, broke through their lines and would have escaped, if the cavalry had not

pursued and cut them down. Only Rewi with a few followers reached safety. Does not his name deserve to be enrolled on the list of those warriors, whose glowing love for their country has only been surpassed by their heroic courage, that took no thought of death?

The wild chase after Te Kooti was the last act of this sad war drama. On the Chatham Islands the rebel was kept as a prisoner, but he succeeded in escaping with his people to New Zealand, where he became the deadly terror of the inhabitants. Smoking heaps of ruins and the trail of blood marked his way. For three years the hunt by Ropata and others continued, and nobody could capture him. Suddenly he emerged from his hiding-place, set fire to farms and murdered settlers—and, as if the ground had swallowed him, he disappeared again, only to renew his ravages on another far distant spot. The price of £5,000 was placed on his head, but nobody earned it. At last, weary of the chase he took refuge in the King Country and made his peace.

The war burnt slowly out: it flared up here and there—a last flash—and then the end. When peace had come at last over the land, the work of settlement was taken in hand. The Public Works policy of Sir Julius Vogel, in 1870, brought the construction of roads, bridges, railways, telegraphs. The farmer quietly tilled his soil and raised his stock. Trade increased and gold-fields were discovered, which quickly induced a great number of people to emigrate to the young colony. Then the New Zealand of to-day as we know it, rapidly developed.



NEW ZEALAND OF TO-DAY

ADMINISTRATION

NEW ZEALAND is an English Colony: not a Crown Colony like India, Ceylon, not a protectorate like Zanzibar, but one of those English settlements with self-government which awaken the foreigner's warm admiration for the art and wisdom of British colonisation. In how masterly a fashion the mother country contrives to make her sovereignty felt out here as little as possible! Rarely does the colonial remember that he does not live in a wholly independent state. Perchance only when a new Governor arrives, when New Zealand pays its voluntary share of the Navy Bill, when he reads on the round pillar-boxes the letters "G. R.." (Georgius Rex), or on the Customs Offices H. M. Customs. Otherwise he is scarcely ever reminded of it. And with it all he has not forgotten the links which bind him to Great Britain. The New Zealander is loyal to the very backbone. England and her King are immensely popular, a voyage to London is to the Colonial "a trip home." The mother country has put her children on their own feet, and they have learnt to walk. It is true that the Governor, whom

the King appoints and to whom the Dominion pays £7,000 a year, nominally has the right to veto acts passed by Parliament, but it is very rarely that this power is exercised, and, only then, when the provisions are in conflict with an international treaty; in such cases, too, Downing Street usually gives a sufficient hint.

The administration of New Zealand is formed after the English model: only with a powerful democratic element. Here the women, too, have, what in England even the men do not yet possess—the right to the equal, general, direct and secret franchise. The householders and rate-payers of the cities thus elect, every two years, their City Councils; and yearly, with the possibility of re-election their mayors, who are always able and respected citizens. The residents of counties elect their County Councils and their Road Boards, who choose their Chairman. Besides these, numerous other Boards are set up—The Hospital and Charitable Aid Boards, which care for the needs of the poor and govern the hospitals, the Boards of Education, the School Committees, which guide the administration of Public Schools and Technical Colleges, and the Harbour Boards, which see to the interests of their ports. Seats on all these Boards are honorary, mayors alone being paid a small honorarium. Through the confidence of their fellow-citizens, Mayors, Chairmen and Councillors have the opportunity to show their capability, and gain experience in debating, etc. The future members of Parliament, and the Ministers, thus often receive their early training as members of local bodies.

Above all these bodies is the Central Government in Wellington with the Governor, who represents the royal power, with the two houses of Parliament and the Ministry, which is chosen, after the parliamentary system from the party in the majority in the lower house. The "House of Lords" here, the Legislative Council, has about fifty members, among them being two or three Maoris as representatives of the natives. Until 1891, the M.L.C.'s were appointed for life; but since that time the Governor, on the advice of the Ministry, has called them to the Council, for a term of seven years, after the expiration of which they may be re-appointed. This notation gives the ruling Ministry the opportunity of freeing itself of disobedient members and of placing submissive ones in their places.

More important than the Upper Chamber is the house of Representatives. Its members, now styled M.P.'s are elected for three years, and are eighty in number: four of them being Maoris. Civil servants, and persons who have a business contract with the State exceeding £50 in one year, are not eligible to sit as members.

The legislature of this country carries the native hue of resolution, and is stamped with the principle, that to practise is better than to theorise. The whole law-making is indicative of a lust for experimenting and a strong inclination to take the bull by the horns, and to solve problems over which the wise men at home rack their brains in vain.

This bracing atmosphere does not favour the growth of the Bureaucrat, everything is done in a

businesslike manner. Is a law found proven and workable: well and good. If not, it is soon altered, or abolished. All classes of the population take great interest in parliamentary business: they would not be true Britons if they did not do so. They know well, that they forge their fate themselves, and the Parliamentary system opens the way to the hammer and anvil.

INTERNAL POLICY: THE WORK OF SEDDON

The internal policy of the last ten years is so closely linked with the name of the late Prime Minister, Mr Seddon, than one cannot speak about one without mentioning the other.

On the 10th day of June, 1906, when for the twentieth time broke again the day which unchained the slumbering Tarawera's terrible forces, and with it destroyed the islands' most beautiful ornament, the Pink and White Terraces, died, sixty years old, on the high seas, Richard John Seddon, who had been for thirteen long and laborious years Prime Minister of New Zealand.

For four weeks he had travelled in Australia, and had allowed himself to be fêted and praised at banquets and receptions as Australasia's strongest man. He started for Home, taking in his pocket the approved draft of a reciprocal tariff between Australia and New Zealand. He was going Home for the opening of the new parliament, the election of which, in the previous December, had brought him a renewed and strengthened majority. But he was not to set foot again alive in "God's own country," as he loved dearly to call

his land. A heart failure set its seal on his plans and projects. Sincere sorrow filled every New Zealander, and throughout the whole of Australasia the flags were flown at half-mast.

Expectant and restless, the visitor waits in the office of the Minister. A violent blow with the fist upon the door, and in marches a giant. On a mighty body, on which lack of exercise has laid far too big a bolster of fat, upon a broad and solid neck, stands a powerful head: the grey hair is brushed backwards, the features formerly sharp and clear are to-day swollen, almost bulged. The brown eyes look keenly and vividly: round the face is a short-cropped white beard: the complexion is pale—wax-like, as that of a nephritic. The floor trembles beneath his step. He hurls himself into a chair, and immediately opens the conversation, in which he ever tries to gain more information than he gives. The gestures are energetic, often accompanied by the slapping of the hand on the knee, both of himself and his visitor. Now the arm furrows the air, now the clenched fist crashes on the chair. We behold the people's tribune before the meeting. The words chase one another, without choice of language: expressions careless, but vigorous, in the excitement descending to Cockney. His are no rare thoughts or images: the man has never studied history nor opened a printed philosophy: but, though without the apparatus of the arts and sciences, everything is of the most potent common sense. Each question is searched and probed, and the knot untied: an answer ever comes in a flash. He loves

to repeat a sentence, a sentence that seems well framed, but revels a bit too much in big, full-sounding phrases. No conventional formality, no elegance is in him, neither in dress or in manner, or in the way he puts his words. But the visitor is captivated in watching the bubbling activity of this volcano. All is vivacity, live force, energy, and power of will. The speaker is one who is master in the land, and who knows it: one who suffers no other gods beside him: one who understands how to bring himself always to the foot-lights. There is some pose, some consciousness in the vehemence of expression, movements, and gestures: perhaps his "subjects" like to see him thus, with the conscious power of a hero: those countrymen who idolised him and called him, half in jest, half seriously, "King Dick." The conviction that always stood behind his words was that New Zealand through himself had shown the world the way to solve the social questions, and bring about social justice. Like every one of his countrymen he had the unshakable faith, that the world's eyes were centred on New Zealand (and with it on himself) and watching the outcome of the experiments, results of which he himself had no doubt. With majestic calmness came the great words from his own lips: We have regulated supply and demand by law, to the satisfaction of all, and for all time! (Would God grant it were true!) The conversation turned into smooth waters, his amiability was charming, his interest, sincere and not artificial; a deft joke, a roaring shout of laughter, a shake of the hand, which can be felt for hours, and the interview was at an end. The

impression is that of a sound fellow, with his head screwed on the right way: who dearly loves to see his country great and happy and works towards this aim, how he thinks best. All is will and force.

His personality gives the key to his political success and to his career which was one of almost romantic adventure.

In 1845 Mr Seddon was born at St Helens, Lancashire, England, his father being a schoolmaster, in 1862 he became an engineer, and in 1863 he went to seek gold in Australia where he landed, with an engineer's certificate, a pair of broad shoulders, and a determination to conquer. In 1865 he followed his trade once more in Newport railway workshops at Melbourne. In the following year the gold fever seized him again and so he went to New Zealand, where he landed on the west coast of the South Island.

Here there was a buzzing swarm of adventurous fellows, to whom a battle with fists was nothing and manslaughter only a defence of their rights. Chaotic excitement and wild sensation prevailed and one rush followed another. Buckets full of alluvial gold were washed from the gravel and sand.

Dense bush covered the country, there were no roads—a man had to cut them himself with the axe through the jungle, or swim through rivers. Only undaunted energy and an iron will could succeed under such conditions.

That was the place for Seddon: with a few chums he took up a claim: success was his—£20, £25 or £30 in one week. The money was

quickly earned and more quickly spent. The diggers were not mean: they could not be when they believed the old digger's saying, that economy drives away luck. The gold-diggers drank, quarrelled and loved, and big Dick joined in with them. Soon he was celebrated for his strength and his masterly boxing, with which he used to support his arguments. In time he became one of the leading men, and not having squandered and thrown away his gold, like his chums, he was able to open a shop and hotel, which soon became the meeting-place for his district. Here they talked over matters of public policy and held council. "Dick" was the recognised leader, who decided all disputes and interpreted the laws of the bush. In 1869 he was elected a member of the Arahura Road Board, and soon became its chairman. His authority grew daily: as a miner's advocate he defeated in court many a learned lawyer, as he knew the run of every river, and the history of every claim. The confidence of his friends afterwards sent him to the Provincial Council of Westland, of which he remained a member until 1876, the year of the abolition of the Provincial form of Government. The same year saw the formation of a Liberal party in New Zealand by Sir George Grey, the one-time saviour of the colony, who had now become a private citizen. Until then provincial jealousies had split up the country into dozens of small parties. Sir George asked for manhood franchise, and new land regulations; the Crown, he held, should cease to sell land, and grant long leases, instead; also, he urged, that the accumulation of huge estates be made

impossible. Around this platform collected the new Liberal party, which consisted chiefly of small farmers and business men. Among them was Mr Seddon. His first effort to get into Parliament failed. In 1879, however, he was elected, and held the same seat until his death.

Sir George Grey took the helm, but could not keep it. The struggle between large estate holder and small farmer was waged with varying luck. Thus the year 1882 twice saw the Liberals, and once the Conservatives on the bridge of the state-ship. The two parties played at "ins" and "outs" until 1890, when a new political power was born.

Towards the end of the eighties the great social wave, which had passed over Europe reached New Zealand. The growth of the cities, the quickly progressing development of industries, such as the frozen-meat trade, the growth of manufacturing, the ever-increasing number of public works, such as railways, roads, telephones and telegraphs, and the speedy exhaustion of the easily worked alluvial goldfields, had made the proletariat more numerous. Now it made itself heard. The New Zealand Labour Federation was founded and the State was asked to protect their interests. In the meantime the leadership of the Liberals had been assumed by Mr John Ballance, a farmer's son, and a talented journalist. As Minister for Lands, he had in 1886 already proved his regard for the welfare of the masses, by settling numerous unemployed on small farms, on the time payment system and even advanced them money for the purchase of tools, cattle and building

material. The platform of the Liberal Party included, in addition to the leasehold and popular franchise planks, a policy of financial reform, in the substitution of a progressive land and income tax for the property tax then in vogue, so that in future the incomes out of sources other than property would fall under taxation.

Into the Liberal ship the Labour party stowed its state-socialistic demands of wage protection, of workmen's insurance, and arbitration court, and thenceforward they sailed together under the one flag of the Liberal-Labour fusion. The election of 1890 brought them victory, the one man one vote measure having been passed in the meantime, and in January, 1891 Mr Ballance became Prime Minister. In his Cabinet sat Mr John (afterwards Sir John) McKenzie as Minister for Lands, Mr W. P. Reeves as Labour Minister, whilst Mr Seddon received the portfolios of public works and mines. The financial programme was soon carried. Its socialistic tendency was shown in that clause which exempted from taxation yearly income up to £300, and land up to the value of £500, and levied a land tax on estates up to £5,000 value, and a progressive tax for lands which exceeded this valuation. The workman and small farmer thus paid no direct taxation.

Labour laws were introduced, but were deferred for the meantime, and in 1893 an early death removed Mr Ballance.

In the days of Mr Ballance's illness, Mr Seddon had represented him, but everybody saw in Sir Robert Stout, a previous premier, Mr Ballance's probable successor. Seddon, however, was not

to be denied, and seized, and held the command. Distrust greeted this rough, unpolished, representative of the west coast. But industry and consciousness of duty soon brought him respect.

The bill providing for female franchise was passed by only a small majority, as many—Seddon among them—looked sceptically on the experiment. Every woman, married or spinster, who had passed her twenty-first year, entered into the possession of the franchise. In the cities and boroughs, this principle has also been carried out to its utmost limit. The woman has here the active and passive suffrage. She can send the man of her choice into the City Council or take herself a seat among the wise of the town. The legislator does not go quite so far in the parliamentary franchise. In this case Eve can only actively take part in the battle, but the doors of parliament itself are locked to her. The experiment was successful. On the electoral rolls, 95 per cent. of the adult male and female population are registered, and 78 per cent. of the men and 75 per cent. of the women vote. With the many domestic duties of women and the very bad roads, which have to be traversed to get to the booths, it will be seen that the interest taken by the weaker sex in political affairs is a very strong one. Moreover, the influence of women is directly favourable to the participation of men in political matters. In former years scarcely 60 per cent. exercised their right to vote: to-day about 80 per cent. do so. It is true, that in most cases the woman votes with her husband or brother for the same candidate. Of real influence there is

none. Ellen Key and other lady-writers dream visions beautiful of the effect of woman's vote on legislation, which was far too long entrusted to mere man. The law, iron and brutal, will become tender and gentle; its stern bold face will be softened with a benign, kind smile. Human feelings, sympathy, pity, will rise supreme and vanquish the male motto: that might goes before right. "Agrippina," says Ferrero, "is a good instance of that well-known fact, that in public administration discreet and capable women keep, as a rule, the spirit of economy with which they manage the home." Divinations beautiful of orderliness and gentleness, of peace on earth and goodwill to men: and what does the broad light of the day make of it? Nothing, alas, they vanish into the air. Of real influence upon legislation, justice, and administration there is none. It amounts then to this, that women's franchise simply doubles the votes. Multiply the male vote by twos, or one and three quarters and you have the effects of the women's vote. And yet another point, which is not so clearly visible in New Zealand as in Australia. It strengthens, it multiplies principally the Labour vote. When Liberals and Labour once are separated (and that event will come to pass), as they are in Australia, this result will become clearer. It is easier to induce a worker's wife to go to the Ballot-box, than to entice the fashionable lady to mix among the profane crowd, and abstain from the functions of Society. The woman's page in the daily or weekly paper is happily no criterion for the standard of woman's interest in public life, as it con-

tains only idle gossip. But the possession of the franchise has had no adverse influence on the character of New Zealand's ladies: it has not destroyed their interest in family, household, afternoon teas, nor their pleasure in gossip or flirtation. The New Zealand girl comes to the rendezvous, goes to dances, and you need not fear that you will be made drowsy by the wisdom of the newspaper leader or political gossip; her lips are not bereft of their softness by the hard words of politics. Nor has the change in the law brought yelling lady agitators, in sacklike, reform costumes, with short cropped hair, who have formed their own party and laid down their own platform. The ladies remain womanly, and do not show the inclination that it was feared they would display, to take sides with the clergy, who would like to bring back the schools under Church control. But it has set many a woman thinking about such important matters as the control of the liquor traffic.

And here they have suggested a solution of the problem, and helped to carry a bill, which without them would hardly have been passed into law: the act which regulates the sale of liquor.

Why just this question should loom so largely in the public mind in New Zealand is hard to say. A stranger arriving at election time would, by all the turmoil of meetings, advertisements and posters, be driven to the conclusion that drinking has got such an iron grip on the inhabitants, that only the untiring vigilance of a few sober minds, guarding the people's welfare, that only the strongest measures, the lash of a severe law could

relieve the wretched prisoners of a miserable habit, from the strangulating clutch. That this is not so, need scarcely be said. The New Zealander does not consume more liquor than any of his fellow-men within the gates and walls of the British Empire. Only one explanation suggests itself.

There roots deeply and firmly, an unshakable conviction in every New Zealander, that humanity can be improved by legislature, that the law is not the "ass," but a Sunday School teacher. The confessors of this unbreakable faith went searching around the globe for reformatory laws, with which their country-men were to be changed into angels, whether they wanted to or not, and hit upon the Prohibition Laws in America. These, the diggers of the moral gold brought home to bear upon their neighbours.

Sir Robert Stout, who never forgave Mr Seddon the usurpation of the premiership, introduced the Bill and thought perhaps it would prove a stumbling-block in Seddon's path. But "King Dick" did not falter: for him it became only opportunity to unfold his whole diplomatic skill, to give in to the wishes of the people, to resist the extremists, and to satisfy, and keep as his friends alike, brewer and temperance advocate. In 1893 the Licensing Bill was brought down. It saw many changes, and only with the Licensing Amendment Act of 1910, after seventeen years' mending, patching, altering, some finality seems to have been reached. Up till then there was a clause considering the moderate man, who could cast his vote for reduction of licenses. Neither party, however, liked him, as he brought uncer-

tainty into the issue. The new law leaves him out in the cold. The Prohibitionists thought the time ripe to unveil their holy grail, from which they hope all salvation will come and spread over the land: the ideal of National Prohibition. In a conference between brewers and no-license preachers, called together to come to a compromise and furnish a fundament for the new law, this National Prohibition was agreed upon. The question of no-license for the local district and the Dominion should be put before the elector together, every vote for local abolition to be counted for National Prohibition also. By that the brewers thought to eliminate the no-license vote given from reasons of personal animosity against a local brewer, because the voter had a personal grievance, because he did not like his nose, his son, his daughter, because his wife had not called, etc. A vote for local prohibition would not so readily be given if it would go to exclude liquor from the Dominion altogether. In this shape the Bill went before Parliament, but the Prohibition Party was not found napping. It saw the danger, and set to work. And so strong was its call, so firmly is its hold on the Members, who are only too glad and willing to avail themselves of its powerful organisation in election time, that the voting for Local and National Prohibition was separated.

The new law then runs thus: Every three years, on the day of the parliamentary elections, the voters have the right, on two voting papers, different in colour, to decide, whether, in each district, "licenses shall continue to be granted" or not,

and "whether national prohibition shall come into force throughout New Zealand," or not. All questions are decided by a three-fifths majority. The determination of no-license is to be established at once, all licenses will expire and lapse. For it is not lawful, "to grant or renew any publican's license, New Zealand wine license, conditional license, accommodation license, packet license, wholesale license, charter of a club, or license to sell liquor at a railway station." "No building, room, or other premises, in any no-license district shall be kept or used as a place of resort for the consumption of intoxicating liquor on those premises"; should this section be broken, the "occupier of the premises, and every person having or taking part in the care, management or control of the same, are severally liable to a fine not exceeding twenty pounds for every day in which the premises are so kept or used." "Every person (other than a constable) found on any premises kept or used in breach of this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding five pounds." "It is not lawful within any no-license district . . . for any person whomsoever to store or keep liquor for any other person, or to lease, let, hire, or permit to suffer to be used any building or place belonging to, or occupied by him, or in his possession or under his control, or any part of any such building or place for the purpose of storing, or keeping therein or thereon any liquor for, or by any other person." "Every person who commits a breach of this section is liable for a first offence to a fine not exceeding fifty pounds, or for a second or any subsequent offence to imprisonment for any term

not exceeding three months." "Any Justice of the Peace, if satisfied by information on oath, that there is reasonable ground to suspect that any premises are kept, or used as a place of resort for the consumption of liquor . . . may, in his discretion, grant a warrant under his hand, by virtue whereof, it shall be lawful for any constable named in the warrant, at any time or times by day or night within one month thereafter, to enter, with such assistance, as he may deem requisite, and by force if need be, the premises named in the warrant, and every part thereof, and examine the same." No brewery shall be conducted, no beer may be stored in any no-license district; a fine not exceeding fifty pounds awaits the law-breaker for every day on which the offence is committed.

Should in a no-license district three-fifths of the electors decide on restoration, such determination shall come into force on the expiration of three months after polling day. The number of publicans' licenses then to be granted "shall not exceed one for every complete five hundred electors," and "shall not be less than one for every one thousand."

The execution of the people's will is entrusted to a licensing committee in whose election the parliamentary rolls are used.

Should three-fifths of the voters in New Zealand resolve that Bacchus and Dionysos be expelled and banished from its shores, the determination of this self-denial will come into force and effect four years after the deciding poll. New Zealand, then will be dry; and only intoxicating liquor for medicinal, scientific, sacramental, or industrial purposes

may be had in the land. "Any person, who in breach of the Act, imports into New Zealand, manufactures, sells, or has in his possession for the purpose of sale, any intoxicating liquor, or who attempts to commit any such offence, or who aids, abets, or procures the commission of any such offence, shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds in case of a first offence and to imprisonment for any term not exceeding three months in the case of a second or subsequent offence against this section, whether of the same kind or a different kind. Where the defendant is a body corporate the penalty shall be a fine not exceeding two hundred pounds in the case of a first offence and a fine not exceeding one thousand pounds for a second or any subsequent offence."

The Governor may proclaim areas within which liquor shall be supplied to natives. In any district so proclaimed, a poll shall be taken of the Maoris residing therein, who are qualified to vote at parliamentary election, to determine, whether liquor shall be supplied to natives or not. The bare majority shall decide.

The new law further provides for the ultimate abolition of the barmaid. For, after the first of June 1911, no female shall be employed to serve in any capacity in or about the bar, it be then that the licensee is a woman herself, or that a licensee employs his wife, sister or daughter or any person duly registered as a barmaid. The Secretary of Labour shall keep a register in which he shall enter the names and register as barmaids every person," who at any time within one year before

the passing of this Act has been employed as a barmaid not less than three months." Thus the door to this occupation is closed, and although the section creates a monopoly for the ladies of the register, no real friend of the people will shed a tear about it.

The publican whose license is taken away, receives no compensation, either for the loss of his business or the depreciation of his property. The populace has thus the right to take a legal business away from a man without paying him a farthing. It is to be regretted that the decision as to license or no-license falls on the day of the parliamentary election, for this question has, as a consequence, achieved far too much predominance in political life. One would think, at election time, that there exists no other vital question for this colony than that of drink. Freehold or leasehold, free trade or protection: all seem forgotten and only around the liquor all the war is waged.

To understand the significance of this measure, one must bear in mind that the English custom of "shouting" has been brought to perfection in the colonies. Friends, who meet again, put the seal on the joy of re-union with a whisky-and-soda. Business is transacted in bars. Many a traveller has to become a drinker of alcohol if he wants to get good orders. Workmen think it their moral duty to take a drink before going home. As the poet says:—

"Seven causes are for drinking:
 Friend's arrival: Number one;
 Two: when pretty girls are winking;
 Three: where goodly wine does run;
 Four: a drink-song, soul-enlarging;
 Five: when dry the palate grows:

Six: the fear of future parching;
Seventh: every other cause."

No-license cuts off the possibility of the sale of liquor in the bar, it takes away the opportunity which makes love as it makes the thief. But the whole proceedings recall a little too much the policy of the ostrich. True, the sale of liquor in a no-license district is prohibited, but drink is simply ordered in the next "license" area, eight or ten miles away. The Act allows a certain quantity to be taken into a no-license district, the seller having to notify the police of the parcel. Four or five people club together to buy the necessary quantity and thus everybody has his alcohol in his own house. And here grows the terrible temptation for young men to form a drinking club. Certainly, the opportunity which incites the desire has been taken away from young and old, but otherwise the public drunkenness is only changed into a private one.

That the no-license movement is growing, there is no doubt: every poll closes several fresh districts. The organisation of the Prohibition Party is too strong and their argument that alcohol is of evil, cannot be met; in a discussion on that question they carry the day every time, because their's is the truth. It is quite possible that they will gain their last goal also: the bare majority instead of the three-fifths—for the License Party is not well led. It misjudged in the beginning the strength of its adversary, and did nothing to eradicate the abuse of liquor and bar. Had they moved for the "Restaurant," and closed the bars, had they given notice to the barmaids, had

they brought on the market a lighter beer (containing $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. instead of 4 or 5 per cent. alcohol) at a reasonable price, they would have taken the sting out of the argument, their case would not stand in so sad a need as now. It was a great politic mistake to even consent to discuss the question of National Prohibition, not to speak of their agreeing to the embodiment in the law. A casual hand in politics, a mere beginner, could have foreseen that before Parliament the questions of Local and National Prohibition would be separated. The License Party chose to neglect the wisdom compressed into a German proverb: don't give the devil your little finger, for he will take the whole hand, and so have to pay the penalty. And even now they are short-sighted enough to cling to their bars and maids to the last. It is my personal opinion, that the No-License Party would have never taken root so firmly, if New Zealand had the Continental Restaurants instead of those bars, where drinking is provided for so conveniently, and without loss of time. In a restaurant one has to sit down, remove hat and coat, order the drink and wait. All that takes time. You cannot "drop" into it as into a bar. It is argued that it would be impossible to preserve the cheap and yet high standard of New Zealand's hotels, if the revenue of the bars were to disappear. Continental hotels, which keep no bars, are more expensive. This is correct. The result of no-license declaration would certainly be an increase in the cost of hotel accommodation or a loss of comfort. The public will have to bear it. The local no-license movement has not reached its

summit yet, and although many districts have become "dry," the real test will only come, if the declaration closes all the bars in a big city.

As for National Prohibition, I refuse to believe that it ever will be carried. Tourist traffic and immigration would soon cease and increased taxation become necessary to make up for the £800,000 loss of revenue out of excise duty and brewers' license.

The only argument in this whole question is whether the means provided by the law will meet the evil; whether men can and will be improved by Act of Parliament. Augustus already saw this hope shattered when his sumptuary laws of the year 18 B.C. did not stop the luxury and opulence, when his *lex de adulteriis* was broken in his own family, by his daughter Julia, the wife of Tiberius. This act to improve the drinking habits of New Zealanders shares the fate of Augustus's laws to raise the standard of Roman morals. The licensing laws prove sad failures in combating drunkenness. As a matter of fact the drink bill of the colony is increasing every year. New Zealand will have to learn that police and coercion are useless means for this purpose. Free recognition of the evil and a firm determination to avoid it: these are better and, to my mind, the only ways, which will lead to the goal. The example of Germany proves this, where the consumption of liquor, which is almost harmless when compared with the strong whiskies and beers, is decreasing. But what has really been done in New Zealand to spread the knowledge of the evil of Al Khol? The agitation so far consists only of abusing and insulting brewers and public-house

keepers and a faint attempt of statistics that in no-license districts crimes are diminishing. Nobody has ever troubled to collect the facts brought to light by the detailed examination of science and place them before the public. It is for instance a scientific fact, that in Switzerland, a moderately drinking country with a strong abstainer movement, the birth-rate of weak-minded children is increased by 6 per cent. under the influence of popular festivals; the alcohol consumed at these public gaieties murders a future generation. Would not the knowledge of an undeniable fact like this stir the conscience of the New Zealand citizen, awake his responsibility towards future humanity? Facts like these and the hundred others elucidated by science should be placed fairly and squarely before the public, who would then be in a position to draw their own conclusions, instead of hurling at them reproaches, abuses and the talk of sin, the superlative of which incites the spirit of opposition and harms the cause. This would be the one duty of the party which intends to combat drink. The other is to make life less dull in New Zealand; to show the people higher aims, a better reality, to let culture and art enter every vein of public life, for I maintain that anyone who has filled his heart with the joy which Rembrandt and Titian, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Shakespeare and Goethe, the Venus of Milo, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, and Mona Lisa can give, who has drunk from the cups of culture and wisdom, will keep away from bars and maids and drinks, without the help of a law.

Better by far are New Zealand's land laws. The aim was to prevent the accumulation of too large

estates in one hand and on the other to facilitate settlement for the small farmers. Of course, these laws could only concern the Crown land, the property of the State. The question of freehold or leasehold was not decided. The following compromise was enacted:—In all cases the State limits the sale or lease to 640 acres of land of best quality, and to 2,000 acres of second class. If a present owner possesses that area, he is precluded from obtaining more Crown land. A release is only allowed by consent of the State Land Board, so that no Crown land can fall into the hands of the big estate holder. Formerly the State leased the land for 999 years at a rental equal to 5 per cent. of the value. Besides that two other ways of disposal existed—by sale and by lease with the option of purchase. The lease enabled the farmer to employ that money, which he would have otherwise spent for the purchase, on improving the land. The State is prepared, too, to advance money against small interest, and to defer payments of rents. Besides that the farmer may get expert advice at the State experimental farms. The State is apparently not afraid that its tenants could use in times of depression, their power, to reduce the weight of rent.

The State has also taken the power to buy up large estates: it may even compulsorily acquire such properties, if their owner is not willing to sell. It may happen that before the doors of a city stretches a large station. The merchants would benefit if a large number of families lived there instead of one only. They have supported the Government at the last election and expect now

their reward. Out of anxiety to retain their votes, the Government has to agree to the proposed purchase. The owner does not like to part with the soil, which perhaps his father has reclaimed from the jungle with unspeakable trouble and danger to life. It does not matter: he must. The land is valued, purchased, cut up and leased. Should the proprietor not be satisfied with the price, he may appeal to a court, where a judge of the Supreme Court, a representative of the Government and of the owner will decide the dispute. Such coercive measures should, it is thought, only be taken when all available land is occupied. But this is by no means the case. Millions of acres lie idle, covered with bush, far in the interior it is true, and opened up to a very small or no extent. Why is the young farmer not sent thither? Had not the founders of the big estates suffered a like fate? If only those stations were acquired which are badly cultivated, or only bought for speculative purposes, one would see the sense of that law. But where is the justice in this? The Government promised to administer the law mildly, and it has limited itself principally so far, to buying only estates voluntarily offered for sale. But no Government is bound by this promise. The whole is a concession to the laziness of the worker, the small farmer, the immigrant, who, of course, prefer to go into a made bed, instead of making one themselves by the sweat of their brow. But the new owners of such land will surely vote for the Government. Thus Seddon looked well after the small farmers.

The solution of the labour question was the aim of the next series of laws which Mr Reeves drafted.

An Act similar to the last mentioned allows the State to acquire compulsorily every year 100 acres in a city of at least 15,000 inhabitants as sites on which to build cheap homes for the working man. Very generously the State permits the owner to keep 10 acres of such land if in the city, and 50 acres if in the surroundings. And that by democratic right!

Many laws regulate the conditions of labour and throughout this legislation the tendency is to foster and protect the working man to assist him into a condition of life more befitting a human being, at the expense of the employer. Shop closing at 6 o'clock, a half-holiday in every week, inspection of factories by male and female inspectors (a factory is any workshop, in which two persons—including the owner—work), limitation of female labour, children's protection are some of the regulations. Old age pensions of ten shillings per week are paid to every poor and worthy person beyond 65 years of age, without any contributions by way of insurance.

The Employers' Liability Act of 1900, and the Workers' Compensation for Accidents Act made the employer fully responsible for every accident and bound him to pay damages, unless the worker had brought about the accident through gross negligence. This after-thought has no practical value, as a jury has never yet found the negligence of a labourer so "gross." The law goes so far, that if a working man hangs pictures on my wall, falls from the ladder and does himself harm, I have to pay him compensation. The employer may cover his risk in the State Insurance Department or in a

private accident insurance office. The working man pays nothing towards the cost. Contracts which exclude a claim of compensation are invalid and punishable. The working man receives thus his compensation as a present, just as he does his Old Age Pension. In his own interest this is to be regretted, as it must ultimately harm his character; it does not educate him to look ahead, it does not foster thrift. A contribution from his part, be it ever so small, would introduce an ethical factor, which is severely missed at present.

The Truck Act of 1891 assures the worker the payment of his wages in money; deductions for goods bought from the employer are not permitted. If a merchant, medical man or anyone else gives credit to a labourer, he does it at his own risk: should the magistrate, in an action for recovery, be convinced that the working man cannot spare the amount of the bill from his wages or income without endangering the livelihood of his family, a judgment is not given. The Contractors' and Workmens' Lien Act of 1892 entitles a person who has done work on any land, building, or chattel, to a lien upon such property till his wages are paid in full. The employer has to satisfy himself before he settles with his contractor, that all wages are paid in full.

The loudest praise was and is reserved here for the Arbitration Act. 1894 was the birth year of this Act to encourage the formation of Industrial unions and associations and to facilitate the settlement of industrial disputes by conciliation and arbitration. Its aim is to settle all differences between employer and employee by arbitration. Hours of employ-

ment, rates of wages, off time, piece wage and over-time are settled by a mixed court in order to save the country from the grave mishaps of strikes, paralysing trade. The law encourages employer and employee of various professions to combine in unions: seven persons can form such a corporation. That the law may protect them, the Union must be registered under the Act, and then they come under its shelter. The original act divided the country into several industrial districts—for each one a Conciliation Board was provided, consisting of representatives of capital and labour with a chairman elected by them. This Board had the right to call and take evidence but could only make proposals for a settlement. The final medium of settlement is the Arbitration Court, which travels through the districts: in it sit a judge of the Supreme Court and one representative each of capital and labour, elected by the respective parties and appointed by the Governor for a term of three years. The decisions of this court are binding and disobedience is punished by fines up to £500.

The Conciliation Boards in the first form were useless. Nobody was satisfied with their decisions, and the defeated party invariably appealed to the court. These Conciliation Boards simply remained a dead letter.

In the words of the law a judgment of the Arbitration Court concerned only registered unions. But if once an award has been given for one trade, all employers of this trade, whether registered or not, have to follow it. But employers, too, in an industrial district, for which no award has been made, perhaps because there are no unions, are

under moral obligation to keep the regulations drafted for other territories, otherwise they would not get any hands or their workmen would form a union.

Further: in many awards stands a provision, worthy of notice by all worshippers of socialistic freedom: for preference to unionists. You have a position free: two men apply, both equally skilful in their work: one shows an excellent character, pleasing manners, modest appearance, but he is a non-unionist: in the other the agitator is at once to be noticed: he is a trouble-raiser—he will be discontented and cause his fellow-workers to be dissatisfied, but he is a member of a union. You have to engage the unionist. Such is the award! Labour always works strenuously to bring this preference into the act itself. Union men have been known to refuse to work with non-unionists. The demand is the logical consequence of the Arbitration Laws. Here Organisation stands against Organisation. And a full effect of the law is possible only, when the parties are rigidly organised. The unionists had in the beginning of the movement, to face dismissal, loss of employment, even hunger: they sacrificed money, and fought their case before the tribunal, in Parliament, worked at election time, used boycott and strike. And when then the battle is fought, victory won, then the spoils are to fall to the victors and nothing shall go to those who remained timidly at home and looked on. The demand is explainable, but, alas, how little social and humane is it! Have unionists who, in possession of preference, closed their lists to exclude any others from the good cheer, have such unionists a

right to attack trusts who only supply those who passed beneath the Caudine yoke? Are these Labour-Unions not the greatest trust and combine the world ever saw? Is that the love and the pity the golden socialistic age is to bring us?

A gentleman took compassion on a poor fellow begging for work, and employed him in his garden, and paid him wages. The union leader observed that the wage paid was lower than that fixed by the Award. The gentleman was brought before the court and fined. Very often a breach of an award is committed with the full knowledge and consent of the workman: the employer is always dragged before the Kadi—the employee seldom.

The working men are protected against sweating which this law has absolutely eradicated; but is the employer similarly treated? This act has increased the demands of labour. That was visible long ago to anybody who liked to interpret the signs. More than once the men have threatened, when an award went against them, to cancel the registration of their union and to return to the good old method of striking. Up to now most of the decisions have been favourable to labour because the good times that have prevailed in New Zealand, have left a large margin for concessions to the worker from the employer. But many a one, who has the forethought to speculate on the future, has asked himself: What will happen when bad times come and wages have to be reduced? These men, who are cursed as pessimists are of the opinion that it is too early for jubilation, that the fire test will come in bad times,

as wages have to follow the price of the produce on the world's market and cannot be regulated by a rigid law.

But there was no need to wait even for bad times. The test came earlier, and with it the first grave wounds.

As long as Seddon's powerful individuality stood behind the law, the act worked smoothly and well. The lightning of his eye kept cynics and agitators quiet: his undisputed authority, his "mana," the prestige of his personality, held dissatisfaction in check. But he died. The eyes, which had guarded the act with such vigilance, were closed. None of his successors has, or will ever have, his influence over the masses. To-day, here and there, flames shoot up. The fire has not spread over the whole building. Is the Government able to save it?

The employees of the Electric Tramway Company in Auckland in November 1906 laid down their work for a few hours on account of the alleged arbitrary action of the manager, who soon conceded the main points in dispute. The strike, which was not concerned with any question of a rise in wages was thus quickly settled. Nevertheless, it had been a strike and a speedy success, and nobody was punished. Striking became infectious. The slaughtermen employed at a large freezing works in Wellington were dissatisfied with their wages and asked for a rise. The employers referred them to the Arbitration Court, which, however, at that time was holding its session in a distant district. To wait until their cause could be fought out before the over-burdened court, would mean to miss the slaughtering season. The workmen would not

hear of it. A rise of wages or strike! The slaughtermen of other works joined them with a similar demand. The employers resisted, preferring to observe the bond of the legal award. The butchers laid down their cleavers. The works stood still. Capable hands were not available and could not be imported on account of the distance. New Zealand's most important export was in danger. The employers gave way and consented to the rise of three shillings per hundred sheep which was demanded. The Arbitration Court afterwards fined every striker £5, which sums were paid. The union as such had not concerned itself with the stopping of work, and so was not cited before the court.

The Blackball miners on the west coast of the South Island commenced the third strike. There, the points at issue were the number of working hours and the manner in which employees should be dismissed in the ordinary quiet courses of business.

The union asked for a longer "crib" interval at noon, shorter working hours and a decision by lot as to who should be dismissed, when work was slack. The company, of course, would not be dictated to by its employees, regarding the management of its affairs, and insisted on the fulfilment of the existing award. The miners ceased working. The Arbitration Court hastened to the scene, called evidence, examined witnesses, and decided against the union, which was fined £75. In spite of this, the miners did not resume work, but defied the law, and negotiated on their own account with the company for weeks, without result. Neither side would give way. The other unions of the country

stiffened the backs of the strikers and sent moral, and especially financial support to a degree that enabled the unions to pay as much as £3 strike money weekly. Such help, however, the law forbids as severely as the strike itself.

The Government did nothing. The act was openly defied and derided by the agitators, the decision of the court disregarded, the judge insulted, and the Government did not stir even a little finger. The company grew weary after the sudden death of its strong man, and yielded. The strike came to an end. A fresh victory for the labourer. The Government, helpless and weak, had proved unwilling to make the law respected, because, perchance, a new election was at hand, and it sought to ingratiate itself with the labourers. Such an attitude must result in evil.

Scarcely was the Blackball strike at an end, when the fire broke out again in Auckland among the Tramway employees. The dispute still concerned questions of administration and conduct of business, not a rise of wages. A conductor had legally received notice to quit without being given a reason for his dismissal, and the employees were dissatisfied with the traffic manager. On account of such petty causes, they organised the most frivolous strike and stopped the traffic. Their demands were: Removal of the traffic inspector from his present position, a written guarantee that no man should be dismissed without statement of reason, and dismissal of two conductors who had not joined the strikers. A very pretty list! Really, the only claim omitted was that a member of the union should become manager of the company!

No employer could tolerate such interference in internal business matters. The manager did not yield, and claimed fulfilment of the legal award: later he proposed to place the dispute before the Arbitration Court created for such purposes. The union refused and declared publicly that it had no confidence in this court. The affair came to a deadlock. Then the Government interfered through the Secretary of the Labour Department, and proposed, to call together a special court, a Conciliation Board, such as the Arbitration Act provided for cases in which parties who so far were without an award, wished to settle their affairs amicably, without the intervention of a court—a board, which really was not intended for a strike such as this. The Government, however, would not oppose the working men and wished to save its face, i.e. to remain, to all appearances, between the four corners of the act. Under Governmental pressure, the company and union consented to the official proposal, and bound themselves in writing to respect, and execute in every way the decisions of this Conciliation Board. The Board sat. Company and union sent two representatives each and the Government appointed the chairman. He alone, really had to decide all questions, as the representatives were, and remained, two against two. The judgment was a full victory for the employees. The traffic manager was removed from his position. The company had to give a written guarantee to communicate in every case of dismissal a "valid" reason for the removal. The two non-strikers, called spitefully by their fellow-workers: "black-legs" were permitted to remain in their

positions, but all the other demands of the men were conceded.

This decision is memorable. A worker has now the right to dictate to the company how to manage its affairs. An employee, who is suspected of dishonesty, can, in future, not be dismissed. If the suspicion were stated he would quickly sue for libel. The reason for dismissal must be "valid." Valid to whom? Satisfactory to whom? To the company? the worker? the union? That the judge did not say. But he compelled the dismissal from his position of an officer, who had proved a faithful servant of the company. Why? Because the employees did not exactly care for the system of control and superintendence which he had instituted. The reason of dismissal must thus be valid in the view of the union. Where, now, is terrorism? With Capital? or Socialism? There was no word of blame for the instigators of this frivolous strike—no word of praise for the two conductors who did as the law commanded. The sentence in the judgment concerning them; sounded almost like an apology to the workers, that they could not possibly have been sent away: but the public collected £50 for each man.

Indeed, glorious results has socialism brought. Such is its equality, its justice, its liberty, its brotherhood!

So much was now certain; the act had not the power to force people to work who did not want to.

The act had lost much, very much indeed of its mystic fame. Since Seddon's powerful hand was no longer at the helm, the worker's faith in its infallibility was gravely shaken, if not lost altogether.

The sympathy which most of the unions had extended to the Blackball miners both by word and deed had proved that fact to all who would see. The present Government has the best will to repair the defects of the law. A cure by accelerating the procedure of the court was tried: that it did not suffice was shown by the Blackball miners' strike. Another kind of treatment was decided on, and on 10th October, 1908 Parliament passed an Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Amendment Act. This provided that any worker participating in a strike is liable to a fine not exceeding ten pounds. Any employer who locks his hands out is punished by a fine not exceeding £500.

Any person who incites, instigates, aids or abets an unlawful strike (i.e. a strike in an industry working under an award) or lockout or its continuance, "or makes a gift of money or other valuable things" for the benefit of a strike or lockout, shall be fined up to £10, if he be a worker, to £200 if an employer.

The fines increase considerably (£25 and £500) if the strike takes place in industries which supply gas, electricity, water, milk, meat or coal for domestic consumption, or are concerned with the working of any ferry, tramway, or railway used for the public carriage of goods or passengers. A union convicted for striking, or supporting a strike may be suspended for two years by the court, during which time "no new industrial union shall be registered in the same industrial district in respect of the same industry," for a breach of award, a union or employer may be fined up to £100, a worker not exceeding £5.

An inspector of awards, appointed by the Government, watches in each district over the proper execution of an award, and he, or any party to the award may bring an action against the evil-doers in a Magistrate's Court, though they may appeal against its decisions to the Arbitration Court. "The judgment in any such action shall be enforceable in the same manner as a judgment for debt or damages in the Magistrate's Court." "An order of attachment may be made in respect of the surplus of his wages above the sum of two pounds a week, in case of a worker who is married, or a widower or widow with children, or above the sum of one pound a week in the case of any other worker." "The employer shall pay into court from time to time, as those wages become due and payable, such sum as is sufficient to satisfy the charge imposed, hereon by the order of attachment."

The act has further provided that in future "no industrial dispute shall be referred to the court until it has been first referred to a Council of Conciliation." These councils take the place of the former Boards of Conciliation. The Government has appointed gentlemen in different districts for three years as "Conciliation-Commissioners." If disputes arise, the parties each select two assessors, who "must be or have been actually and bona fide engaged or employed either as an employer or as a worker in the industry" concerned. These four assessors and the commissioner form the council. Its duty is to endeavour to bring about a fair and amicable settlement of the dispute, to expeditiously and carefully inquire into it. It has the right to summon witnesses, and to take evidence on oath,

The commissioner himself is only the leader, the chairman of the proceedings, holding a casting-vote only in matters "other than the making of a recommendation for the settlement of a dispute." For the latter, thus, the assessors vote alone. If no settlement is arrived at, the dispute goes before the Court of Arbitration as hitherto. Will this amendment be now the radical cure? "The message well I hear, my faith alone is weak." It would certainly be the best if all disputes could be settled in the Conciliation Council—an agreement amicably arrived at leaves no sting in the defeated party, and is thus much more likely to be adhered to. Such Conciliation Boards seem to offer the fairest solution of the problem, the best way out of the thicket. But will the New Zealand worker listen to its recommendation when it goes against him? I fear no! He has been spoiled to such a degree, that he must have everything his own way. Everything! Even the choice of the commissioner. The Auckland gentleman is not a deputy after the workers' heart. Some of the workers petitioned the Government to recall him, and refused to bring their disputes before him: the council was instituted, but labour did not bring forward its case. These socialists were not even prepared to give this gentleman an opportunity to show what he was able to do. They simply did not like him, they refused to deal with him and there would have been an end of it if the judge of the court had not declined to hear these cases, before they had been properly submitted to the Conciliation Council. That Labour may reduce the system to a senseless farce shows how little value this council has, and proves the

small rôle it is destined to play, if Labour has the power to decide whether such council shall live or die.

And the prevention of strikes? Certainly, there are the fines, often small enough, to be risked, if a great rise of wages is at stake. But what if the convicted worker can or will not pay? There is the order of attachment. The employer must help the Government to collect the money, must do what the bailiff cannot achieve. Will the Government find the employer always willing? Is it in the interest of the employer to incite his worker against himself by keeping part of his wages back for a strike perhaps, which took place a long time ago in another district? Will such an employer easily find hands to work for him? for, after all, he apparently need not comply with the wish of the legislature: there is no punishment for him if he refuses. Thus the question remains, what will be done in case a worker will not pay, if he declines to obey the summons and the judgment summons? Is he to be sent to prison? Possibly, if there are only a few concerned in the strike. But will this be done, will it be possible to do it if thousands strike? Will any Government dare to do it? And if it is prepared, will it have the power to do it? *You cannot throw a large part of a population into prison.*

Workmen mostly have no money. The case of the employer is safer: he has property and means, upon which the bailiff can lay his hand. He will be far less inclined to break the law than the worker, who has nothing to lose, but everything to gain and knows very well that no Government will send to prison hundreds of his class.

Could not any offender of this act be punished by taking from him his parliamentary vote? Any-one defying an Act of Parliament deliberately leaves the ground where the law of the land rules for order; he thus forfeits his right to take part in the Government and management.

The amendment has not given the act the power to prevent strikes or to compel men to work who do not chose to do so. The whole act is dependent on the goodwill of a group of men, on their private decision whether they intend to resist or obey it. That is no *law*, these are merely empty words behind which dwells no power: hollow phrases. The hope to eradicate strikes by law and sections grew in Utopia and has been buried in silence.

What will the future be? Could any reform make this act better workable, more useful? There is one alteration which was proposed once by the Government but later on abandoned which could bring an improvement, perhaps even a cure. It was proposed that the secretaryship of a union should be held only by a worker in the industry of this union. Only a carpenter should manage the business of a carpenter's union, a baker that of a baker's union. This measure, once law, would be the death of the professional secretary, of those men, who look after the affairs of all possible unions and in reality are nothing more than professional trouble raisers. These secretaries are handsomely paid. They must thus prove to the unionists, that they have earned their salary, must show zeal and industry and keep themselves before the eyes of the workers; they need not be malevolent. One who has nothing else to do but to represent labour

interests does not see anything else but these interests: he exaggerates them, brings forward new proposals of improvement and alteration unceasingly, creates restlessness, and dissatisfaction and so brings about dispute. And, as he deals with the affairs of several unions, he easily succeeds in persuading all to support the strikers morally and financially. The once proposed amendment would remove the professional agitator from the scene. The union interests would be truly represented by the worker secretaries: they would adopt practical points of view, not follow hollow phrases: and the risk of losing their positions together with their fellow-workers, would guard them from rash, passionate and foolish decisions.

The feeling of the community of all work would grow, and a bridge be thrown across the abyss which separates capital from labour. The objections against such a course of action are, that a secretary being dependent for his livelihood on an employer, could not be independent enough to take a stand against this employer, who even could punish him by dismissal. But no sane employer would embitter his own workmen by harassing the man of their confidence or by unjust and harsh treatment of their representative. Quite the opposite! Every employer would almost nurse him like the goose which lays the golden eggs, to preserve peace in his industry. That the New Zealand working man, above all, feels dependent, and has to lie low, nobody who has seen him closely, will even state in a jest. The labourer is throughout, the master of the situation.

Against this proposal of worker secretaries the

professionals were up in arms: naturally, because they felt that their existence and livelihood were at stake. The Trades and Labour Councils to which all unions of a district send their delegates, declared against the proposed new measure. And the Government yielded all too quickly and willingly: for no Government, which intends to remain in power can yet afford to have the unions as enemies. Thus the only proposal, which promised a great improvement, was abandoned.

But will all these alterations—carried out or intended—give back to the act its vital power? Or will they only prolong the life, without being able to save it? It is hard to say. It depends wholly and solely on the workers, their intelligence and their capability to be moderate, and to foresee the natural end of their present course. Will it be possible at all to abolish strikes by punishment? Can Labour possibly renounce strikes as the last formidable resort? Will the workmen see that they only cut into their own flesh if they overthrow the act? Or will their easy victories incite them to further strikes in the newly gained faith, that they will acquire still greater advantages? Perhaps they will come to reason in time and will conceive that they owe to the law the same obedience, as they ask from their employers. The latter will do scarcely anything to wreck the act. But if the workers annihilate it, the situation thus created would not be so terribly unpleasant. The whole position would be clearer. The nation would be divided into a party of property owners and a party of the workers. That would be a more logical and cleaner separation than the one which exists to-day.

And then the future will not belong to the Socialists. Small citizens, farmers, industrials and all property owners have tasted a sample of their policy and they are not anxious for another test.

But whence comes this dissatisfaction? The Arbitration Act, as already stated has increased the aggressiveness of the worker, has deepened instead of removed the feeling of hostility between capital and labour. The workers will not guard and consider the interests of the employers, will not recognise the community of interest of capital and labour. The consciousness of their power drives them further than their interest demands; incites them to a test of force. One will have noticed, that only in one of the three strikes mentioned was a rise of wages the question at issue; in the others, and in some which have happened since, their objects were so insignificant, so paltry, so inconsiderable and trifling, that one can hardly help gaining the ugly impression that their purpose is to make the employers feel that they are not masters in the land, and that capital may be harassed, and vexed by petty forms of irritation.

For the worker has no reason whatever for actual dissatisfaction. To this act he owes a rate of wages which will astonish any foreigner. A workman earns here on an average £2, 8s. od. to £2, 10s. od. per week. The eight hours working day is legal, and a half-holiday guaranteed in every week. A goodly number of holidays are also observed. Who wonders after that, that New Zealand is called "the working-man's paradise"? Everything is cut and dried for his comfort, and security: he pays little towards the upkeep of the State

beyond his share of the indirect taxes, for instance the import duties. Such is the justice, such the liberty of socialism.

The worker, however, is in a good financial position. Everybody travelling in New Zealand will notice to his surprise, that he never meets a beggar, although the annual cost of living per head of the population as far back as 1894 was estimated to be £35. Since then living has become dearer still. In spite of it all, there is no poverty in the continental sense of the word. The average wealth per head of the population is estimated to be £280.

The contemplation of the economic problem, expressed in the awards, is remarkable.

The high wages fixed by the courts' judgments find an echo in the high prices charged for the goods by the employer. To enable him to ask these amounts, outside competition has to be shut out. Highest Protection becomes necessary; and tariff walls, tower-high, encircle the isles, keeping the foreigner out, and with him the good battle of the competitors, which always benefits the public, thus sheltering and preparing the most fertile soil for monopolies, pools and combines and trusts.

Of very doubtful quality is further the absolute fixation of wages for one and all. No employer, thus bound, will ever give more. And the result of it? There is no dearer work than that, in the following of which the working man sees no chance and hope to better himself. Every ambition is starved and stunted, as it has become aimless. The worker joins the union, its secretary does the rest. This rest is silence for his desire to rise above the all too many; the great mass, Ibsen's compact

majority claim and keep him down. The ethical loss of it is great, terribly great, although in New Zealand, nobody seems to see it at present.

It is an undoubted fact, that the gap between employer and employee has been deepened and widened by the awards; on either side of the abyss stand merchant and labourer seeing in each other their greatest enemies. And this is the gravest reproach one can raise against the awards, be it understood, not against the courts, but against the questions and problems they have given their attention and labour to.

These were of purely material interest, matters of hours and shillings and pence. Nowhere and never has the great question of the future been touched upon. And this question, which the time to come will have to solve, is: how can the worker be made interested in his trade, how can he be chained by personal interest to his concern, how can he, in the words of Dr Naumann, from a wage slave become a citizen in the industrial state? Could he be made a partner in the administration of his concern like the citizens who take part, through Parliament, in the administration of their Empire? How is the gulf between employer and employee to be bridged, how is the community of work and labour to be installed and expressed in reality? You may search the awards of decades and not find the merest shadow of an answer to this all-important question. To imagine that this problem never presented itself to the Leaders, amounts to an insult. The other explanation would be, that one did not care or dare to face it. And that is hardly a compliment either.

The development of a general industry and competition in the world's markets is not to be thought of under such labour conditions which harass capital and make it seek other fields. And the country neither desires nor seems to need it. Rather than allow the common welfare to be detrimentally affected, it would permit the whole industry to become extinct. Only those industries are fostered which are specifically New Zealand industries: which create and bring to market purely local products: such as frozen meat, butter, cheese, flax, and woollen manufactures. Besides these, of course, there is gold-mining, wheat-growing, and sheep-farming.

Meat, butter and flax are placed on the market in the best possible condition that their quality may be world-renowned, and that they may command high prices. Seddon's work has done a great deal towards securing this end for them. The laws regarding meat inspection order the utmost cleanliness and purity and enforce them absolutely. The butter, before being shipped, is examined by expert Government officials as to its quality. A common stamp for New Zealand has been introduced, to which the butter factory adds its name. The inspector then classes the quality in different grades. Falsifications are almost excluded, and besides, of what value would they be to anybody? In London the buyer may then see from the box the quantity, brand and quality of the butter therein.

In a like manner, the flax fibre is graded as to its quality (1, 2, 3).

The merits of these products are recognised and they fetch good prices. Thus these industries have

overcome limitations and the rise of wages. More than that, the people fare excellently. But that would have been impossible without the high prices obtained in the world's market for meat, butter, and wool. They have made the country blooming and prosperous. But what will happen when the prices sink? When Argentina develops, and delivers its products just as good, but cheaper? Or when sickness appears among sheep and cattle? Or when less is paid for wool? What then? There is no provision for such cases either in the State, or individually. Bad times indeed will follow for New Zealand. The Colonial breasts cannot harbour such a thought, the idea alone is unpatriotic to him. And yet earlier and recent experiences should have taught and warned him. The short slump in wool in 1907 and 1908 caused a very noticeable tightness in the money market, but it soon passed away again. And the lesson was, perhaps, not impressive enough. But 1894 should stand as a warning-post in New Zealand's economical history. That year saw a rapid sinking of prices in the world's market. The products brought a smaller revenue, and the land producing them fell heavily in value. The Bank of New Zealand, which held numerous mortgages on lands, stood on the eve of bankruptcy and would have become insolvent, if Seddon had not come to its support. In one night he passed a law through the assembled houses, by which the State guaranteed the Bank a capital of £2,000,000. In return the State became partner, and almost controlled the business. That was the prompt action of a far-seeing statesman, which shall never be forgotten. He saved the country from nameless misery,

and the people from a terrible ruin. The Bank pulled up. Their shares paid up to £6, 13s. 4d. which could have been bought for a mere song at that time, are quoted between £9 and £10 to-day. The bold step taken by Seddon has not only cost the State nothing but has brought it a handsome profit of £500,000.

So much for Seddon's internal policy. Will it be praised?

The time has not yet come to pass a final judgment. Will the Labour Laws last? They and the Land Acts have had to be altered considerably by his successor.

In order to open up new sources of revenue for the State, Seddon enlarged the region of State enterprises: and added to the already existing State Life Insurance a State Fire Insurance Department—a very doubtful experiment which may cost the State a lot of money yet, if the 'Frisco calamity is repeated here. He, further, opened State Coal Mines, the output of which is sold to the public, and he also threatened to erect State Markets for meat and fish, to break down trusts. This was scarcely meant in earnest, though, in his unshakable faith in a solely beatific socialism, he would have liked to nationalise anything and everything, save perhaps, the Prime Ministership.

Very grave complaints are heard about the general administration. Seddon's greatest admirer's admit, that their leader followed the axiom: "The spoils to the victor!" The favour of his graces was spread more over those electoral districts, which had sent his followers to the House. To reward fidelity in this way may be human, but

it is hardly characteristic of a great statesman. He should be guided by a higher ideal—the interest of his country as a whole. His successors are far more impartial and have taken unto themselves the heavy and thankless task of cleansing the Augean stables of the Civil Service. Seddon should not be blamed for his policy of developing only the indigenous industries, although, according to the principles of continental political economy, it will prove untenable. But if the country does not want to court ruin: if it believes that it would pay too dearly with the price of misery, poverty and unemployed for foreign industries and the competition of European and American management: if, in short, it believes, that it can do without them: surely it is well worth a trial.

A British Colonial minister has little opportunity of showing his capabilities in the management of external affairs, as Downing Street does all that. Seddon was one of the strongest supporters of Chamberlain's imperial policy, that of the closer union of the mother country with the colonies, as also are nearly all his compatriots. He passed a preferential tariff, which places upon merchandise of other origin than British an additional duty of 20 per cent. New Zealand was the first colony which rushed to help the Motherland with troops during the Boer war, although the idea originated in Queensland, but was first put into execution by Seddon, who immediately recognised its importance. His own ambition to make his name known far and wide, his earnest wish to awaken at home greater interest in New Zealand, and an inherent loyalty to the mother country dictated his action.

Such loyalty, however, did not prevent him criticising the British Foreign Office, if he thought it necessary: in the question of the New Hebrides for instance, the partial cession of which to France had for a second time disappointed the colonial ideal: that of seeing only the Union Jack flutter over the Pacific; the first disappointment being the division of Samoa between Germany and the United States.

The admission of the Chinese into South Africa was very much against the wish of Seddon and his countrymen, as here the principle of keeping the colonies for the Whites is the ruling one. It was not Seddon's Imperialism which prevented him joining in 1900 the five Australian States and Tasmania in forming the Commonwealth. Playing second-fiddle, and running the risk of lessening his own individuality would never have suited Seddon, nor would it have met with the approval of his countrymen. The commercial relations between these two countries, however, made a closer union advisable. A mutual preferential tariff seemed a workable method and with a draft of it approved in Australia. Seddon left Sydney, on 9th June, 1906, on the boat which he was never to quit alive.

Is Seddon to be counted among the great? The answer must be: No. He fell far short of that. It was explained that the leading ideas of his legislation were not his: he took them from other brains, recognising flashlike their utility, changing them with undaunted energy into realities. Leader of the masses he was by name: but only their speaking tube, their interpreter did he ever take himself to be. Nor did he preserve himself independent of

the demos. Never came to him the thought that power confers responsibility: obliges to educate, to give wider flight to the thinking of the masses, to elevate the broad strata of society to a higher conception of the State. On the contrary, at his door is to be laid the avidity of the workers: their immoderate claims are the results of his laws: his idea of the almightiness of the State pervaded, and still pervades all New Zealanders, who see in the State only the cow to be milked, the little father to whom all eyes turn for help. He killed the spirit of self-reliance among the lower classes, to whom he gave the demoralising gifts of insurances and damages, gratis, and whom he never thought to teach, for instance, that he who will govern will have to pay, too. Nor did he strive to combat the gambling spirit, nor did he encourage study and love for higher education and science: he left them to the instruction of the public schools and the education of life on which he placed such faith and value. Sad is the lot of art, painting, sculpture, and music in New Zealand.

No; Seddon was not great, but lucky. Lucky in his temper, which pleased every New Zealander "in the native hue of resolution" not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Jovial in the joy of life, he loved to laugh, danced, and went to the races with his people. A through and through democratic nature was his, to which haughtiness and vain pride were foreign, which refused orders and titles, possessing a rhetoric gift which made not too high a claim of the attention of his audience, skilfully condensing intentions and devices in catch words, and never economical in resounding phrases. In him every New Zealander recognised a bit of

himself : in his ascent from a lowly position, in his temper, in his loyalty towards the mother country, his love of the new home. Opponents he has had, but never foes. It was part of his luck that he could take men out of Ballance's Ministry into his own, who were capable, but not dangerous rivals to his glory. It was his luck, too, that the Opposition had no leader who could take his measure. Luck above all, that the time of his government fell in a period of an industrial progression and of rising wealth. That alone silenced every opponent, for the general welfare was, of course, Seddon's merit. So much good fortune is perhaps more useful than greatness.

Was Seddon also lucky enough to have died at the right moment? It almost seems like it. His Reciprocity Treaty did not find friendly critics. The whole advantage was on Australia's side: New Zealand alone would have paid the cost. One cannot understand what could have induced Seddon to formulate the tariff in that way. Was his mental power declining? His favourite paper speculated thus. Did he do it out of personal ill-will against several concerns and trusts? Or did he strive for farther goals, perchance for a "Zollverein" with Australia? Nobody knows. The Treaty was almost unanimously rejected by Parliament and lies buried for ever. Another "legacy" was the International Exhibition in Christchurch, which was opened on the 1st November, 1906. It was called "international," because the only foreign state exhibiting besides England and her Colonies, was Hawaii. Nobody yet has ever gained any profit from such gigantic bazaars of

shoddy goods save the Publican and the Proprietor of Side-shows. And really, the fair concluded in April 1907 with a deficiency of almost £75,000. Seddon proposed it shortly before his last general election, perhaps to occupy the people's minds, to imbue them with the idea that a Ministry offering such plans must be kept at the helm. *Panem et circenses* after the ancient example. No other reason can be found for such an outlay by the Colony, which could spend her money better in a thousand other ways than in such an experiment, the result of which was never doubtful.

"The evil that men do lives after them
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Seddon died. But the spirit of venturesome courage which pervaded his Ministry did not die with him. That still lives under his successor, Sir Joseph Ward. Resolutely he brought up the old land-question and gave it an answer which bears the hall-mark of socialistic thought. The original bill contained the following chief features: No further sale of Crown land: it was to be available for lease for sixty-six years only, instead of 999 years as formerly. All is to be leased, but not under the old system known as the lease in perpetuity, under which the Government suffered considerable losses: for the rent remained unaltered for nearly a thousand years, during which, naturally the ground value increased. The first leaseholder could dispose of the lease at a profit. Under the new Act, after sixty-six years the land will be revalued and leased anew. The former

tenant may still bid. If he declines, the Government will estimate the value of the improvements with which he has benefited the land, and pay him accordingly. Particularly new and interesting was the intended limitation of all large estates. Nobody should be allowed to own land, the unimproved value of which exceeded £50,000. Property in land up to this value was permitted, but not more: he who held more was compelled by law to sell the overplus.

The Bill was strenuously opposed: for the first time for many years there was a real opposition whose platform was furnished by the Bill. Certainly, to bar big estates is in the Colony's highest interest. The great Rome was destroyed by them: the small New Zealand would not be able to stand them. But the proposed means were very doubtful and highly dangerous. Is it a commendable principle to allow a State to thus annihilate a contract legally concluded in former years? Where will it lead to if legal owners are to be compelled to sell their property? Could the same goal not be reached by a high land tax? Properties in cities were not included in the £50,000 valuation. But is it not a grave danger to a city if too much property is accumulated by one owner? Is it a matter of indifference, if one man, or a syndicate, buys up the whole frontage of a main street, and thus has a monopoly and dictates rents? As many independent individuals as possible form the backbone of a State. Certainly the limitation of big estates seems meant to secure this end. But has the universal leasehold the same effect? If freehold were granted, the result of the power of

purchase would be free farmers on a free soil; if the small farmers had the possibility of purchasing the land, would there not be many more on the soil?

The Government was conscious of the fact that it lacked a Seddon at the helm to push through such a Bill.

It was clever enough not to be obstinate and gave way for the present, but remained firm in the determination to abolish the "eternal" lease of 999 years.

The land laws passed in 1907 separate ordinary Crown land (i.e. mostly virgin, bush, and uncultivated ground) from soil acquired under the Lands for Settlement Act (i.e. already cultivated estates purchased by the Government for subdivision).

The general rule is, that ordinary Crown land thrown open for optional selection is offered to the public under three different tenures, the choice of which is left to the would-be settler.

The three tenures are:

1. Cash: but the final title is not given until certain improvements have been effected on the land.
2. Lease with a purchasing clause at a 5 per cent. rental on the value of the land: the lease being for twenty-five years with the right to purchase at the original upset price at any time after the first ten years and within twenty-five years or to convert into a renewable lease.
3. Renewable lease at a rental of 4 per cent. on the capital value, the lease being for sixty-six years with perpetual right of renewal.

Land, which in the opinion of the Land Board of the District, is not likely to be immediately productive (from its inferior soil or inaccessibility), may remain rent free up to the first ten years of the sixty-six years' lease.

The capital value, and with it the rent, are fixed by the Land Boards of the various districts. These Boards include three members, appointed by the Governor (of course on the advice of the Ministry). A fourth is elected by the Crown tenants and a Government-Commissioner is added. The land is put up for public competition, a ballot being taken among the applicants.

The Board possesses the right to set apart one-third of the land to be opened up for applicants who are landless or who belong to any of the following classes:—

1. Married men with children, or
2. Widows with children, or
3. Widowers with children, or
4. Married women with children and judicially separated from their husbands.

The bachelor, as usual, fares badly. "He's an uncle at the best, but deepest silence is the rest!"

The new tenant must cultivate and improve the soil. If in the opinion of the Board he fails to do so, the lease may be declared null and void.

Nobody may transfer his land until he has lived on it uninterruptedly for two years, and then only with the consent of the Minister and the Board.

"Impediment as otherwise
Is here the personal demise."

If the tenant dies, his executors may dispose of the land with the consent of the Board, which,

however, is not required, if an heir takes over the lease.

After the expiration of sixty-six years, the lease may be renewed with all rights, after an appraiser, appointed by the Board, has revalued the land and the improvements.

The rent for the next sixty-six years will be fixed on the basis of 4 per cent. on the capital value as re-assessed. If the tenant is dissatisfied with the valuation, he has the right to appeal to an Arbitration Court composed of three members, the tenant and Government Commissioner each appointing one, whilst the third is either appointed by mutual consent or is a judge of the Supreme Court. The holder of the expiring lease may retain the land at the new rent. If he refuses, he receives cash-payment for the value of the improvements effected by him.

The Government allows every tenant (of both Crown and Lands for Settlement lands) to pay off up to 90 per cent. of the capital value of his land in sums of not less than £10 at a time: by that the settler gradually reduces the rent, which in some cases is only paid on 10 per cent. of value of the land, and he becomes almost proprietor of the ground for sixty-six years, and no Land Board or Crown Lands' Ranger can interfere with his operations. Of course the Government owes the tenant the paid-up amount, which is repaid on the expiration of the lease, and carries, in the meanwhile, 4 per cent. interest.

The lessees of ordinary Crown land with a lease of 999 years received the right to exchange their leases in perpetuity for renewable leases of sixty-

six years' duration, or to purchase the fee-simple of the land comprised within their leases at present day value, such to be determined by arbitration: but they remain subject to the restriction of area limit. This right, and that of the payment of 90 per cent. of value of land, and the option of purchase for tenants of ordinary Crown lands, are concessions to the conservative "freehold" party.

The land acquired by the Land for Settlements Act—the tilled and cultivated soil of the purchased estates—is leased at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the capital value for only thirty-three years, after which time the lease may be renewed after a fresh revaluation or be extinguished with payment for the effected improvements. The freehold of such land is never sold.

The most important concession the Opposition gained was the introduction of the graduated land-tax for the restriction of area. The Government abandoned the proposal of the forced sale. The Land and Income Assessment Act 1907 fixes the taxes on estates which exceed the value of £5,000. From £5,000 to £7,000 of unimproved value the rate is one-sixteenth of a penny in the pound: the tax rises one-sixteenth of a penny until on land of the unimproved value of £35,000 to £40,000 it amounts to thirteen-sixteenths of a penny in the pound.

Then the steps become steeper.

On land of the value of £40,000 to £41,000, eight shillings for every £100 have to be paid: for every additional £1,000 the rate increases by one-fifth of a shilling. Thus the tax mounts up until it reaches the maximum at £200,000,

all estates of that value and over, paying at the rate of £2 per cent. The tax is always on the unimproved value of the land. The legislature encourages improvements by exempting them from taxation. But if the land be unused, 25 per cent. is added, and absentees pay an additional 50 per cent. Shareholders of land companies are taxed individually according to their number of shares. The graduated tax was increased by 25 per cent. from April 1910 on values exceeding £40,000, in the case of all land other than "business premises." A building is deemed to be used for business purposes "if it is exclusively or principally used, whether by the owner or by any occupier, for the purposes of any business, trade or industry." Seven million acres were set aside as National Endowments. The revenues from their leases are to be applied to funds for Education and Old Age Pensions, which, (it is hoped) will reduce the burden imposed by these Institutions on the ordinary revenue of the State.

There can be no doubt that over-large estates are severely affected by this Act, but nobody will object in any way to that.

The absentee-tax, the additional 50 per cent., although it is made clear, that it does not apply to companies, is a measure of questionable value. The shot is intended to hit the owner who holds his estates in New Zealand, but spending nothing in the country prefers to enjoy the allurements of London. But will the shooter not be hit by the rebound? The absentee-landowner spends money in the country, although he himself lives abroad. He pays his taxes, his manager, his men. And

why should the individual be treated differently from the companies? This taxing of the absentee can possibly have only one effect: to frighten foreign capital away; the London capitalist will think twice, and many times, before he invests his money in a country which shows him unmistakably that he is not welcome. Such a tax shakes his confidence and he will look around for fields less perturbed and more secure. This effect, of course, will not show itself from Monday to Thursday, but that the years will bear out this contention, many shrewd men are only too sure. And New Zealand cannot be developed without foreign capital.

As far as it is possible at the present moment, the Government has tied up the sale of land. It is true, that applicants for Crown land can buy land for cash or on the optional system: but there is scarcely any room for doubt that the trend of the Government is for leasehold and leasehold only. It will seem that the final settlement is postponed, until this Government is so firmly planted in power that it can overcome opposition.

Now, is leasehold really desirable? Is it not a natural wish for anyone to possess a piece of soil, however small, which descends from father to son for generations, to call his own before the six feet are given to the dead?

Or, if that is to be ridiculed as sentimentality, although these imponderables in truth weigh heavily, if practical reasoning is wished it may be asked: Will the farmer really care as well for the ground, as if it were his own? Will he effect more than the improvements just necessary, when he

does not know whether his people will derive the benefit of them? Further, and still more important: Who will lend to the farmer money on land which does not belong to him?

One really does not see why the Government fears the freehold, when the aggregation of large estates has been made practically impossible. Does it want to reserve for itself the right of interference, or does it dread that a future majority might repeal the law, restricting the holding of large areas by one owner?

The land-tax has, it would seem, not ripened all the hopes of the Government, to break up large estates. Now the Cabinet are eagerly forging a new key with which to open the coveted treasure-vaults. Rumours of a Compulsory Leasing Bill are in the air, under which the State can compel the subdivision of proclaimed areas into small blocks, the rents of them to be fixed by the Crown on the basis of about 4 per cent. on the capital value of the lands. Was such measure ever heard of in history? A Government of a country, where millions of virgin acres are lying idle, waiting to be opened up, disposes of my lands; it does not buy it and pay cash. No. They tell me to cut it up and lease it at 4 per cent. on a value fixed by them. There was once a proud saying, that Democracy was the freedom and the upholding of the individual rights, as long as they are compatible with the commonwealth of the nation. That there is no need for such drastic, draconic measures, was explained above, when discussing the compulsory purchasing of estates. All the arguments applied there have currency at

full value here also. Empty fertile land is waiting for the industrial hand to clear it, which is not forthcoming, shying at the hard work and the loneliness of the Back-Blocks. Alas the proud principle of democratic freedom is becoming a fairy tale and legend more and more, and faster and faster, in these lands alleged to be the "people's happy isles."

Socialistic nationalising of the land keeps the farmer in a state of dependence. The Government watches the tenants, revises, inspects, taxes, interferes.

Such is not the future dreamt and expected.

"Yea, to this thought I cling, with virtue rife,
Wisdom's last fruit, profoundly true :
Freedom alone he earns as well as life,
Who day by day must conquer them anew.
So girt by danger, childhood bravely here,
Youth, manhood, age, shall dwell from year to year :
Such busy crowds I fain would see,
Upon *free* soil stand with people *free* !"

Such is the wish for this land.

Who will be right? Goethe or Sir Joseph Ward? Qui vivra, verra.

As under Seddon the belief that man may, can, and must be educated by Act of Parliament, is still confessed with eagerness and zest. This tree of knowledge burst forth another fruit in the year of the comet. It is the Act to encourage the making of provision against destitution from old age, sickness, widowhood and orphanage, the National Provident Fund Act. Out of a fund guaranteed and subsidised by the State, allowances shall be made to incapacitated contributors, to the wives and children of deceased and incapacitated

contributors, pensions to contributors on attaining sixty years of age, and assistance shall be granted to maternity. 1911 will see the beginning. The Act is to be administered by a Board and vested in the Public Trustee. The benefits are guaranteed by the Government; its Minister of Finance shall in each year pay into the fund by way of subsidy out of the Consolidated Fund, a sum equal to one-fourth of the total contribution during the preceding year, together with such further amount as is deemed by the Governor in Council in accordance with the report of the actuary, to be required to meet the charges on the fund during the current financial year. Any person may become a contributor who at the time of the first payment is a resident of New Zealand, is over sixteen years and under forty-five, and in receipt of an income not exceeding £200 a year. The weekly premium varies according to the age of entry and the pension required, ranging, for instance, if at the age of sixty a 10/- weekly pension is desired, from 9d. for the contributor of seventeen years (being the lowest) up to 4/11 for the person entering at forty-five. The contributor may change his premium to lower or higher rates, or may withdraw any money paid in and abandon the scheme. If any person who has been a contributor for not less than five years, dies, or if any person dies while in receipt of a pension, and leaves a child or children under the age of fourteen, the widow will receive for herself and every child so long as a child is under fourteen, 7/6 per week. After the children have passed this age-limit, the allowance ceases; if the aggregate payments are not equal to the contributions

made to the fund, the difference between the two amounts is to be handed over to the widow. If the contributor dies under circumstances that no allowances are payable out of the fund, all the contributions made by him, shall be paid out of the fund to the personal representatives of the deceased. Should any contributor become incapacitated, he will receive the provided allowance after the third month of his ailment, thus only chronic disablements being helped. If any contributor, being a married woman or the wife of any contributor gives birth to a child and the joint income of husband and wife during the previous twelve months did not exceed £200, the contributor is entitled to receive £6 or such less sum as the Board directs. To give an example: if a man, who joined at twenty-five and paid 1/3 per week, married and had four children, he would secure these benefits: pension of 10/- per week at sixty for the rest of his life and an allowance of 30/- per week during any period of incapacity, exceeding three months so long as he is under sixty and his children are under fourteen, and an allowance for his widow and children at his death of 37/6 per week so long as the children are under fourteen.

That only the married woman is provided for in the case of childbirth, will satisfy only the pharisee, the humane will regret it. She who atones thus for the passion of a fleeting hour, is most in need. And it does not behove the legislator to throw stones at her.

The leading idea of this National Provident Fund is laudable. If universally applied it would prevent domestic privations in the families of the

industrious and law-abiding. Such results would amply justify the State subsidy of 25 per cent. which constitutes its aid to the fund, although this Act will strengthen the creed, so eagerly confessed among New Zealanders, that the State is a general Provider, from whom help and rescue must come.

However, the Act is new, and has not stood its practical test yet.

COMMERCE

With the increase of population (from 37,192 in 1885 to 900,000 in 1909) commerce has slowly developed, and with that the means of traffic. A main railway line traverses both the North and South Islands, and there are numerous branch lines. But more lines still are necessary to open up the country, and every year sees the completion of a fresh part. The steamer connections are satisfactory, they being principally those of the Union and Huddart Parker Lines, which dispatch every week from three harbours good boats to Australia: they even possess turbine boats, but it would seem as if this latest departure, so far as long distance travelling is concerned is not the success which was anticipated, the experiment not being repeated. Direct traffic exists with slower boats with the United States (via San Francisco), Canada (Vancouver), Brazil, Cape Town, and by three to four lines to England. A trip to London takes from six to seven weeks.

New Zealand is principally an agrarian country, more pastoral than agricultural. Its favourable

position with the North Island lying partly in sub-tropical regions, and the rest in the temperate zone, its good climate, with an equal division of sunshine and rain, and freedom from all climatic extremes, permit the growth of almost every form of vegetation: trees, grasses, grains, tobacco, lemons, grapes, olives, etc. The labour of the Whites changed the face of the land. The bush was felled and burned; and so fertile is the soil, that grass-seeds strewn on the ashes (without any ploughing) grow excellently. On such pastures cattle, sheep, horses, pigs do well. The mild climate makes it unnecessary to always build stables for them: year in, year out the animals mostly graze day and night in the open. And that it does not harm them is demonstrated by the following figures:—On 141,000 acres grazed in 1858 one million and a half sheep, 130,000 cattle, 15,000 horses, 40,000 pigs. In 1909 there were 23,500,000 sheep, 363,200 horses, 1,773,300 cattle (being a reduction of 43,000 as compared with 1908, the number has steadily fallen since 1906), 245,000 pigs, 3,000,000 poultry on 38,204,349 acres of land in occupation. The sheep have done a great deal to make New Zealand rich. Their wool alone, exported in 1909, was valued at £6,305,888, being about 33 per cent. of the value of all domestic produce exported. The quantity shipped and used by local mills in 1909 amounted to 223,919,628 lb., the greatest yet recorded; 5,202,821 lb., of it were purchased by local mills, the rest was sent over-sea to England, America, Germany.

Until 1882, sheep after they were shorn, had,

generally, lost their commercial value, but at that time a use was discovered for them by the introduction of freezing works. The building of refrigerating rooms on the steamers trading to England marked an epoch in the commercial evolution of New Zealand. Meat was frozen, taken over-sea, thawed and delivered to the market—and the Englishmen saw that it was good. Out of small beginnings grew a great and magnificent industry. Again a few figures may be quoted—Frozen meat to the value of £29,339 was shipped in 1882. To-day the annual value is in excess of $3\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds. Almost four million frozen lambs, and one and three quarter million carcasses of mutton were exported in 1909, nearly all to England.

Soon the trade developed from a fresh point. Wild rabbits were frozen and exported: over 2,900,000 valued at £63,983, being sent away in 1909: frozen beef (in 1909 valued at £565,418): hares, 3,987 worth £218: poultry (in 1905 30,000 pairs valued at £6,125, in 1907 4,108 were shipped valued at £1,253, whilst 1909 reports an export of only 92 pairs worth £23, as the high prices prevailing in New Zealand made the local sale more profitable than the export); further, veal and pork, fish (in 1909, 12,083 cwt. valued at £17,720). To these must be added preserved meats (£132,033) and meat extracts (£7,622).

The freezing works are fine types of the combination and organisation of labour.

The railway carries daily thousands of sheep in special wagons to the yards of the freezing works. Loudly barking sheep-dogs receive them here and chase them into the various pens. Experts then

walk through the bleating flocks and make a close inspection, the lean and the sick are rejected: and well-conditioned ones selected. Over several broad steps, the chosen sheep climb upwards and stop before closed doors. The entrances open a little: ten to twelve sheep are let in and walk into a pen with two outlets. On each of these small openings stands a herculean figure, with sleeves turned back, wearing a clean leather apron and with a long bleeding knife between his teeth. He catches a sheep, holds it fast between his knees, one hand raises the head, the other takes the knife, and almost instantaneously the sheep's throat is cut, and out of both carotids hot blood streams into a long stone gutter, by means of which it is carried away. The skin is quickly divided and stripped off without injuring the epithelium, the covering epidermis, so that microbes may not enter. The knife cleaves through the abdominal walls and removes with quick cuts the organs of breast and stomach. The intestines with the separated head disappear down a shaft. The slaughterman then bends the legs, presses his stamp on the flesh, and the carcass hanging high on a travelling roller glides on to another room. The butcher has already another sheep between his knees. Scarcely four to five minutes does the operation last. Skilled slaughtermen can kill up to 80, 90 or 100 in one day (working only eight hours), and as sixty butchers may be employed, it is possible in one factory to put through 6,000 sheep a day.

The carcass travels on to the Government Veterinary Surgeon who examines it carefully, and

finding it sound, lets it pass, and on it rolls to the weighing machine, and from there, still warm, to the cooling room. After a few hours, it is moved into the freezing chamber, which has a temperature of—54° Fahr., (22° below freezing point). From here it is later on placed in the railway van with thousands of others: carried alongside a steamer and sent on a narrow shoot into the refrigerating rooms. Everything is extremely clean. American jungle-dirt is here absolutely impossible, especially as the freezing establishments mostly do not work on their own account, but for the farmers, who send them their live stock. The works charge the farmer only with their expenses: several are purely co-operative works.

Only the by-products, which are almost all used up, belong to the freezing works. The boiled fat goes to the soap manufacturer. American firms take over the intestines: they have entered into long contracts with the Works, and employ their own workmen on the spot, who clean, salt and ship these future sausage-skins, the export of which in 1909 was valued at £69,282. Lungs, hearts, livers, spleens, (milts), thymus, pancreas, bones, etc., are worked into manure. Machine oil is made out of the hoofs. The tongues are preserved. Skins are sent to the tannery after the wool has been removed; or are shipped away with the hair on. 7,516,414 sheep-skins and pelts went out of the country in 1909, representing a value of £683,271. With them travelled over-sea more than seven and a half million rabbit-skins valued at £89,533. (The importance of this export has very much diminished since 1893, when

£138,952 were paid for 17,041,106 skins); and 144,689 calf-skins of a value of £27,636 also accompanied them. To the value of all these main and by-products have to be added those that are consumed in the Dominion, the figures of which are not known.

The animals really are very grateful for the short time of good living that man allows them. With their clothing, their skin, their hide and hair, and even their lives they pay him. But previous to death, too, they serve their master and deliver products with which he may trade. There is the milk. The dairying industry has seen a great increase in late years. The farmers of a district combine and start a co-operative dairy factory, whereto they deliver the milk. Here butter and cheese are manufactured and sold and shipped on common account for mutual profit. The Grading of the butter was mentioned before. Again a few figures—£5,787 was the value of the exported butter in 1855: it was over £100,000 in 1884 and over £1,629,300 (321,108 cwt.) in 1910.

A like development has attended the growth of the cheese trade, which in 1855 represented a value of £2,175 and to-day exceeds £1,105,300 (400,607 cwt.). Besides these, 91,680 lb. of preserved milk manufactured in the Dominion were shipped.

But the Colonial receives from Mother Earth still more material for export. In 1909, New Zealand sent away 6,951,926 bushels of grain and pulse, worth £832,149. But there is no regular export of wheat from New Zealand. Unless a general shortage forces the prices up-

wards, it is found more profitable to consume any surplus grain on the farm and export other products. The Dominion furnishes the kitchens with 38,220 cwt. of onions valued at £10,397: and with its grass and clover seeds (£96,505) makes foreign meadows bloom and green.

As the sowing, so the harvest. But the faithless servant might speak to the New Zealander as he did to his Master: "thou takest up that thou laideth not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow." But this harvest is not mere idling and loafing, as the unthrifty thought; it is labour and toil also.

The flax (*phormium tenax* and tow) furnished him in 1909 with an export-value of £324,458 (17,292 tons). These figures prove a decrease in quantity and value on comparing with those for 1908, when 17,400 tons were sent away worth £396,300. Although the raw material is abundant in this country, the present cost of treatment must be reduced by the introduction of more economical methods. But the chief cost is the labour. And here is a paradigm of the fact that the high wages prevent the New Zealand industries from competing in the world's market. This industry is dying out, being starved to death by its more cheaply produced competitor in Manila.

The New Zealander's forests earned in 1909, through the timber shipped away, £338,999. The export of the gum of the Kauri pine dug out of the ground, mostly by Dalmatians, consisted of 8,250 tons to the value of £552,698. The gum is sent to Europe and America to be made into turpentine and lacquer. This industry, too, has seen better days.

The coal mines in 1909 showed an output of 1,119,247 tons, but the demand within the Dominion was greater than the supply, and 258,185 had to be imported, the amount that went out of the country being 69,936 tons.

Besides these black diamonds the ground harbours glittering metal. In 1909, 506,371 ozs. of gold, representing a value of £2,006,900 and 1,813,830 ozs. of silver, worth £180,872 were exported to England and Australia.

The total exports in 1909 amounted to £19,462,936, which gives an average of £20, os. 7d. per head of population. Compared with 1908 the year's value of export shows an increase of £3,568,406; but 1907 surpasses it with an export-value of £20,068,957, giving an average of £21, 10s. 6d. per head. Of these exports the United Kingdom received products to the value of £16,193,188 and the British Colonies and Possessions £2,449,691, so that the whole British Empire received £18,642,879 worth of goods. A comparison of the figures of the last decade tends to show, that there has been an increase of 27.87 per cent. in the value of exports to the United Kingdom, of 29.66 per cent. to foreign countries and a decrease of 4.16 per cent. to British Possessions, although the export to British Columbia, in the last year, increased by £90,886, that to Canada by £66,038.

The foreign States took directly only 5 per cent. of the whole export: of the one million pounds sterling which went to the foreign countries, the United States of America had £684,810, Germany £77,969, France accounted for

£47,454; these countries increased their receipt of New Zealand merchandise. The principal articles exported to the States were Kauri-gum (£375,126), wool (£179,268), skins (£93,147), frozen meat (£11,813). Germany took £43,791 worth of wool, Kauri-gum valued at £24,111; sausage skins, £2,034; minerals £4,128. The wool bill of France represented a value of £43,791.

The rest was distributed over smaller States.

Against these exports, there is a set-off of imports to the amount of £15,674,719, which is £15, 4s. 11d. per head of the European population, showing a decrease on the corresponding total in 1908 of £1,796,565. These figures, however, include specie. The value of coin brought into the Dominion in 1909 was £857,257 against £224,122 in the previous year, and if these amounts are excluded, the decrease on the value of merchandise is £2,429,700.

New Zealand has erected high tariff walls around it. They are thought necessary to protect, foster, and guard its own industries so that they may learn to walk. Space forbids to enter into a discussion about the truth of this apparently evident assumption. It would seem by the marked decrease of imports of last year that this aim has been fulfilled, that the Dominion's industries can now stand on their own feet. And the New Zealander would, perhaps, do well to reflect in his spare time (he has a lot and thus will think a lot) that high protection increases the cost of living all round, that behind its walls, monopolies, among them the greatest trust: Labour with its demand for high wages and short hours, find their best soil for

luxuriant growth: foreign competition being shut out, foreign goods being made expensive through the high duty added to the cost of transport. Thus will he, and does, pay almost the same for his inland-product as for the imported article. If he reflects all this, well and deeply, I wonder whether he will not see whence the increased cost of living in New Zealand arises, and whether, although he would cast such a thought miles away at present, he will not become a confessor of free trade, like the man who came to scoff, and stayed to pray, whether now after his industries have learnt to walk, he would not prefer them to measure strides with their competitors who are really handicapped by the cost of freight, packing, etc.

The chief articles bought were: wearing apparel including hats, caps—£930,590 (decrease against 1908 of £42,185), boots and shoes—£258,738 (decrease of £29,806), drapery, haberdashery, linens, woollens and other textiles, £2,105,490 (decrease £250,000) hosiery, £155,000 (decrease £35,000), silks £41,706 (decrease £19,000) millinery, linen manufactures, engines of all kinds, agricultural machinery and implements, printing and sewing machines, bicycles, motor-cars, etc., sugar, tea, chemicals, tobacco (of the last named over 2,744,805 lb. or 2.75 lb. per head of the total population—1.41 lb. in the United Kingdom—valued at £353,612), toys, papers, books, stationery, wine, spirits. Of beer were consumed 9,436,240 gallons or 9.710 per head, which means a slight falling off as against 1908, when the figures stood at 9,619,380 gallons or 10.179 gallon per head; this decrease being “no doubt due to

weakness in purchasing power brought about by depression of trade " (Official Year-Book of N.Z.), for during the last five years the amount of gallons of beer has mounted up surely and steadily, and that with the growing number of no-license votes. Why do people not do as they vote? O for the cant of public opinion!

Of the imports, England sent merchandise to the value of £9,287,786, the British Colonies and Possessions £4,267,176, the British Empire thus accounting in all for £13,554,962. The foreign States participated with £2,119,757. The United States of America supplied goods to the extent of £1,166,063, Germany £327,847, France £88,766, Japan £86,865.

The value of imports into New Zealand from foreign countries has never assumed large proportions, ranging from 13.6 to 17 per cent. of the total during the past ten years. From 1899 to 1904 there was a steady increase, but from the latter year until to-day the proportion has fallen from 17 to 14 per cent. of the total. Neither has the export of New Zealand to foreign countries ever been on a large scale.

The decrease of the foreign imports is, no doubt, a result of the preferential treatment of British goods since 1904. True enough the trade of both the chief foreign importers, United States and Germany, show an increase of figures since then: and these would suggest that the Tariff of 1904 did not realise its aim—that of diverting the trade to England and her possessions, and of checking foreign imports. But if the figures are scrutinised, it will be seen that the foreign increase is due

mainly to two factors: primarily, to an increase in goods, free of duty, such as seeds, certain machines, manure and tools: Germany has doubled her import of goods belonging to this class since 1904: secondly, the increase may be ascribed to greater demands in goods in which these countries specialise and rule the market on account of their reputation and quality, so that the purchaser willingly pays more for such things, as for instance, American agricultural machines and oils: German fancy goods, toys, chemical products and musical instruments.

Is it to the benefit of the Dominion to close her market thus against foreigners? And in return lose the advantage of their doors of commerce being opened to her own exports? New Zealand did not receive a reward in the shape of preferential treatment from England, and she cannot obtain such a reward whilst Free Trade rules there. Really there is no commercial advantage gained, except a rise in the Customs Revenue, which the people pay.

A small New Zealand, with a small industry and a small number of inhabitants, may be satisfied to trade only with England: but England has many sources of supplies. If New Zealand wants to expand her industry, to enlarge her commerce and so grow rich, she must look for other markets even if they are foreign ones. England and her possessions will not be able to absorb all the exports, to take all the mutton, wool, etc., and other countries might close their doors against New Zealand's products.

Therefore, it would be more advantageous if New Zealand would conclude reciprocity-treaties

with foreign States. Attempts in this direction have already been made. Communications were opened with the United States, but they did not lead to any result, as there were no products on which the duty could be reduced, or removed, to the mutual advantage of the two countries.

With Germany matters are different. That country could well take good cheap meat: she has room for first-class butter, tasty cheese, and hides and wool. New Zealand could receive in return machinery, bicycles, motor-cars, steel wares, clothing, linen, cotton and woollen manufactures. The field could be easily enlarged.

Perhaps the tariff would not be on the same terms as that in regard to British goods, but a reduction might be agreed to. Such a treaty would bring the countries closer together than any speeches in Parliament or from the Throne: because their interests would become mutual and there is no truer friendship among nations than that based upon a community of material welfare.

A few more figures are necessary to complete the narrative of New Zealand's economic life. The revenue proper for the year ending 31st March, 1910, amounted to £9,238,917, showing an increase of £236,931 over that for the preceding year. The expenditure for the same term reached £8,990,992, which is £205,409 in excess of the previous year. The net public debt of New Zealand on the last day of March, 1910 was £71,778,580, that is £72, 13s. 9d. per head of European population! 65.63 per cent. of the revenue is raised by indirect taxes and dues, the balance by direct taxation (Land-tax: 15.13 per

cent. Income-tax, 7.46 per cent. [income up to £300 being exempt], Death duties 4.52 per cent.) and the receipts of railways, and other public institutions, such as post, telegraph, telephones, etc. New public works, expansion of the railway system and road building are provided for by a yearly loan. This way of procuring money is, I fear, far too popular and too often used in the Dominion. Certainly a young State will always be forced to have recourse to it for the opening up of the country, but in many matters economy is possible and well advised. During the last year the public debt increased by £3,997,035, whilst the amount of the Sinking Fund accrued decreased by £44,924! And as a sufficient sinking fund does not exist (its amount totals at £3,122,065 only) loans falling due have to be met by new loans. Sir Joseph Ward, the present Treasurer, is an accomplished financier, and some time ago a scheme sprung from his brain, like Pallas Athene from Zeus's head, to extinguish the public debt of New Zealand in seventy years at a small annual charge plus compound interest. Before the end of the twentieth century, Maoriland is to be free from debt, and to be the lucky owner of valuable money-making assets. If anyone wants to expunge debt, a mediocre mind would think it necessary to stop any future borrowing; for what be the use to dig one hole to fill up another? Not so Sir Joseph. Before the time of atonement comes nigh, it deems him better to have another good square meal and accordingly launches a loan of £5,000,000 in London. Certainly, every penny for laudable purposes. But has any bor-

rower ever any other purposes? The loan was underwritten, at an announced price of $98\frac{1}{2}$, but the investing underwriters had to pay only $97\frac{1}{4}$. The loan was placed on the market, but the public did not rush it, subscribing for only £344,000 at $98\frac{1}{2}$, leaving the investing underwriters to take £4,656,000 at $97\frac{1}{4}$. From the point of view of public subscription, the loan was a dismal failure, but as the underwriters have to take the balance, Sir Joseph is probably quite cheerful; but it is to be hoped that he will understand the signs and read the writing on the wall. Indeed, more economy is possible. Is it necessary that 900,000 inhabitants be represented by about forty members of the Upper House, who receive each £200 honorarium? Is it really necessary to have eighty M.P.'s who are yearly paid £300? Was the Colony justified in spending £125,000 on an exhibition? and losing £75,000? Scarcely! It would be easy to enlarge this list of unnecessary expenses, not to call them extravagances. But the Government, it would seem, is not of this opinion; it prefers to save pennies and to throw away pounds instead of avoiding any unnecessary expenditure, and of spending money only on matters urgently required. From recent events I fear that there is little or no hope of seeing the finances of this country placed in a sound position. I know that I lay myself open to adverse comments by expressing an opinion which, however, must be stated in a critical study by a sincere lover and admirer of this country, as I claim to be. When the last naval scare was worked up by the politicians and cablemen, Sir

Joseph Ward, and his Ministry, all too rashly following a suggestion thrown out by a Sydney paper, decided without having first obtained the consent of Parliament to offer the mother country one, and if necessary, two Dreadnoughts. All due honour to the spirit which prompted this offer: they believed the motherland to be in danger—and would not leave her to face her peril alone. But they bound the country to a national debt of £1,500,000 to £3,000,000! And that at a time when money was “tight,” through the fall of the price of wool and other products, and when the Banks charged 7 per cent. and 8 per cent. on overdrafts, when mortgages carried from 6 per cent. to 10 per cent., when farmers called out for railways and bridges: when the settlers in the backblocks sank with their traps axle-deep in mud, when in a thousand other ways money could have been spent to the lasting benefit of the land. Had the Ministry a right to do this? The answer must be an emphatic No! The motherland was in no danger. True enough the majority of the people applauded, either in the exuberance of the first intoxication of jingoism, or in pursuance of the grand saying, so often misunderstood: “right or wrong, my country.” Their tongues were tied, before they could open their mouths to speak. The Government will have to borrow the money from England before presenting her with the ships: it is a generosity from other people’s pockets. The result is that with one stroke which will not benefit the country in the least, the public debt is increased by £2 to £3 per head of the population. Men sound of judgment shook their

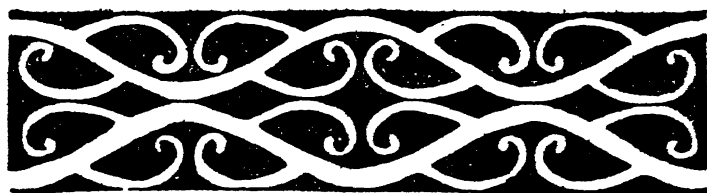
heads. But the inhabitants of these Islands warm themselves with the cheap praises of the newspapers which call them plucky, brave, generous, loyal. But I fear this will not prove enough to drive out the chill, when the awakening comes. England can scarcely be commended for accepting from her struggling daughter such an offer to which Parliament had not yet consented.

One must remember the scarcity of population, and its consequence: the lack of competition when the economic conditions are studied. These facts explain the possibility of the leading idea of the commercial policy already described, to develop only the indigenous industries and to refrain from a world competition in all trades, which the country cannot carry on. They explain further the high rate of wages which amounts on the average to one shilling per working hour for unskilled labour: domestic servants receive 12/- to 15/- and cooks up to £1, £1, 10s., £2 per week. This explains, too, the cost of living. Food, such as bread, butter, cheese, meat, vegetables, etc., are sold at average continental prices: but land, house building, rents, clothing and the helpful domestics are far more expensive. An ordinary suit costs £5, and a pair of boots 18/- to £1, 15. For an acre of good soil a farmer has to pay from £4 upward, the best land being worth from £30 to £35 to £40 per acre. He who wishes to immigrate and would not like to enter the rank and file of the workers must possess no small capital, if he intends to buy cultivated land. Otherwise he must be prepared to retire into the wilderness, to clear the bush, or to lease land from the Government, if he be lucky enough in the ballot. Only farmers with clear heads, two

sound arms and money in their purse are welcome immigrants. To others (clerks, book-keepers, workers, engineers, architects and medical men), immigration cannot be recommended, as their professions are more than filled in proportion to the small population.

And yet the question of immigration is a burning one, it is the very life question of this Colony. Prosperity, commerce, industry, the common welfare, the national safety, the existence of this Dominion depends on the necessity of bringing immigrants to these shores. The Labour Party confesses, not always openly, the belief that new arrivals would only flood the market and bring down the standard of wages, forgetting that every newcomer will prove a buyer of goods also, whose wants will have to be fulfilled, that he increases the demand of wares; more, that he adds to the supply of labour. New Zealand needs population badly. And it will have to offer special inducements, very easy terms (freehold *must* be among them) to the intending settler. For New Zealand with all its possibilities has that disadvantage in the mind of the European that it is too far from Home, that there is scarce a chance of returning, should the adventure fail. It is Canada's nearness which entices so many. And so New Zealand must hold out easier terms, better facilities than the Colonies nearer Home.

The real problem of New Zealand is: too few people (and too many laws, the cynic might add). And this problem must be faced and solved in the near future for the sake of the Dominion's existence. The question of population is for this land the Hamlet query: "to be or not to be."



THE LANDSCAPE OF NEW ZEALAND

THE CITIES

THE long sea voyage is drawing to a close. From the Notre Dame de la Garde, glittering in the golden sunlight of Marseilles, the ship has passed through the oppressive silence of the Suez Canal to Colombo the beautiful, to dull Perth, and to Melbourne, from whence a Union steamer brought us to Hobart with its pretty setting of green meadows and forest. And now the voyage is over. A last embrace of the railing: a final sacrifice to Neptune!

Dusty, grey-green hills rise from the sea—in-hospitable and uninviting. And soon the lines are cast ashore on the wooden wharf at the Bluff—the first New Zealand harbour we have called at, and a miserable hole at that. The whole city spreads along a single macadamised road, bordered by low wooden houses, with small verandahs of galvanised iron screening the side walks. Behind them rise the hills—dingy as the houses. Half a dozen or so of the shops bear placards reading “Oysters, 4d. a dozen.” These are oyster saloons. The last time we tasted oysters was in Paris, to-day we eat them at the Bluff, in the small back-room of a malodor-

ous fish-shop, dark, dusty and swarming with flies, with the eyes of all the winners of the Melbourne, Sydney, and New Zealand cups looking down at us from coloured prints on the walls. But in spite of this, even the most prejudiced must own that the oysters taste excellent. They are even better than the Whitstable and Dutch varieties. But they are cheap, and cheapness kills romance. No elegant little cabinet, no white linen on the table, no glittering silver, no red-shaded lamp, and no smart girls with laughing faces meet the eye. Everything is dully prosaic—the odour of fish pervades everything, and flies buzz everywhere. There is no champagne or even ale to slake the thirst—only tea, black tea. Really, “if they had the philosopher’s stone, the stone would lack philosophers.” Verily, first impressions of New Zealand are very disheartening.

After a night voyage, the steamer rounds a tongue of land, passes Port Chalmers (a tiny harbour), and makes fast to the wharf at Dunedin—our first New Zealand city. A town of 64,000 inhabitants. No one would expect fine buildings, galleries, old churches, or any architectural style in these cities, which are barely fifty years old. Their inhabitants have had neither time nor leisure for æsthetic thoughts. When the Scotch—the Macgregors, Mackenzies, and the whole army of Macs—arrived here after a long sea voyage, they had too many other things to see to. They felt hungry. Nobody thought about laying out the cities artistically, or understood how to do it, and for that matter no one had any money for the purpose. As regards the ground plan they mostly copied the places they



DUNEDIN.



MAORI VILLAGE, WHAKAREWAREWA.

came from, the Scots, of course, imitating Edinburgh. First they lived in tents, then in wooden huts, then in wooden houses. Stone buildings followed slowly, but even to-day stone is mostly confined to public edifices, warehouses, and business premises. One may regret that a site of such natural charm, on a beautiful slope, under bushy hills, with the beach and a safe anchorage in front, became such an ugly city, but at any rate one can understand it. The city itself really consists only of one long street, which runs parallel with the harbour and is called Princes Street. It is not a gorgeous highway—the short unfinished, clumsy telegraph poles, that carry the wires at the height of the first floors would not permit that. Here and in small side streets, stand hotels, warehouses, offices and shop after shop—fruit, tobacco, jewellery shops: great stores which a man may enter with nothing but a well-filled purse, and leave provided with everything he wants or doesn't want. The show windows are crowded and stuffed with wares: the jewellers display greenstone ornaments in abundance, brooches, bangles, crosses, pendants—especially hearts—the larger the better, with the gold inscription "Kia Ora" (the Maori for "Farewell"): simple and tasteless, but immensely appreciated by the New Zealander.

There stands a Greek temple façade: Ionic columns without pedestals and with Corinthian capitals. Now this should be noted, that whenever one sees a Grecian temple in New Zealand one can be sure that it is a bank. Could there possibly exist a greater lack of taste than that shown in building for a creation of modern commerce the house of

worship of the ancient gods? Or is the place held sacred only to Mammon? The banks certainly do well enough to be able to afford something classic: they earn plenty by giving no interest on current accounts, and only a very small rate on fixed deposits. A little competition from foreign banks which would not keep so many holidays but would make some concessions, would be a blessing to a public that deals largely with banking firms.

But to return to the streets. The footpaths in front of the shops are roofed by galvanised iron or glass verandahs. Under these move the crowd. Nobody seems in a hurry. Everybody walks calmly and deliberately—business men, women, and children. Against the verandah leans the much quoted man-in-the-street, who with his political arguments, and sweeping criticisms and remarks on every subject of which he happens to know nothing, is an international institution. Along the street run the electric trams, while motor-cars, carriages, handcarts, and dogcarts speed about. Everything seems durable and on strictly utilitarian lines. Nothing is elegant or graceful: nothing is made for the moment only to please the senses, and then die like a flower: neither the people nor the carriages. But all is solid, very solid—too solid. In the middle of the city the streets widen out into an eight-cornered space, the Octagon. There stands the Town Hall, with a column to a Bishop, and a monument to Robert Burns. No Scotch city lacks the last! In classic attitude sits Bobby, thoroughly uncomfortable, writing on a parchment, placed across his knees: perchance, despite his noble attitude, working on his "Jolly Beggars" who

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whistled through life, leaving respectability and morals to the care of those who possessed them.

The prettiest features of Dunedin are the bushy heights and wooded valleys in its neighbourhood. And from the Town Belt, a good road along the hills, even the city looks handsome with its mass of buildings before which stretch the green waters of the harbour, while on the other side of the sea-arm, rise the downs of the Peninsula. There, bedded in green, lie the dwelling-houses. Nobody lives in the city, which is dedicated solely to the sacred purposes of business. Every morning the business man, lawyer, agent, clerk, goes "down town." After five he flees from the clattering of the typewriter and the worry of business, and becomes again an ordinary man, out there in his villa, in his small wooden house, with its verandah and little garden.

In Dunedin is centred the commerce of the Province of Otago and the South. This is mainly trade in grain, flour, and gold from the alluvial fields and rivers of the neighbourhood. The Scotchman is a level-headed, keen, shrewd business man, who knows how many beans make five, and has not lost out here the characteristics of his race. He gets his money's worth, even in the consulting-room, for after the doctor has finished with him he will drag in questions about the ailments of other members of his family, and not leave till he gets a satisfactory reply. His only vice is the bagpipe.

Our choice of amusements for the evening lay between the theatre and the prelude to Wagner's *Meistersinger*—played by an amateur orchestra. Our deep respect for Wagner bade us stay away from the latter, for though his masterpiece could not

be absolutely murdered even by a Dunedin Amateur Orchestra, it is unpleasant to have one's ideals maltreated. So we went to the theatre, paid our five shillings for an orchestra stall, and were admitted to an unattractive barn-like hall. The house was packed: both circles were filled, the lower one with people in evening dress (some in last year's fashion, and some in next): above were the gods. Behind us sat the citizen with his wife, and here and there were enthusiastic mothers who had brought their babies with them rather than stop at home. At intervals the poor little creatures cried, but for the most part slept calmly through the exciting events of the evening. How we did envy them! To all appearances it was a great event. As there are no permanent theatrical combinations in New Zealand, one has to depend solely on the touring shows, and the visit of one of these is a festal occasion. And to-night was one of these. The name of the piece or of its author I have forgotten, but that matters little—these dramas are all on pretty much the same lines. Villains weave wicked plots, and evil wretches set heinous traps for the innocent, into which the latter are stupid enough to fall. Whereupon they undergo many sufferings until finally truth and goodness triumph and the villains are one by one overtaken by death or penal servitude. How sardonically those villains laughed and sneered. How wretchedly their innocent victims sighed and wept!

It was enough to move the gods to pity—and the spectators were thrilled to the heart-strings and the lachrymal glands. Women and girls shed big, bitter, salt tears, till it was almost necessary to open

umbrellas in the stalls. Just in front of us sat three little girls, who, at the beginning of the performance had purchased a photo-postcard of the heroine. Fervently these little geese pressed the photo to their lips, passing it from one to another so that each had a chance of letting their affections gush over. When the villain with infinite pains had laid his snare, and the innocent heroine was about to be caught in it, a man next to me sprang to his feet, and, pale with excitement, shouted a warning against this fiend in human shape. But it was no good. Though he called loudly enough, she would not listen and so had only herself to blame for the agony she afterwards suffered. My neighbour, with the rest of the house, hissed and hooted the scoundrel and wildly applauded the heroine. And their zeal was amply rewarded. The lady triumphed after many trials, and a happy smile played over my neighbour's features as she finally stood in the lime-light in the arms of her long-lost lover. The villain, whose life was spared, promised really and truly never to do it again. Of course he did not keep his word. I knew he wouldn't by the way he said it, and told my neighbour so, but the latter wouldn't believe me. However, the villain did the very same thing again the next night. So much for the promises of such people!—

Thus ended an evening at a New Zealand theatre.

From Dunedin we could have travelled by rail, as we could have done from the Bluff, but we preferred to stick to the ship, and after another night at sea, passed between grey-green hills into a gigantic basin, which is backed on land by old

volcanoes, and protected to seaward by a couple of breakwaters.

Lyttelton—the harbour of Canterbury, New Zealand's grain store, and of its city Christchurch. Through a long, sulphurous tunnel the railroad pierces the mountains, and so reaches the plains of meadow, pasture, and cornfield, that lie flat as the top of a table. Christchurch is well named the "city of the plains." Only in the far distance are mountains, while nearer rise the hills of the port. The town is widely laid out. Broad side streets cross broad main streets, and large grass-covered squares are frequent. The streets, which are named mostly after English Bishoprics, meet in a large square in the centre of the city—the Cathedral Square—from which rises a church, built in different styles, at different periods, by different architects, with a slender, copper-covered tower. In this hang the most abominable chimes that ever left the hands of a bell-founder. But the people seem very proud of their possession, for on every possible and impossible occasion, someone will ring the tin-pot contrivances and hurl down to the pavement and the passers-by a scale to melt the stones and raise the wrath of men. In this square are the principal hotels, which are generally very comfortable. For board and lodgings one has to pay from 10/- to 12/6 a day: rooms are not let without board, but one has the welcome convenience of the free use of the baths. In smaller places a brush and comb are sometimes placed at the traveller's disposal, which perhaps, is getting too much of a good thing. Such luxurious comforts must have spoiled the man who when found using his cabin

campanion's tooth-brush, answered the others remonstrances with the excuse, that he "thought it belonged to the ship."

In the city shop crowds upon shop, and high warehouses of several stories adjoin low wooden shanties. The window displays of the larger houses here show the best taste of any in the colony, and one notices that the people catered for, the farmer and squatter of the fertile hinterland can afford to pay high prices. The streets boast of a lively traffic: electric trams, neat hansom cabs with good horses, motor-cars, farmers' phaetons and carts pass by: and above all there is the bicycle. Hundreds—thousands speed along. Everybody cycles in this ideally flat district: bishops, parsons, telegraph boys, letter-carriers, lamplighters, physicians, merchants, chimney-sweeps, clerks, shop-girls and school children: mothers, who fasten their babies on in front with straps: butcher-boys, who support their baskets on the handle-bars—in short the world and his wife. By the Post Office and the banks, cycles lean in scores—neither chained nor otherwise secured. Thefts are rare. Everyone has his wheel: why should he want to steal somebody else's?

Here, too, the people go about their business easily and comfortably. The first impression of Dunedin is strengthened. Everything is sound and solid, from the fresh, ruddy complexions, and the robust figures of the men and women. They are a healthy type of mankind, firm of backbone and built for durability. They are not as a rule elegant; except in the afternoons, perhaps, when the ladies go out on the important business of tea-

fight and gossip hunting. At first one is surprised at the great number of maturely developed young girls, until one discovers that they are really young women, who keep their frocks short and their hair down until they are nineteen or twenty years of age. If only they would do their hair better! Most of them twist their locks round their heads like a sausage, and let the miserable remnant trail down their backs. Or they wear a bold fringe down to the eyebrows, and never fail to sport bows, gaily-coloured and widely-spread on the top or back of the head. It really doesn't look nice.

Not far from Cathedral Square stands a sombre, ugly, brick building, the Canterbury Hall, a theatre and concert-house. A terrific noise comes through some of the side windows: as if in there was a regular fracas with an obligato of yelling. Bashfully we look in and enter a bare room, packed with people with hats on their heads, pipes in their mouths and hands in their pockets. Sawdust covers the floor, and tobacco smoke has rendered the air so thick that one could almost cut it with a knife. In front stands a platform, on which a gentleman is reading a list, next to him are two writers, and before these in a half circle is a double row of school seats, in which from fifteen to twenty men sit, in shirt-sleeves with white lists before them. Scarcely has the gentleman on the rostrum said something—what, one cannot understand—when the whole company on the benches roar out like madmen, throw their arms about, jump up, lean over and yell through hollowed hands: “nine, nine, half, half, ten, ten, half, half, eleven, eleven . . . half Everybody is in a state of the wildest excitement,

and tries to shout the other down. Only one man is quiet, the gentleman on the platform. He scarcely looks up, he listens only, and then he points with his pencil to the man who first voiced the highest bid, calls his name, and makes a note. Again the same play commences: questions and stentorian answering yells. This goes on for hours during several days. What is this? A wool sale!

The gentleman on the platform is an auctioneer, who sells for the farmers. The noisy beings before him are buyers, who come from Europe and America, to purchase the raw material on the spot. Often several manufacturers combine and send out a buyer of mighty lung power, who visits the auctions in Australia and New Zealand. On the day before, the purchasers have inspected and valued the wool in the stores. When the wool is put up, they call out their price immediately, for it is the rule that the lot goes to him, whose highest bid was first heard by the auctioneer. Such auctions are held each month during the shearing season, in the different centres.

Again out in the fresh air! On the way to the neighbouring park we pass a small wooden church with a low belfry. On it is the inscription in German letters, "Deutsche Kirche." A work essentially German is Christchurch's excellent Museum, which puts the dingy and ill-equipped one of Dunedin quite in the shade. Julius van Haast founded it, and his bust greets the visitor at the entrance. On its pedestal one reads in German: "Gewidmet von seinen Landsleuten. Er lebt in seinen Werken." Translated this reads, "Dedicated by his countrymen, he lives in his Works."

And in his works this savant, whose knowledge of botany and zoology was only surpassed by his fame as a geologist, really does live.

Behind the museum lies Christchurch's chief attraction—its park, which is beautifully laid out, and well cared for, but infrequently visited. Wide lawns, gorgeous flower-beds and beautiful groups of trees, make a garden worthy of a greater appreciation than is shown for it. Through the park winds a little river, the Avon. Densely the willows grow on either side, leaning over and letting their green tresses float in the murmuring water, forming many a shady bower. Just the right place for a pair of lovers! The youth of Christchurch has discovered that, too, and at all times and at all hours, in sunshine and under the silvery rays of the moon, little boys and little girls are rowing on the waters. In rainy days the worship of Venus is adjourned to one of the numerous tea-rooms, where they have sixpenn'orth of tea and cake, the spoon being supplied by themselves. It is said, that a Christchurch girl never says no, if invited to either joy.

On the bank of this idyllic river, so that it may hear other sighs than those of love, stands a Gothic building, the Supreme Court. Inside, in its rooms, and in its proceedings, one has in a nutshell the two characteristics which constitute English culture. There is, on the one hand, a conservative clinging to old usages and customs: judge and lawyer in white wigs, which call a smile to a foreigner's lips. The judge writes in a book all the details of the trial, which makes the whole proceedings so lengthy that a case stretches over days, when, if the evidence were taken in shorthand, it could be finished in one

sitting. On the other hand, one sees the last word in democratic legislation: a full use of the jury system, and every freedom in cross-examination. At once conservative and progressive is this mixture of English character.

Round the city extend the suburbs with the dwelling-houses. The villas of the more well-to-do lie in prettily kept gardens, surrounded by high, neatly trimmed cypress hedges. Smaller, but by no means poorer, are the wooden verandah-skirted houses of the others.

When in Christchurch, nobody forgets to tell you that they are "English." One hardly knows whether to take this as an apology, or an arrogant intimation that these successors of poor English settlers are better than the votaries of haggis in Dunedin. I have not fathomed this problem yet. The people of Christchurch lack *esprit de corps*; they do not feel as one, and have no public spirit. City and society are split up in camps and cliques: parochial sentiments and snobbery are their guiding impulses. Is that "English"? Or has the wide extent and flatness of the country left its mark on men's minds? This much is certain: there is no cohesion, and Christchurch is very slow and flat.

Twelve hours' sea-voyage over the windy Cook Strait, and we steam slowly between low grass hills of washed-out colour, into the harbour of Wellington. A range of uninviting, sombre, greyish-green, bare heights overlook the semi-circle of the harbour. In earlier times they sloped right down into the water; but now a wide area has been reclaimed, on which are built warehouses,

sheds, the Customs House, and the wharves. Behind the hills are the houses that harbour the 70,000 inhabitants. They are closely packed together, and rise and fall again with the contours of the ground. An active traffic prevails in the harbour. Wellington's central position renders it a natural rendezvous of all lines, and a meeting-place of all inward and outward-bound steamers. Several ocean giants lie alongside the wharves, loading and discharging. Chains rattle: engines buzz: steam-cranes lift as in play their loads out of the depths of the ships' holds, and poise them for a moment high in the air, before letting them drop on shore. Heavy carts roll over the wharves: hoofs clatter: whips crack: orders are sung out to the workers: the air is filled with a cheerful hum and noise. It is a beautiful spectacle of human activity.

Wellington streets are narrow, but clean, and are paved either with wood or asphalt. Big warehouses, and hotels four and five stories high, stand next to small wooden places, marking the progress of the times and the growth of the city, apparently heedless of the none too rare earthquakes. People have no fear that Wellington, situated as it is, in a very sensitive portion of the earth's crust, might become a second San Francisco, although deep gorges caused by earth-fissures are there to warn them.

Even the highest flight of fancy could not call Wellington beautiful or pretty. It is sombre, bare and drab. But it is the best administrated and the most advanced city in the Colony. The condition of its clean streets is more in its favour

than anything, for in other cities the traffic roads are miserably neglected. There is a monumental City Hall, with great concert-rooms and an excellent organ. But above all, the fact people seem proudest of is that the city possesses the biggest wooden buildings in the world. One has to take such assurances guardedly in New Zealand, where the people sometimes suffer from megalomania. But as I could not measure the buildings myself, I will accept their word for it, although their wooden composition is hard to recognise, as Mr Snobb has, in an æsthetic fit, hidden that fact behind a disguise of imitation stone. Not far from this perversion of taste is a low hill: and here stood the Parliament House until at the end of 1907, a fire reduced it to ashes.

On a green lawn stands a badly executed monument of the late Premier Ballance. It is scarcely necessary to waste a word over Wellington's other monument—that of the Queen. It would seem as if the four cities had ordered in London a third of a dozen Queen's statues, standing, crown on her head, and sceptre in hand. They differ only in the way they have been erected. The selection of the most inappropriate position amongst ugly houses and black electric wires belongs to Wellington, which in this respect just beats Dunedin.

Parliament sat in the afternoon. It was a small gathering, as British conservatism here also reserves the night for the main sessions. On the carved chair sat Mr Speaker, in a white wig, flaps of which rippled over his shoulders. Before him, in a semicircle, were the members, sitting on upholstered benches without desks, standing in

the corners, or lying on the corner lounges, hat on head and hands in pocket. (But so long as members confine their hands to their own pockets there will be no harm done.) It was still during Seddon's time. He was present. Questions were put, special wishes of electors brought forward, petitions discussed. This and that was criticised: one would like to propose this, the other to alter that. Seddon answered everybody: shortly, almost abruptly. One could have imagined oneself in school, where the teacher, somewhat annoyed, was giving directions. One member pressed him with a matter, which he must have brought forward several times before. "Dick" became very angry. "I am heartily sick of it, really!" snapped the thunderous retort—short and simple: less polite than clear. The member yielded: there was no protest, no call to order. They seemed to be used to such roughness.

There was no sign of opposition in Seddon's time: scarcely any antagonism existed, for at the bottom of their hearts all loved the Premier. And to-day? Once when the present Government tried to abolish freehold altogether there was some little stir, but that has now subsided. True enough an "opposition" or "reform" party exists, but its platform is merely "a plague of sighing and grief": it does not contain a salient feature: and if put to it one could not find an essential difference between the two factions. The present opposition, like the ruling party, seeks the favour of the masses, and is not prepared to take up an anti-socialistic attitude. He who "dwells in peace, hath joy in his posses-

sions and liveth free from trouble, whose days are prosperous in all things," has a craving for quietness and rest and hates the noise of the political marketplace: while he "who is in want, who has nothing" naturally moves heaven and earth to relieve his needs. When the present Government committed the people to an expenditure of two or three millions, without the consent of Parliament, this opposition, these guardians of the constitution were the first to applaud, instead of keeping cool, and putting the soft pedal on the rolling accord of jingoism. But the property owning classes will have to join hands and rally or they will experience a sudden and rude awakening at the hands of socialism. The present Parliament does not contain any brilliant orators or leaders. The Prime Minister is a good and fluent speaker, but is far too fond of smothering his audience with figures: hurling at their unsuspecting heads, pounds, shillings and pence, the import of which nobody can grasp off hand. The motto of this Parliament has been for a long time: "Grey, young friend, is all theory, and green the golden tree of life," and in consequence there is a tendency to pass over important matters without discussion. There has grown up a disdain for theoretic contemplation and a great belief in practical experience. There has thus arisen an unfortunate habit of disposing too quickly of difficult problems. As a result, laws have at times been found unworkable, as for instance, the Miners' Accident Bill. A little less haste and a little more thoroughness could be advantageously adopted by these all too busy legislators.

The rules of the house generally allow speeches

of only half an hour's duration : in important debates one hour is permitted : in committee only ten minutes are given. Malicious tongues will have it, that even that is still too much. This limitation of speech could not, however, prevent obstruction. An opposition that wishes to talk a Bill to death, forms an interminable phalanx : one speaker follows the other, discourses on every possible subject and quibusdam aliis, until House and Government grow weary and conclude a compromise. The builders of such a "stonewall" have only to be careful not to give their opponents a chance to get a comma in between their speeches, to stem the tide or to raise a point of order and move for a division or adjournment. An amusing incident in the history of obstruction in New Zealand is connected with Seddon's name. When in his early days as a Member, his party once undertook this stonewalling and the verbal masonry had already been piled up to a considerable height. Seddon's turn came. His predecessor had spoken of heaven and earth, of the planets and the sun, and why these heavenly bodies were opposed to the Bill, and Seddon proposed to deal with the reasons why his electors were adverse to the measure in question. He took them alphabetically, starting with Abbot, and had plodded through K. "We come now to L," he said, but his cockney aspirate betrayed him. Up shot a member of the other side, who refused to accompany Seddon to the place which is paved with good intentions, and moved a point of order on account of the use of bad language. The stonewall crumbled to dust.

In Wellington people work. One sees and feels that. Great business activity exists. All the big

firms of New Zealand have either their headquarters or great branches here. Industry and intelligence give to the "Empire-City" the beauty that Nature has denied to her.

During the night the boat steams northward, and makes fast next morning at a small wharf in front of high rocks. Hidden behind these lies Napier, the harbour of Hawkes Bay, on a hilly peninsula, rich in pastures. It is only a small place, but has become important through its meat export trade. It is very prettily bedded in green, with a long, curved foreshore, on which the waves break in white frothy lines.

Eight hours further sea trip and the anchor drops in Poverty Bay, in the roadstead of the small city of Gisborne. This is historical ground. On the same place almost, where the steamer now quietly floats, the *Endeavour* stopped and anchored. Over there on the shallow beach the first white man, James Cook, stepped ashore. On the day of their arrival, they made observations during the afternoon: and now they landed—Cook, Solander, his scientific staff, and Tupia from Tahiti. The Maoris fled. There, where to-day the chimney of a freezing-works rises, Cook saw a Maori pa and marched towards it. The Maoris prepared to frustrate this supposed attack on their pa by a wild onslaught and rushed towards the Whites, brandishing spears and clubs. Nearer they came—then—a shot cracks—a Maori rolls in his blood! In all directions the others fled, and Cook, too, returned to his ship. Again as in Tasman's time the first meeting had been stained with blood. On the next day Cook made a new attempt

to come in touch with the natives. This time he landed on the left bank of the river: on the other side the Maoris collected. Tupia called out to them: they understood him. Brightly coloured things were held out towards them and they were invited to come across the river. For a time nobody could gather up courage. At last one plucked up courage, took a present and waded back with a broad grin. After him came more—three, four—a whole dozen. All received presents. Cook was just on the point of opening negotiations for obtaining fresh water and meat and vegetables, when a Maori snatched the mysterious death-and-fire spitting stick off a sailor and ran away with it. A shot cracked behind him, and the thief fell down dead. The budding friendship thus came to a sudden end. Cook had to go away unsatisfied, and in his annoyance he called the place Poverty Bay. A warning to all mean people!

Towards noon our boat turned its bow towards the high seas again. The voyage was calm and pleasant, and remained so when the East Cape pointed the way westwards and the Bay of Poverty was followed by that of Plenty. The sight of the coast did not suggest abundance, and the land preserved the same bare, brown, uninviting aspect.

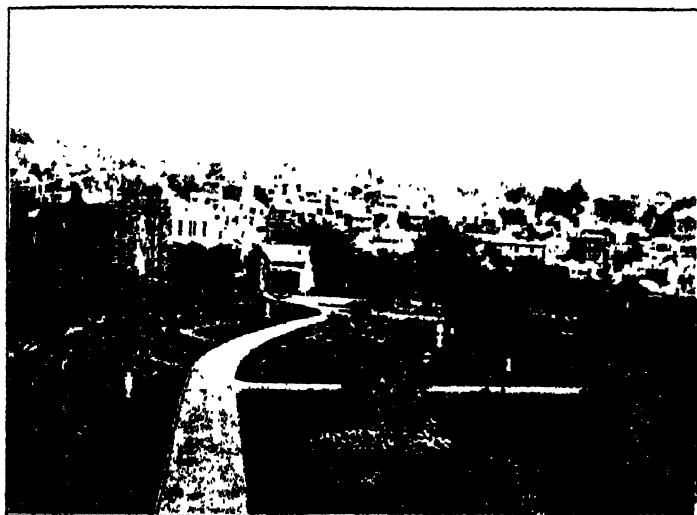
A gay Sunday morning broke, while the steamer wound its way between the Great Barrier Island and Cape Colville into Hauraki Gulf. The mighty Great Barrier, bare and void, in its brown rock-garment remained behind. Land came nearer. Tiri lighthouse was passed and then Rangitoto Island rose up ahead. The whole of this island is an

extinct volcano with grand curving outlines. Gracefully, easily sloping, in perfect harmony and symmetry, its sides ascend out of the sea. At the summit they unite in three cones—two pointed ones of lava, which have a higher flat cone of ash between them. Below Rangitoto the boat steamed on. Wide brown lava fields sloped down from the top, beautifully framed in green bushes. A promontory with two grass-covered cones stretched across our way. On the higher cone is a signal station which announces by flag the arrival of steamers to the city. Around this small peninsula we steamed, and at last passed out of the Hauraki Gulf into the Waitemata Harbour. Before us lay Auckland on a small isthmus of varied hills, high and low. Interrupted by green trees and bushes and grassy heights the masses of houses—white, brown and red—slope down to the right towards the sea. Towers and churches stand out. Highest on the right is the grey four-cornered steeple of St Matthew's Church with its little corner towers. On a lonely, green height to the left, the windows of the wide-winged Hospital glitter golden in the sun, and high above where the houses seem to end stands the red, round trunk of an old windmill. Behind them all, towers the guardian of the town, green Mt. Eden, striped to its flat summit by small patches of dark pines. Right and left of us, on either shore, in little bays and inlets, the red-roofed houses of the suburbs come down to the water's edge. The deep green waters are dotted with the white sails of smart trim yachts. Motor launches shoot past with their throbbing engines. An English man-o'-war lies in the stream. By wharves, built out into the water,

rest big and small boats after a long week's hard work, the cool wind playing with their flags.

Everything shines and sparkles joyously under an azure sky—in the sunshine of spring. It is a gay and refreshing picture.

Once on shore, however, this is quickly changed. The town, which is the oldest and biggest in the country (102,000 inhabitants) was not laid out beautifully, although all the surroundings were propitious. Close to the harbour the chimneys of sawmills, flour mills, freezing works, and laundries belch out smoke. Queen Street, the main street, gradually ascends at right angles to the harbour along a valley through the city. It alone is asphalted: the other roads are only macadamised and are all either muddy or dusty. All business life is compressed into this street, which presents the same picture as one sees in other colonial towns—shop after shop under iron verandah coverings, fruit, jewellery, and draper shops: Banks, offices, and chemists' establishments, where nearly all medical men have consulting hours during the day. There is the Exchange, where the vicinity of the gold-fields makes itself felt, although it cannot be said that wild speculations take place. But many a hope has been shattered here, and for that matter, many a one realised. Mild sensations are rare, but they do happen occasionally. A mine which, for years, was thought to be worthless develops suddenly. Heavy reefs are intersected, and £1 shares, which could be had a few days ago for a few shillings, jump up to £5, £8, £10. The biggest mine, the Waihi, produces monthly over £70,000 worth of gold, and pays the lucky shareholders the handsome dividend of from 50 to 75 per



ALBERT PARK, AUCKLAND.



Photo.

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

Winkemann.

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cent. "But," says Shelley, "nought may endure but mutability," and it would seem that this mine, which stood in New Zealand as a household word for inexhaustiveness, has had its day.

Not far from the Exchange, is the General Post Office, painted the colour of curry, where, like everything else in New Zealand, great civility and politeness is shown to any visitor. They have no glass-cages, no uniform, as on the Continent, and to that I feel inclined to attribute this behaviour, which officials in other lands might well copy. Carlyle's Herr von Teufelsdröckh is quite right with his philosophy of clothing. "If there were no clothing, would there be commanders and rulers: would Kings exist?"

At present a new General Post Office is being built, but like the Town Hall in an unsuitable place and impossible style. Two great opportunities, to really beautify the city have been sadly missed. Aucklanders are indulgent, but there lives a hope that even their patience will be exhausted some day.

The traffic is lively. With a dangerous celerity the electric tram rushes along, motor-cars cabs, hansoms, bicycles, pass by, and there are the hand-carts of the itinerant fruit-merchants "Bananas: penny a pound! Pine-apples three for a shilling! oh! they are lovely! my word, they are lovely," is their cry. On horseback the butcher boys canter along meat-basket on arm: and the Chinaman shuffles slowly along with bent knees, baskets of vegetables slung over his shoulder on a long pole. Here, as elsewhere in New Zealand, the trade in vegetables is in John's hands. Neither People nor Government love him, but his bee-like industry and his

frugality all help him along in his occupation as vegetable gardener or laundry proprietor.

The people in the Auckland streets are like those of the other cities, of healthy, robust appearance: in serviceable, though not elegant clothes. The boys are generally seen cap on head, pipe in mouth, and hands in pockets. Everybody seems to know everybody. They greet each other with a familiar nod of the head and never with any special reverence. The young girls, here perhaps more than anywhere else, are, for my taste, far too fond of a fluffy, flimsy style of dress: waving ribbons and fluttering laces: too much frippery and imitation finery. Slowly and heavily, Maoris move along the streets, bedecked with gay colours, smoking like veritable chimney stacks.

Auckland is the chief centre for the trade in South Sea fruit, timber, gold and Kauri-gum. There is a good shipping connection with Australia (Sydney) and the South Sea Islands, Fiji, Tonga, Tahiti, Samoa and North America.

From the west the Tasman Sea sends an arm far into the land, which comes very near to the Pacific. Only a small isthmus a few miles wide has now remained. On the other side is Manukau Harbour linked with Auckland by railway and electric tram. The port township is Onehunga, a little "sleepy hollow," the principal duty of which seems to be to supply Aucklanders with a tea-room. The harbour, like all on the west coast is a bad one, as a large bar closes the entrance to big boats: otherwise Auckland would have developed more in a westerly direction.

Like other New Zealand cities, Auckland does

not own any monumental buildings. The Art Society's Hall is a fearful construction, something like a donkey's face in stone. The architect must have thought that to be "modern" he must be as bizarre and grotesque as possible.

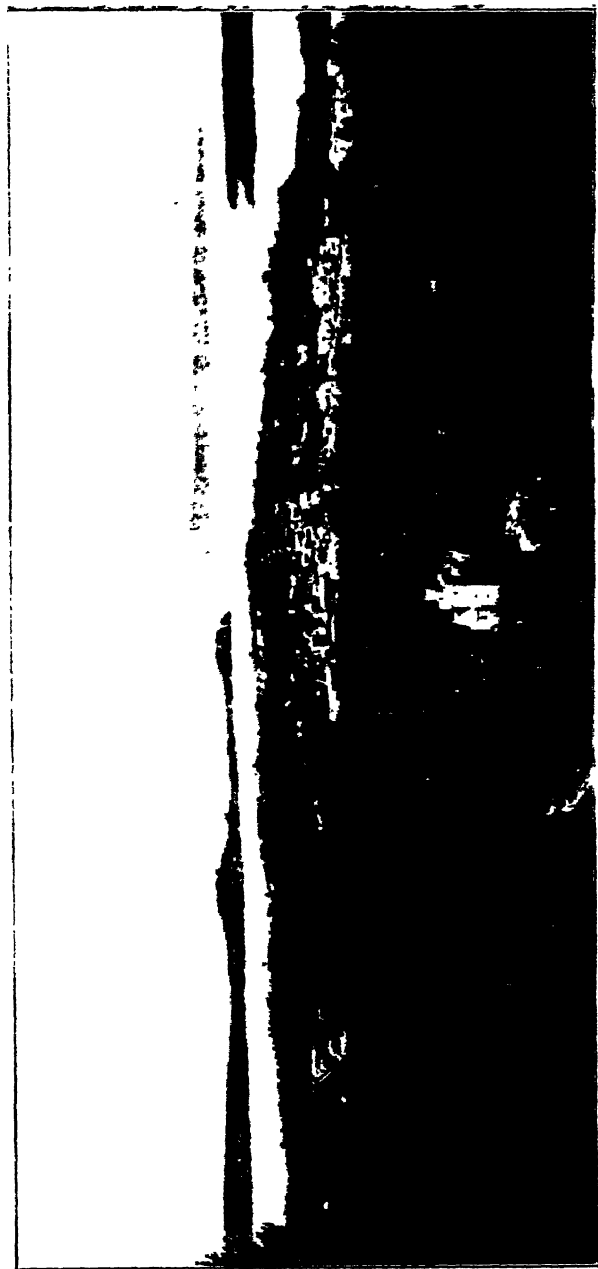
I fear the new Town Hall, which is erected now in an awkward situation, will not bring much balm or consolation to the Aucklanders' soreness over the ugliness of his buildings, for its design is humdrum and conventional, in the eternal, monotonous—so-called Renaissance style. The new spirit of Art, which strives to express our modern sentiments in modern forms, strong and simple, has not yet made itself felt in these isles. The same seems to be true about painting, and this idea is strengthened when one strolls through Auckland's Art Gallery. This gallery is certainly miles ahead of similar places in Christchurch and Dunedin, where soiled canvas hangs like washing on a clothes-line: it contains some good English landscapes, and a fair number of copies of old Masters. A true lover of art would like to see more of the latter, for only by studying them can local aspirants learn. But the absolute failure of the New Zealand landscape painter is very distressing: such beauty around him, and nobody able to do it justice! The Maoris alone have found a faithful portrayer in the young Aucklanders, Goldie, whose Maori heads surprise one by the accurately detailed treatment of the subject and the reality of the colouring.

More satisfactory is a visit to the Maori Museum which harbours the most gorgeous carvings, among others a war canoe hollowed out of a single tree, over 82 feet in length and 6 feet 7 inches in the

beam, which could carry a hundred people. It is beautifully decorated.

To appreciate Auckland properly, one must go out of the city, and ascend one of the numerous old volcanic cones. In the town itself the Albert Park lies on a very small hill. In earlier times it was a fort, sheltering the settlers from the onslaughts of the Maori. The fortifications were rased, room was made for a beautiful flower-garden. Here there is the usual statue of the Queen, and again one cannot help reflecting what a monument a great artist—one really deserving of the name—could have fashioned and erected for such a woman. A few good English marble statues attempt in vain to obliterate the ghastly impressions made by a monument to a warrior of the Boer war, who seems so deadly tired, that one can well understand why he casts such longing eyes on the seat in front of him. A pretty view of city and harbour pointed out by numbers of second-hand cannon, can be seen from the flagstaff.

But most beautiful of all, fairer than this work of men, these flower-beds and carvings, is the view from Mt. Eden or One Tree Hill. Whoever has once stood up there on a sunny day and let his eyes rove over the scene will never forget it. At his feet are deep, grass-covered amphitheatres: the old craters. Below, the broad undulations of the land: green grass as far as the eye can see: hedges of broom and gorse glowing with golden yellow blooms, and rows of dark pines and cypresses. Low, grey, cyclopic walls of lava stone divide the landscape into large fields, where sheep and cattle graze. Far away lies the city with a faint



Photo,

WICKLAND,

VIEW FROM MT. EDEN OVER THE WAIEMATA TOWARDS RANGHOLD.

Joy Martin

LANDSCAPE OF NEW ZEALAND 191

haze of smoke over it, and before it the green-blue mirror of the Waitemata water. Scattered among the fields are the suburbs with their villas, houses and bungalows enclosed by their flower-gardens. Then the eye wanders over the isthmus towards Onehunga, dives into the Tasman Sea, and goes back over the meadows over the half-hundred extinct volcano cones, till it meets the wide expanse of the Pacific, where the beauteous outline of Rangitoto shows on the horizon. There is such breadth, such grandeur, and yet such delicate charm in this landscape picture. Evening glows up in gorgeous colours—crimson, yellow, orange, violet. Quiet spreads over the town: the city becomes empty—it is night. Sombre and black the silhouettes of the heights stand against the dark blue starry sky. Slowly the moon rises out of the sea and casts a glittering band of light over the waters, that ripple towards the shores. And in this silvery path a sailing boat crosses the view—a fishing yacht on the homeward voyage.

Who will blame the Aucklanders for being proud of their city? Rudyard Kipling read their souls when he said of them:

“ Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—
On us, on us, the unswerving season smiles,
Who wonder 'mid our ferns why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles.”

And it is here as if Nature had influenced the human character. The Aucklanders are filled with the spirit of citizenship. No other city has had such gifts, and bequests handed over to her. Picture galleries, libraries, gorgeous parks, and a magnificent organ give evidence of the love of her children.

The Aucklander is hearty, amiable, and hospitable, and goes out of his way to welcome the stranger. The constant contact with the outside world, the frequent visits of foreign men-o'-war—German, American, French, Austrian, Italian, Russian and Japanese—have widened his horizon, cleared his head, and freed his cerebral folds from the cobwebs of prejudice and bias.

To part from Auckland will sadden the heart of anybody who has ever sojourned there.

These are the four great cities of New Zealand, in which the social and economic life is concentrated. Scarcely over fifty years old, they can yet stand comparison with European cities as far as sanitary arrangements, water supply, canalisation, lighting, medium of traffic, fire brigades, etc., are concerned.

But none is beautiful. What grace and charm they own, is the balance of a natural situation which human endeavour has so far not succeeded in destroying. Nobody will blame the early builder; his head was too full with the needs and cares of the day to trouble about the wants of a city beautiful. But all these places are being rebuilt in our times—and the outcome saddens the heart. *The Sydney Bulletin* some time ago spoke of the need for a new member of the Cabinet—a Minister for grace and elegance—whose sole duty would be to make things clean, tidy and beautiful. He would necessarily be a person with stupendous powers, and, in the original years of his department's existence, when it would be cleaning up the grime and neglect of ages, he would also be a person with a stupendous expenditure. His subordinates would include architects, engineers, artists, a poet

or two of the kind who write about the sunset and the blossoms and the stars, possibly a prize-fighter (for his early career would be stormy) and perhaps the driver of a sanitary cart. And he would be backed up by a new code of laws which would levy heavy fines for ugliness, dilapidation, and an undue mixture of crude tints. Also, the uglier the premises the higher would be the municipal rates. An ordinary rate of 1s. in the £1 on an ill-shapen and hunch-backed structure, with 6d. extra for dirt, 6d. for lack of paint or for discordant colours, 6d. for broken windows, 6d. if the back of the place did not look as well as the front, and 1s. more, if the premises were built of wood. And wooden garden-fences would be extra—upright ones 3d. in the £1; the drunken or sagging variety, 6d. Total 5/6 in the £1. Such a man is wanted in New Zealand cities. Not as Minister, but as Mayor; and as Mayor elected after the German fashion for twelve years or a lifetime. There can be no doubt whatever in the mind of anyone who has seen both systems at work: which is the better: the English Mayor or the German Burgomaster. There is a business man with the best of intentions, but inexperienced, compelled to be guided by the advices of a Town Clerk whom he cannot check, often loaded with the natural desire to leave his mark upon the development of the city, by a big scheme, buildings, etc., and thus involving the community into heavy debt. On the other hand is a man, grown up in the administration, who, being paid, can devote the whole of his day to city affairs, keep a watchful eye on all the employees of the city, the big and small ones. Very possibly the "Mayor" is sufficient to govern and rule a

village or hamlet. But a leader of a big city must be carved out of rare wood. He must have the sagacity of an administrator, the ingenuity of a legislator, the resoluteness of a man of action ; must own the taste of an artist (not of the Royal Academy), the culture of the best European ; must be a financier of the first water, a leader of men. He would mould life in New Zealand, beautify the cities, banish the chess-board design, the telegraph—and verandah-poles from the streets and replace them by shady trees, remove the hoardings and advertisements on house walls, work out with the city architect façades of streets and squares, harmonious and beautiful, convince the builder that all times had their own style of buildings and that it behoves us not to imitate the manners of our forefathers of bygone centuries, but to develop our own ; he would discover and gather the men of culture and education around him, institute lectures and concerts, sweep out the present galleries and refill them, teach at this opportune moment, when monuments will be erected for the " Gentleman on the Throne," that a sculptor's efforts are not like Madame Tussaud's waxworks . . . He would fill the heart with visions of a future beautiful, and teach them to yearn for them. Great things the pioneers have done : and much remains to be achieved.

But we will leave the cities, and wander from the maze of stones, from houses and museums, into the living realm of Nature.



WONDERLAND

"TE Ika a Mauri" the Maori called the North Island, "the fish of Maui." The simile is exceedingly striking and gives an astonishing proof of the geographical knowledge of this people. If the land around Wellington is the fish's head, the tail ends in the North Cape, and New Plymouth and East Cape represent the dorsal and ventral fins. Then one feels inclined to call the volcanic plateau of Tongariro, Ngaruhoe, and Ruapehu its heart, not, however, a heart filled with a fish's cold blood, but with fire infernal.

From there a wide strip of active volcanic country stretches towards the north-west, where it finally ends in the sulphurous White Island in the Bay of Plenty. In the middle of this strip lies "Wonderland." It comprises over a dozen lakes. The largest is Rotorua, with the rocky island Mokoia, made famous by Tutanekai and Hinemoa. Rotoiti joins it, and further to the west are Rotoehu and Rotoma, while Okataina, Tarawera and Roto-mahana lie to the south.

An express train travels up from Auckland, but please take this "express" *cum grano salis*—and a big grain at that. This "Flying Dutchman"

takes from ten o'clock in the morning till six in the evening—eight hours!—to cover some 150 miles. And as Rotorua, the terminus of the railroad, lies scarcely more than 850 feet higher than Auckland, there is not even the excuse of a stiff gradient. But time is of little consequence in New Zealand.

The landscape is not very attractive. Extinct volcanoes, covered with bracken are seen on either side of the train during the day. On wide swampy fields one sees flax laid out to dry: and flocks of sheep, cattle and horses graze on the succulent pastures. Towards noon the train reaches the Waikato river, and follows its course for a good while, crossing it twice on bridges. Here the first Maori huts are to be seen, and at the stations the natives gather, greeting each other in their peculiar manner. Bowing deeply they put their noses together and stay for a time motionless, without rubbing the organs of smell, just as the Laplander does. "Hongi" this greeting is called. Even the "Maori-King" adopts this mode of greeting a dusky maiden. Maori children come and beg—a penny is their charge for putting out their tongues once. During the last hours the route becomes prettier. Behind Okoroire one travels through gorgeous bush with high tree-ferns. At last shortly after 6 p.m. we reached Rotorua. Then we took an omnibus which after a quarter of an hour's drive through softly drizzling rain brought us to our goal—Whakarewarewa.

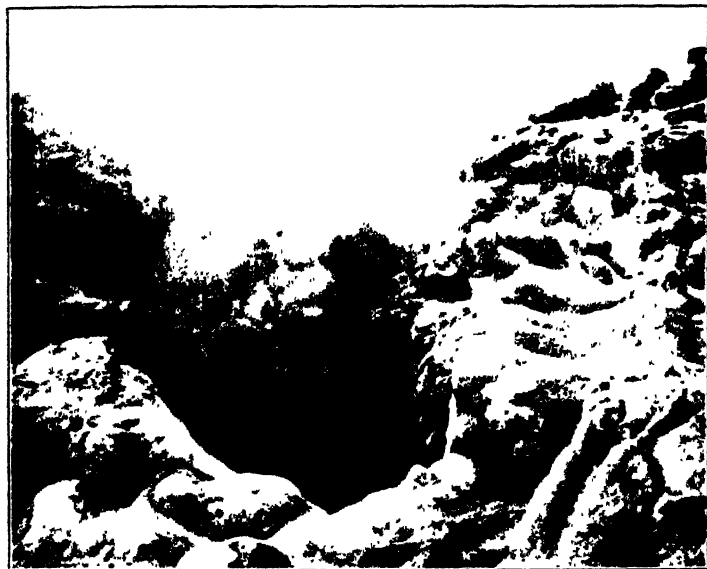
Rotorua lies in a mighty valley-basin, encircled by heights and mountains. To the east and west stand Ngongotaha and Whakapoungakau about 2,400 feet high, and the Pohaturoa forms the

southern closing wall. The heights are bare, covered only with low bracken: the Ngongotaha alone shows dark patches of forest. The lake has the considerable length of about seven miles, with a width of almost four miles. Its shores are flat and devoid of beauty. On its southern point the Government has erected for the therapeutic use of the warm springs, a Sanatorium and bathing-houses in a pretty park. Around these the township of Rotorua has been built. Here the Alum and Sulphur Springs are employed for the alleviation of human sufferings: but only in baths, for the strong solution of the chemicals does not permit drinking. I should have liked to see the Sanatorium, and to learn more of the scientific and medicinal value of the springs, but I had to give up the idea on account of the discourteous attitude of the two Government physicians. But it is obvious that the waters, especially the sulphurous springs, must be of an eminent therapeutic value in certain skin diseases. In the treatment of rheumatic ailments, and muscular and joint complaints, the heat of the water, which often reaches boiling point, must represent an important healing factor. This will be valuable, too, in certain spastic nerve diseases. But if the Government Balneologist thinks the waters can cure club feet, too (*vide* the official report), I fear he will not be taken seriously. But enough of talking shop! Polemics make an ugly song! I am only sorry that I cannot give more definite information.

The southern lake shore, on which Rotorua lies, is flat. It is almost two miles long, covered with grass and bushes, and intersected by a few rows of

cypresses. In its farthest corner, at the foot of the bare, dingy-green, squat rocks, lies the hot heart of this country, the Geyser Valley. Here winds the small Puarenga stream, and a bridge stretches over it to the Maori village. A thick white fog of steam wells up, clinging closely to the ground, creeping along the slopes, and torn and reft by the wind as it rises higher. A fetid whiff of sulphuretted hydrogen blows into the face. The ground undulates a little, and is riven into big holes, and wide yawning gaps, or again perforated like a sieve. There are pools and holes of hot water, which in some cases boil and bubble from the depths of the ground, and bursts of sulphurous vapour from the earth fissures make one catch one's breath.

All around are white and yellow rocks and stones or dark manuka bushes, stunted and withered by the poisonous air. To the left is a thick, heavy steam cloud, creeping over a hissing, bubbling turmoil. If the wind tears the veil, the Roto Atamaheke, a pond almost 400 feet long, is seen in a boiling whirl, and in front of it spouts incessantly a small geyser. The road ascends a little through the Maori pa and winds around a jutting hill. Up there is the burial ground of the Maori—a place of peace amid the tumult of nature. Rounding the corner, one stands in a wide valley, almost half a mile in length and five hundred yards across. Along the deepest parts the Puarenga winds its way, its cold stream keeping close against the steeper north-west walls, as if afraid of the hot company above. The right bank descends in a broad slope. Dark manuka bushes in wide patches, discoloured by the sulphur fumes, fill the valley. Great, large, yellow rocky



CRATER OF WAIROA GEYSER, WHAKAREWAREWA.



SINTER-FORMATION IN THE GEYSERVALLEY OF WHAKAREWAREWA.

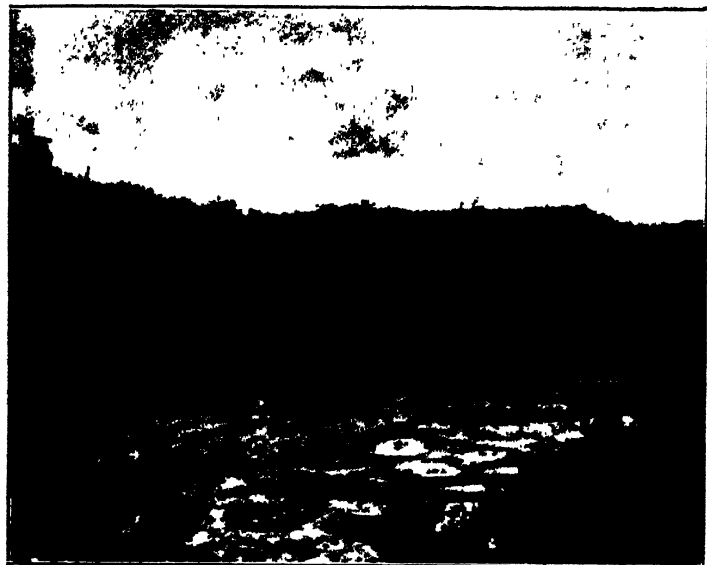
ridges stand out, which in three widely curving terraces, descend from the Pohaturua to the little stream, their colour varying from whitish yellow to ghostly green. Here are enormous heaped-up ruins, there bulging curves and folds of lava. Steam pours out of a thousand rents and holes . . . one could imagine oneself looking at the vast wreck wrought by some terrific fire . . . On the uppermost terrace yawns the infernal mouth of Waikiti geyser. In unfathomable depths it gurgles and puffs, thick sulphur vapour belching forth. Yellow sulphur crystals lie on the stone where the crust has crumbled away. On the middle ridge is an old crater, encircled by high, grey walls, its bottom filled with earth. It carries, as a souvenir of the good, old days of cannibalism, the significant name of the "Brain-pot." Next to it is the mighty mouth of the Wairoa geyser—a very lazy gentleman, who only works when specially invited and bribed with a meal of soap. The lowest plateau is the most active. Here spurts the little Waikorohihi, and the Kereru, their jutting waters waving like a helmet crest in the wind. Here the mighty column of Pohutu rushes skywards. At its side, water of a wonderful blue colour boils in a deep basin, the seething masses rising and collapsing in incessant labour. Below, at the foot of the hindmost terrace, an explosion cracks from time to time, and a little column of mud shoots up. This is "the Torpedo." Further away, right on the bank of the cold river, foams the ever-restless, hot Papakura.

Out of the manuka bushes one hears a peculiar clucking and puffing, as if a drove of pigs were near. If one follows up the sound, one finds brown, red,

or snow-white mud pools and ponds. The earth has been dissolved to a clay-like porridge. Little mud columns shoot up, and fall back with a jerk: as if a snake had darted out its head and drawn it quickly back again. Near by natural water basins seeth and boil. Thick steam rolls up, and a hot breath hisses out of holes and chasms. Here is an old crater, broken down at the edge. There bright yellow stones dazzle the eye. Yonder the ground is a deep-red with a stripe of emerald green running through it, violet, terra-cotta, ochre and white blend in a brilliant maze of colours.

It is a hot piece of ground, and the visitor feels the warmth through the soles of his boots. There is an incessant rumbling and puffing: an endless agitation and tumult: an uncanny subterranean activity. An oppressive feeling weighs on the chest: a sensation of feeble, helpless insignificance fills the visitor. And he who has walked there on a dark night will never forget the evilness of the place as long as he lives. Only when the geysers break forth, the breath comes more freely. That enthralling, majestic sight relieves the tension. Two hundred—two hundred and fifty—three hundred feet high spurts the mighty, foaming column upwards, roaring and hissing. Broken almost into vapour the waters fall earthwards and spatter in drops upon the rocks, and when the sun shines through them, it seems as if a lovely silver rain were falling.

Of what kind are these secret forces here that slumber below, and give to our old earth the strength of youth? Is the kernel of the earth in reality a glowing mass which has an outlet here?



MUD-VOLCANO, WHAKAREWAREWA.



MODERN MAORIS.

Or, is it, as the more modern scientists hold, a good solid block, and is this heat only the result of enormous dislocations in the crust of the earth? Or is it something else? At any rate it is horrible there below.

A layer of fiery, fluid masses—glowing stones and scorching gas. Subterranean waters reach this and seeth into steam that tries to find an upward outlet. If it does not meet with too great a resistance, and runs through clay soil, it will soften and dissolve the ground. Thus the mud volcanoes originate, through which the gas bubbles gurggle. Or the geyser is formed: between the boulders is a sheer gap, on the sides of which the hot geyser water has deposited the silica sinter, with which it was saturated below, forming great sunken chimneys and yawning hollows. How do these eruptions come about? Why these sudden outbursts, which follow one another at intervals that can sometimes be calculated to the very second? Why is not all the water turned into steam? Here it must be remembered, firstly, that the boiling point of water varies according to the pressure upon it. To boil means to overcome that pressure. In the depth of the crater is the oven, that heats the water: its temperature rises to 212° Fahr. and still it does not convert the liquid into steam, for the remainder of the water-column weighs too heavily on it, and heightens the boiling point. The water becomes overheated and growing lighter, begins to rise till it reaches a part where the pressure allows it to boil. Then the mass of water bursts into steam and shoots upwards, tearing the masses above it and hurling them skywards. Most of the water falls back into

the crater, and the play can begin afresh. In this respect Nature may be artificially supported by lowering the tension of the upper water-layers. Soap is a good medium for the purpose. With such aid the sluggish geysers, that otherwise could not gather force sufficient to overcome the pressure, can be induced to work.

A weird neighbourhood is this, and nobody desires to live here. An uncanny feeling creeps over all visitors, and although they try to deceive themselves by jokes and jests, they shudder all the same.

But not quite all. Daily practice teaches one to bear even the uncanny, and this the Maoris have learned.

On a spot which superstition would people from hell, and associate with death and the devil, the huts of about two hundred Maoris lie scattered—the remnant of the once warlike tribe of Tuhourangi. Nearly every house stands alone, surrounded by a fence, the stakes of which are often lashed together with flax fibre after ancestral custom. There are only a few really genuine Maori huts: some are modified, and others quite “modern,” and in European style. All are of wood. A true Maori house is about twice as long as wide—about 9 x 18 feet. The ground plan is rectangular. The vertical walls are nearly 6 feet high, and over them is a steep roof, sloping on either side, its highest ridge being about 12 feet off the ground. The side walls and roof are extended in front, so as to make a sort of forecourt. Roof and side walls are covered with raupo, a reed, which is nowadays generally replaced by galvanised iron. Flat boards are fastened over



WASHING DAY IN WONDERLAND, THE HOT POOL SERVING AS
THE COPPER.



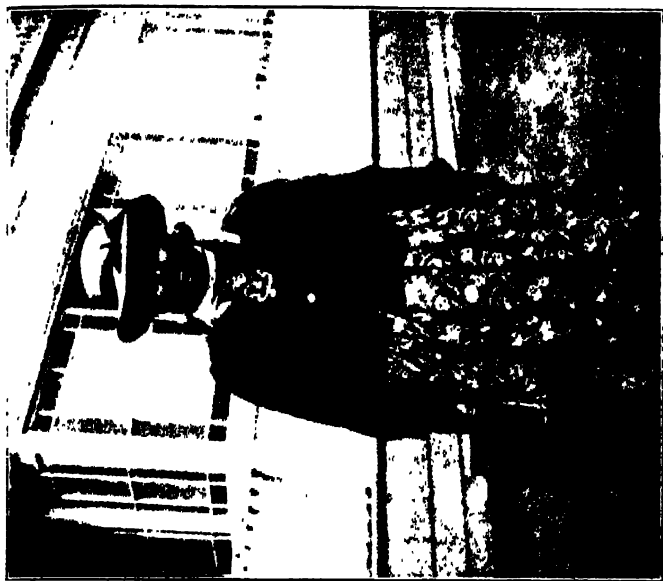
SOPHIA BOILS POTATOES IN NATURE'S KITCHEN.

the ends of the roof and side walls in the front. A carved head often ornaments the gable, and on the rafters in the forecourt, the red, white and black Maori lines are turned in the beautiful pattern already described. An oblong door leads into the house, to the right of which is a small window—the only one the house possesses. The room inside is a single one. The floor is of stamped earth—only a few huts have a wooden floor. Door and forecourt are protected by boards half a yard high against unwelcome intrusions of pigs and poultry. Other Maoris have abandoned the style of their forefathers and built European huts, but still preserve the single room and the forecourt—the retreat for the Maori philosopher. Infinitely more care is expended in the erection and ornamentation of the meeting-houses. The carved house, belonging to the Geyser Hotel in Whakarewarewa is a splendid example of these. It is a gorgeous Runanga, built with elaborate art in all parts, and testifying to the skill of the makers.

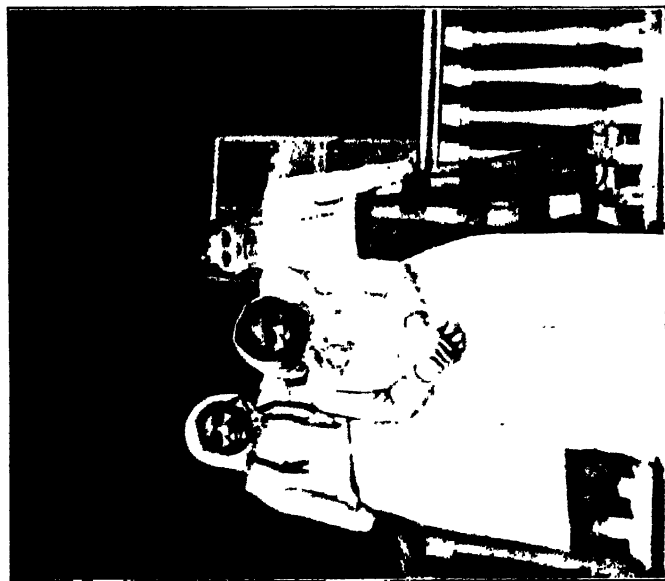
A real Maori wharé has a startling likeness to a bad stable. In one single room (which is certainly not filled with all the perfumes of Arabia) dwell man, wife, and child. Air and light come, not too abundantly, through the small door and the little window. On warm days all squat outside, in the open or in the forecourt. When the weather is cold, logs smoulder in this combined living and sleeping room, making it stifling. It is lucky that these simple folk need no kitchen, for Nature has built for them the best of all cooking appliances and saved them endless trouble with the stove, gas-company or coal merchant. A pond of boiling

water lies in the middle of the pa. In this the Maori woman puts her water-kettle to boil, or hangs the wide-meshed flax bag filled with potatoes, and waits until they are cooked. True, these potatoes cooked in their skins, taste a little of sulphur, but that is the right flavour for a Maori palate—the *haut-gout* for the brown gourmet. For the cooking of meat the fumaroles, or holes through which steam escapes from the ground, are used. A box with a wooden grating for a bottom is placed over the hole. In this the brave “wahine” places the meat, well covered with tin or iron pots. An old sugar bag is then spread over the box: the steam heats the pots, and the meat is broiled and served hot.

But to turn to the people themselves. Let us first make our bow to the ladies. This is a matter in which tastes greatly differ. A European friend of mine burst forth in great enthusiasm, “By Jove, they are fine girls!” Well, it is a wise man that knows his own taste. But I—well, I will be impartial—the reader may decide for himself, only he must not be influenced by the photographs of Maori beauties which one sees here and sometimes at home, too. Those women, represented there in all poses—“with the poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,” as a loving maiden, in abstracted melancholy, or as a Joan of Arc with “*meré*” and spear—all are mixed bloods of European and Maori descent. The description of the genuine brown beauty would be as follows:—figure: short, thick-set, more fat than slender; hair: black and straight, and when curly, not the dry frizzy mop of the negro, but of silken softness; nose: broad and flat; lips:



MAORI MAERON WITH PIPE AND HAT TIKI.



THREE MAORI GRACES.

thick and protruding ; eyes : big, the whites having a tinge of the negro-yellow ; complexion : chocolate-colour ; distinguishing marks : the " Moko " i.e. the tattoo, with the older ladies at any rate either the lips are dyed blue, or some scrolls run over the chin. The youth of to-day no longer submits to the painful procedure of Moko. The Maori wahine wraps her body in European clothes of glaring colours, which on the one hand evince a proper appreciation of ventilation, and on the other cry with a thousand tongues for the French cleaner and dyer. The coloured blouse is never put underneath the skirt, but hangs, like a jacket, round the waist. The always naked feet are broad and muscular, and give the impression of being flat, which, however, is a wrong one. A rag round the shoulders, or an old coat, completes the toilet. On the head is enthroned a man's felt hat, old and soft, which has seen better days. Red-rimmed shark-teeth, hanging on black ribbons, or fragments of greenstone serve as ornaments. The famous Hei-tiki hangs on a long string round the neck, looking like a freak of nature that has committed suicide. Its possession is highly valued, as various superstitions are connected with it. It was not possible to buy a tiki—not for love or money. Of course there are plenty for sale in the curiosity shops, but most of them are made in Germany.

Now, are these women really pretty? So much is certain, they are better looking than the female negro. And yet, no one who has seen a Suahili walking through Zanzibar or Dar-es-Salaam in her blue and white garment, will forget her graceful carriage, and the free and easy action of hips and

waist, with the head thrown proudly back—a carriage that is the result of continually transporting water-pots and bundles on the head. But the Maori wahine is slovenly and untidy. Add to the picture the tobacco-pipe or the cigarette, which is often passed from one to the other. For a handkerchief, she uses her coat-sleeve, and sometimes not even that. Pretty? Well, hardly. They are certainly not handsome and are not very tempting either. But, “*de gustibus*,” etc. Most of the New Zealanders do not seem to think so and spoil these brown daughters by compliments and presents, which really is a shame. The limit of the foolish admiration was bestowed on Maggie, one of the unnecessary guides through the Geyser Valley. She is a half-caste daughter of a European and Maori wahine, and a pretty girl. She is exceedingly polite, always says the things that please, and gratifies everybody by pretending to recognise them after long years, even if they have never been there before. In short she is a shrewd little lady with an eye to business. Maggie accepted an invitation to Australia and was received like a princess, had her boxes at the theatres, audiences with Governor, ministers, and mayors, her reserved carriage, and a free pass on the railway. Quite romantic, is it not? But the affair has a serious aspect, too. Is it really to be wondered at if the whole crew becomes conceited and arrogant? How is this race to be educated to national co-operation, if it is spoiled that way?

The men are thick-set, sturdy fellows who put on with the years a very solid covering of fat. Their dress is wholly European. During the day



" HAKA FOR A PENNY. "



MAORI HUT.

they work in the Park or the Sanatorium, in the neighbouring tree-nursery, or in the numerous saw-mills. The characteristic features of the external appearance are found in them also—ebony-black, straight hair, broad nose, and thick lips.

And now for the children. They are a very happy lot. Nose and mouth do not yet show the developed negro type, the big brown eyes have not yet the yellow tinge of the sclera, and really pretty little tots are to be met with. They are always merry. They laugh and sing the livelong day, and seldom quarrel. For hours they crouch in the warm pools: jump off the bridge into the cold brook, diving for pennies, which unfortunately, are thrown down by the tourists: or play with home-made bats hockey and cricket. Or they dance, perhaps their national-dance, the Haka, in which they imitate in the most amusing way with arms and tongues the movements of their elders. At ten o'clock in the morning, they trot to the school, dressed in the most remarkable costumes. One has on a suit, far too big for him, a second is in rags with a thick woollen shawl twisted around his neck, a third wears a sweater with big holes in it, and another is clad only in a shirt, while the girls mostly wear long aprons of an indefinable colour. But they are always merry and happy. They are very intelligent, speak English fluently, and solve the problems of high arithmetic quicker than I do, (which, however, is not saying much. "Reckoning very bad, mental arithmetic still worse," is to be read in my school reports.) They know even that Europe lies on the other side of the earth.

On the whole the Maori, by his nature and manners, gives one the impression of a grown-up and intelligent man. Compared with our black brethren in East Africa, the difference is very apparent. Over there a large crowd of loafers pester the visitor, begging for pesas, and if a coin is thrown among them, old and young fight merrily over it. Old grey-beards dance and clap their hands, exactly like the youngest, to catch something from the Bana Kuba of Uleia (Great Lord of Europe). Everything gives the impression of child-like character. Such behaviour is never seen among the Maoris: only the children beg a little.

Friendly and politely the Maori gives to everybody who meets him, his greeting: "Tena koe" (That is to you!)—"Tena koe" is the reply. The Hongi, he exchanges only with his own people, never with the Pakeha. He likes nothing better than to stop and start a conversation and to speak about his latest experiences and observations, for he is a keen observer, and has an excellent memory. Above all, he loves an argument. During our stay, doubts had arisen as to whom an exhumated Hei-Tiki should belong. The parties had put in their claims as relatives of the former owner, and every day meetings were held, in which the question was thoroughly discussed. The orator walked solemnly to and fro before the squatting assembly, and spoke without a break for hours, accompanying his arguments with free gestures. Finally, there came to pass what, perhaps, is less infrequent here than among us white folk, and the adversary was satisfied with the verdict of the assembly.

I spoke with a Maori about the old customs of Utu and Tapu. He explained very lucidly the origin and value of these laws, and pointed out some survivals of them. We passed on to converse about the ancient Maori way of building forts, as the Government is at present erecting a model fortress close by to preserve permanently the historic picture of a fortified pa. Our good old hotel-keeper, Nelson, who has since been called away to join the great majority, used to say, that, if that square construction was a Maori pa, he was one himself, and my Maori friend likewise refused to accept the Government design. He knelt down in the sand and marked out the ground plan of such a pa with all its details, and explained every part with its particular name, which was, certainly, a very creditable achievement, when one remembers that it is almost forty years since any pas were built. Another example of the intelligence of the Maoris was related by our friend, Nelson, which he had observed himself in earlier days (the responsibility of the story rests with him, but I must say that Nelson did not belong to the class who tell "travellers' tales," and was a man of wide knowledge, who had seen many a man's land). The right angle, at which the house walls meet, was usually thus constructed by the Maoris. On the ground line of the fore-wall the builder marked off a line with a certain measure from one corner, the line being three times the length of the measure. He then took two flax ropes or poles four and five times the length of the measure, and laid their respective ends to the corner and the point the first line was drawn to. By bring-

ing the other ends of the ropes together, he arrived at the desired angle $3^2 + 4^2 = 7^2$ and $9 + 16 = 25$.

The Maori knew nothing of Pythagoras, and the situation of the places where Nelson observed this excludes any assumption of European influence.

Of ancient customs only few remainders are to be met. A last relic of the old communism lingers yet, however. Apart from fish, meat, and mussels, which the gourmet buys, potatoes are the staple food since they have abandoned the laborious cultivation of the kumara (sweet potato). Some miles away from the village the tribe possesses on one of the numerous volcanic heights a plot of fertile soil, where the nourishing tubers are planted. Each family has to send, in springtime, a number of its members to till the ground. They work for one or two weeks and are then relieved by another house. The same method is adopted in harvesting. The fruit is stored in earth-cellars, or ditches, which are lined with fern leaves. The proceeds of the field belong to all, each family taking as much as it needs. Mutual jealousy ensures that each family sends workers, that these really work, and that nobody takes too much. He who will not work, shall not eat; he who does not plant, shall not harvest.

The custom of Muru, the peaceful pillage, has completely disappeared. The old funeral rites have been better preserved.

The deceased is lamented by the whole tribe in a Tangi lasting for days with hymns and wailing songs, accompanied by huge feasts of poultry and pig. Then the interment takes place, though the

bodies are no longer buried sitting nor tied in trees, but are placed in Christian fashion in a coffin. After their return from the funeral, the people sprinkle water over themselves to be purified from the contact with the dead. This symbolic cleansing is the last remainder of "Tapu." The corpses of the chiefs are exhumed after a number of years, and their bones are scraped, and deposited in the house of bones, but they are not nowadays painted red, as they used to be. This is about the only survival of the ancient customs that exist at the present time.

Gay and friendly as the Maori's nature is, he loves singing and dancing. The few remaining Maori tunes are adagio-like in character and mostly in a minor key. The happy youth of to-day sings only music-hall songs such as the idiotic Ta-rara-boom-de-ay, which has to be endured in all parts of the globe, from Arabs, Negroes, Indians. The Maori has a good musical ear, and is, in consequence, a good dancer, too. In the evening, in the Runanga, waltzes and the lancers are indulged in to the music (*sit venia verbo!*) of the concertina, and all rules of the art are merrily obeyed.

Their national dances, the Haka and Poi, are executed only on festival occasions, and when enough tourists are there to pay 2/6 per head to the performers.

The Haka is danced by men or women. The men uncover their arms and torso, and tie round their loins the reed-apron, reaching down to the knees. The women fasten this garment over their clothes. For the Haka the men stand in a row

With one foot they stamp the ground—slowly at first, and then quicker and quicker without a pause. The leader sings, or rather cries a few words, and the chorus answers with a yell. Now the arms begin to move: they slap legs and hips and are crossed and flung about in all directions. Finally to the accompaniment of the incessant yelling and howling the whole body moves, legs are lifted, arms are shaken and bodies twisted, and the face works as if in convulsions. One can see from more than one movement that the dance owes its origin to love's play and enticement. The excitement grows keener, breath comes in gasps, everything is in strenuous motion, arms, legs and heads whirl about, louder and louder cries the leader, and with stronger shouts answer the others. Frenzy reaches fever heat and rises to its climax, when the men, having lost all consciousness of surroundings, time, and self, stand there, with eyes turned upward, showing the shining whites, the tongue protruded, and hands and arms extended in convulsion, roaring like lions. Certainly, this is not specially graceful but a powerful rhythm pervades the dance—a rhythm of gestures and words which are expressions of ecstasy forced to its highest pitch.

Much more graceful is the Poi dance, which only women execute. Poi is the name of a small bundle of fibre about the size of a duck's egg, which hangs on a cord (Is it a symbol of the testis on the funiculus spermaticus?). Each girl holds a little bag in her right hand. To a pretty tune in three-quarter time it is hit against the left hand and is swung in circles through the air, the body sways slowly at the hips, and the legs are lifted



SOPHIA, THE GUIDE AND HEROINE OF THE TARAWERA ERUPTION.

in time to the music. In another figure they dance with two pois, which they hold in both hands and hit against head, chest, shoulder and thigh or whirl through the air. Of modern origin is the Canoe-poi-dance. In a long row the girls sit on the ground closely behind one another like oarsmen in a boat, whose movements they imitate, their upper body swinging to and fro, and the pois serving as oars. The pretty rhythm, the pleasant melody, and the symmetry and exactness of their movements make this dance a graceful spectacle.

To stroll through the pa is always interesting. At the entrance, near the bridge, stand the female guides, who often run to meet the omnibus from Rotorua for customers. There is Pipi, Maggie, Bella, Miriam and Sophia—the good old soul who on the night of the terror during the Tarawera eruption saved sixty-two persons in her small hut in Wairoa. Some children jump off the bridge into the brook: others huddle in the warm pools. Here a worthy Maori gentleman sits in the warm bath Nature has provided, and shaves himself, or a young Maori maiden comes to the pond, sheds her clothes with lightning rapidity and submerges her plump figure. On the ground squat groups of women peeling potatoes. Old mothers sit, huddled together, in the forecourt of their houses, smoke their pipe in peace and tranquillity, and look on complacently. The lady of the household presides over the cooking-place, and in the hot pool next to it, washing is done. Nature, who is so terrible in the near Geyser Valley, has here put on her housewife's gown. With their babies

ted by a rag on their backs, young mothers stroll through the steam, the inevitable cigarette in mouth. Children chase about among everybody, dogs slink or lie around, fowls cackle, and pigs grunt. In front of some shops, men sit on the ground and converse. And over all blows the sulphurous steam. Drunkards are seldom seen. In other villages, however, more alcohol is indulged in, though since the earliest days eminent chiefs have recognised its detrimental results and worked against its abuse. It is not very flattering to reflect that in the forties a chief claimed £1 from every white man living in his dominion for every drunkard of his tribe. He knew well how to strike at the root of the evil. At Rotorua, however, tobacco rules supreme.

Much has been said about the coming extinction of the Maori race. Their number has actually been reduced from about 150,000 in Cook's time to 40,000. The blame for that can be attributed to the fratricidal war at the beginning of the last century, and the murderous fights with the English about the year 1860: and also to tuberculosis, which as elsewhere, when sudden changes have altered the conditions of life, has claimed hecatombs of victims. The civilisation which it had taken the Whites a thousand years to acquire came to the Maoris almost in a day. What wonder, then, that they could not follow the fleet foot of time, and became lazy, dirty and negligent! Strangers were lords of the land, and controlled their destinies, and therefore their doings were aimless and lacked motive. If the signs of the time are not delusive this period of decay is near-

ing its end. The Maori now takes part in English occupations, the children attend good Government-schools, and they are beginning to dress and feed better. If that continues, if the white man—whether tourist or colonial—will cease to regard the Maoris as picturesque ornaments, and their revival of ancient customs as entertaining shows, and will stop spoiling and ruining them, and lastly, if the native lands are all titled and individualised; then the Maori may become a very useful member of the Dominion of New Zealand. If this came about, the men would develop into independent farmers, and their daughters might solve the domestic servant problem, which becomes more urgent every day.

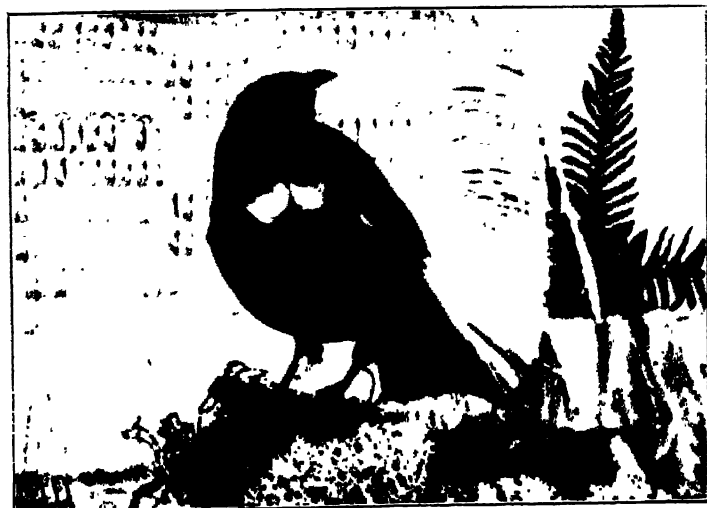
Excursions from Rotorua and Whakarewarewa are made by coach, motor-car, and boat. As all over the world, Cook's Office has the arrangements in hand, in connection with the "Government Tourist Department," which fixes the prices and owns the boats on most of the lakes. Every night Cook's agent comes into the hotel, asks after the wishes and requirements of the tourists, makes suggestions, and arranges trips.

Rotoiti and Tikitere were to be the destination of our first excursion. On the shores of Rotorua we embarked in a small steam launch, and left the long, narrow pier at ten o'clock. The sun peeped through the clouds, and the fresh green of the willows on Rotorua's shore showed bright against the brown background of Ngongotaha, while far behind Whakarewarewa's geysers smoked their morning-pipe. The friendly picture vanished as our little steamer wound its way towards Mokoia,

Hinemoa's realm. Like the mighty bushy summit of a mountain it rises out of the water. The few Maori huts in sight are almost hidden by the snowy blossoms of cherry trees. On went the launch: Mokoia was left behind, and the glittering sheet of water spread out far on either side to flat brown, monotonous banks. After an hour the north end of the lake was reached. The Lake Rotorua is joined to the Rotoiti by a small river, the Ohau, which winds in many sharp and dangerous curves through thickets and bush. The Lake Rotoiti, which was entered safely, brought no change of landscape, and here, too, the picture was very monotonous. Far, far, to right and left was water, water, glittering in the sun, and almost on the horizon one could see the flat lines of the brown shores. Another hour of the journey, and still the same view: in our ears the same rattling and puffing of the engine, and above us the sun growing warmer and warmer. It became tedious and tiresome. The genuine New Zealander, of course, is delighted with the trip, but there is nothing in his country that he does not admire. For instance when I, in reply to the stereotyped question, "How do you like that?" dared to express my modest opinion and said, that the only variety I could see was provided by the ever-changing particles of coal-dust flying into my eye, I narrowly escaped being lynched so to speak. Any expression of displeasure is taken as a personal offence. I extinguished myself and, perhaps, slumbered a little in peace. At last we stopped in a northerly little bay, where the Okere flows out of the lake, to debouch far, far below in the Bay of Plenty. The



FERNS.



TUI, PARSON BIRD.

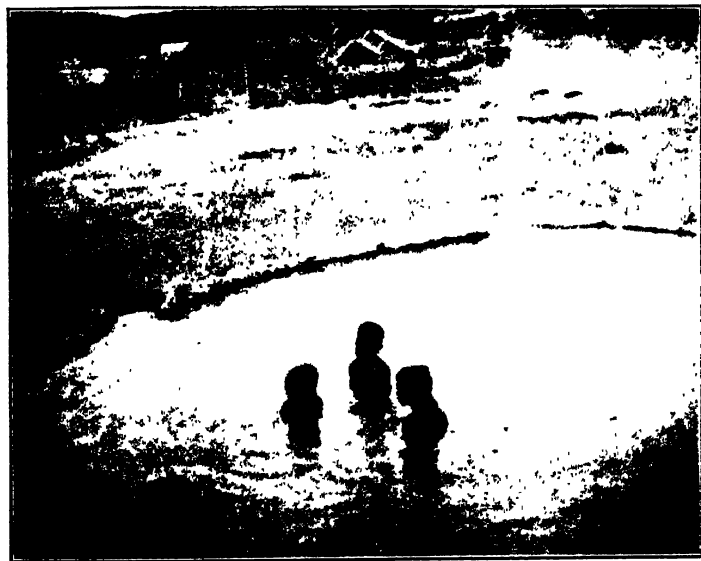
landscape changed suddenly. The Okere jumps joyfully over rocks and boulders: a deliciously cool breath is wafted up from the roaring cascades. Glorious ferns and bush grow on its steep banks quite covering it in some parts. A small path follows its curves for a little way. And here in an excavation in the rocky wall lies, neat and clean, a power station, where a part of the water force is transformed into electricity. The romping hoyden Okere has been taught how to work, without, however, losing even the least of her charms. Our launch then took a long course along the north bank of the lake. Dense bush and rich fern clings there, and the journey below the branches was delightful in the heat of noon. At the east end of the lake we left our boat. Near the shore lies a small Maori pa, and here the coach was already waiting for us. Whilst the horses still rested, we strolled through the gorgeous bush, this bush of New Zealand which has always fresh delights for the eye. A bouquet of ferns stands close to the ground, broad and high. Green-laced sunshades are above them. One sees mighty dead trunks covered over with a rich green of moss and creepers. Next to them are the slender columns of the pines. Lianas hang from branch to branch and tree to tree, their rope-like tendrils swaying in the air, and from every bough waves yellow-green Kohuko-moss in long streamers, like golden cotton-wool from Christmas trees. Everything is of the most luxurious growth and of the freshest colours. The Tui calls in a clucking, sobbing voice, and the blackbird with a tender whistle. It is delightful, this virgin bush—a veritable play-

ground and dwelling place for pixies and lovely elves. . . .

The Maori pa was destined to afford me a practical proof of the smartness of the Maori. I was just taking the pictures of the pa with my camera when a big Maori rushed towards me with long strides. He introduced himself politely as a councillor and asked for my license for photographing, saying that such permits were issued by the Maoris for a fee. I confessed that I had none. The man boldly demanded "five bob" and I had to relieve my pocket of that amount. After having made full use of this dearly bought license, I searched for and found the chief, who was gorgeously tattooed, although the lines on the lower part of the face were hidden under a bristly beard. The blue lines were drawn with a beautiful regularity, and the rhythmic spirals made him quite majestic, though the royal suit called loudly for repairs. I photographed and sketched him *legé artis* (the blue lines disappear on the photo almost entirely). As I finished he pointed out to me that he had still "Kapai moko" (beautiful tattoo) on a portion of his anatomy that Europe's varnished politeness will not permit the mention of. His worthy majesty would not, however, be graciously pleased to stand as model for that part. Indeed his brown highness presented a very substantial account for services already rendered. All my protestations that I had already paid for a license were of no avail before the royal will. What was to be done? I did not care to be eaten: so I had to bleed my pocket—better it than I. Afterwards I was told that father and son had once again



BOILING POOL IN THE GEYSERVALLEY OF WHAKAREWAREWA.



MAORI CHILDREN IN A WARM POOL.

successfully brought off their old confidence trick.

About three o'clock we started again: and now commenced a beautiful drive along the south shore of the lake, through glorious bush, and trees, whose branches drooped almost into our carriage. Several Maori pas were passed, where the brown gentlemen were occupied in planting just as little as was necessary for their livelihood.

After an hour's drive, the road turns away from the lake, and ascends inland to the hills. To the left, valley after valley opened up, thickly filled with the densest bush, ferns, and trees high as steeples, and far below in the leafy bower rushed unseen streams. The eye could never weary of sweeping over the endless green groves, and rejoicing in the gorgeous spring. When the summit was reached, the bush ceased suddenly, and characteristic volcano land took its place—an endless range of hills, dark-green, and brown, clad in low bracken. For a while the road went up hill and down, until it finally descended. Out of the valley basin white vapour came in thick steam clouds. The yellow sinter plateau of Tikitere spread out like a whitish-yellow shield. So at five, after the delightful loveliness of the bush, and the monotony of the brown hills, we came down again to an infernal landscape of boiling lakes, spluttering mud-volcanoes, and hot waterfalls. The wit of the proprietor gave them inviting names: Hell's gate, Satan's Glory, Satan's porridge pot, Devil's punch-bowl, Inferno. "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate!*" "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"

WAIMANGU *

Waimangu, the Black water geyser—the greatest geyser on earth—was to be our next goal.

During the night soft rain had fallen, but had stopped towards morning: yet cloud and mist hung deep over lake and hills. The prospects of fine weather were none too good. “You go. You’re not made of sugar, by Jove! After the rain the geyser works better,” commanded our friendly host. And so we went, hoping the rain, perhaps, would lighten the upper mud layer and bring about an eruption: for the Waimangu, being an explosive geyser, chooses its own time to play.

About eight o’clock we started off in a five-in-hand and drove into the damp, chilly morning, going for an hour over brown, monotonous, volcanic hills. To the right of the road a gap opens up, about six yards across and just as deep, following the way for some few hundred yards. The terrible outbreak of Tarawera tore it in the night of the 9th of June, 1886. Our whole journey during that day was to show us the remarkable traces which the eruption had left behind. It was like travelling over a battlefield, on which some demon monster had raged in fury. Nobody had known Tarawera to be a volcano. It had been still and quiet, just as Vesuvius had been, before the outbreak that was to bury Pompeii. In the first days of June rumbling earthquakes commenced, and the waters

* The Waimangu has been inactive since 1904. The visit referred to above was made in October 1903.

of Rotomahana at the foot of Tarawera ran up and back like a tide. Water must have entered the mountain through a fissure, and a terrific explosion blew the whole lake up into the air. The crater opened out on Tarawera and on its sides, and for miles and miles flew glowing ashes, fiery lava and seething mud, killing and suffocating everything living. At a distance of ten miles it converted to ruins the village of Wairoa, and over twelve miles away buried the Tikitapu bush.

But the latter was not to be suppressed. The lusty green has fought its way to the light again. And now, as the sun breaks through the fern-fans, and the raindrops light up like diamonds, it is as if the whole forest were rejoicing in its freshness and youth.

Between the trees, deep below, one catches a glimpse of blue waters towards which the road now descends. It is the Tikitapu Lake. Bare mountains frame the milky sheet of water, and a narrow range, scarcely 40 yards wide, separates it from its bigger companion, the Rotokakhi, which though so near to Tikitapu, lies over 100 feet lower. In beautiful contrast its colour is a bright green, and far between the barren mountains its waters stretch.

A little longer and the journey ends at Wairoa. It is the buried village. To the left is the wreck of a mill, on the right a collapsed two-storied house, the ground floor still standing, and the upper part shattered into splinters. In another place lies a huge mass of ruins—ovens, water reservoirs, stones, piled-up beams, and iron beds bent down under the load of wreckage. The school

lies buried, and opposite its site are the remains of the fowl-house, where the children of the teacher took refuge and escaped certain death. There stands Sophia's Maori hut, where the good old soul sheltered and saved sixty-two men. Buried in dust, it is only a ruin to-day. It is almost impossible to believe that so many men stood there in that night of terror, when men had to climb on the roof to shovel away the hot mud, whilst women and children stammered prayers, mad with fear, below. One hundred and thirty-five dead were counted; but who knows how many more were suffocated under the mud and ashes?

To-day grass has grown on places which the mud covered to a depth of some feet. Willows stand in their fresh green, and white snowlike blossoms weigh down the cherry trees. It is as if Nature were anxiously trying to atone to the trees for its terrible deeds and replace the garments of mourning with a landscape full of bloom.

A steep path leads to the shore of Lake Tarawera, through a wide and desolate gorge. Boatmen who had followed us on horseback, pulled a rowing boat out of its shed, which brought us over the seven miles of green lake. The wide, barren banks showed the destitute, depressing view common to volcanic landscape. Mount Tarawera, veiled its guilty head in dense clouds. Then it began to drizzle, the rain covering land and water with a thick mist, and completing the picture of empty desolation. The most southerly inlet of Lake Tarawera is called Te Arika. We landed in the south-west corner of it, on a wide sandy beach. As far as the eye could see were hills and moun-

tains. A few toi-toi (pampas-grass) bushes waved in the breeze, and were the only signs of life in this grandiose solitude, over which the sun by now was again pouring his hottest rays. Before the eruption, Lake Tarawera had been connected with Rotomahana by a river. To-day they are separated by a stretch of sand-dunes, about a mile wide. Through the old river bed we ascended, and arrived towards noon at the "Rotomahana." Another boat carried us over its opaque surface. Sand-hills, bare, and scoured, formed its banks. Sand and mud cover the ruins of the White and Pink Terraces once so wonderful, at the sight of which the driest pedant became a poet. Nothing remains of them, nor of the island which once stood in the middle of the lake. For five years after the eventful eruption the lake remained dry—a wide, smoking plain. Slowly it filled up, and is to-day almost eight times bigger than before.

Mount Tarawera came forth from its cloudy canopy, the mighty plateau became clear, and widely yawned the crater on its side. But everything was quiet—no smoke, no fumes to remind one of its terrible character.

On the south end of the lake lies a little bay, out of which white steam rolls in clouds. The boat makes its way thither, and turning round a few rocks, enters a veritable witches' kitchen—Hell let loose! Here gushes a hot spring, there glowing steam roars and whistles, while troubled waters boil, spurt and sputter. The boat creeps along the banks, and then stops. Large bubbles rise around us, breaking against the sides and bottom of the boat which shivers and trembles. We lie on water

that boils. The impressive spectacle makes all silent.

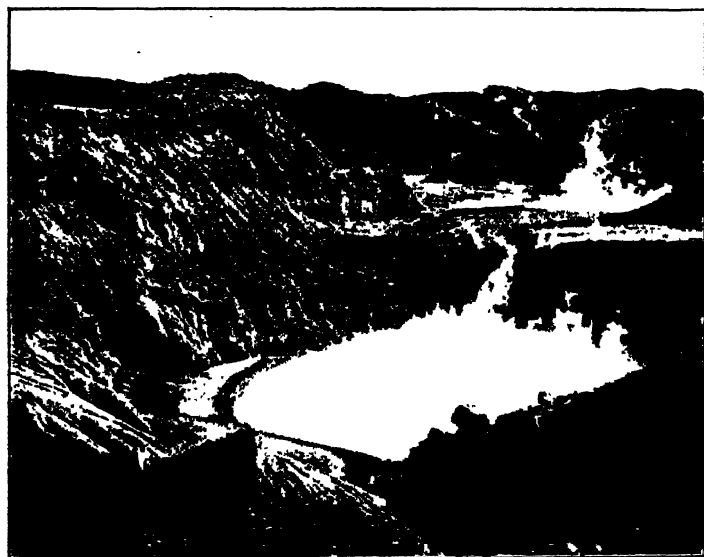
The boat turns out again, and a sigh of relief goes up from all. For a while we follow the south shore. But we do not get away from the infernal forces. The whole bank is alive with them. Closely over the water, which is now cold again, hangs steam issuing out of countless gaps as if from the smithies of the Nibelungen. The white clouds climb up the slopes and veil everything in mist. Behind a hot spring steam hisses forth—the “hydraulic pump.” There a stream of boiling water, thick as a man’s arm, rushes out of the rocks, while it puffs, grunts and simmers again. The whole high and broad stone wall seems one seething mass. It is overwhelming, and words die on one’s lips.

This voyage in Hades at last came to an end, and about one o’clock we left the boat on the south end of the lake. Accompanied by the Government guide who met us we crossed a wide bed of sand, ascended several steep paths, and arrived at the first shelter-house of Waimangu, hot from the dust and sun. The luncheon and cup of tea with which the fairy of the hut provided us, we had richly deserved.

At our feet, about 170 yards below, a wide area smokes and steams. When the wind splits the fog, two mighty craters can be discerned, the Echo-crater and that of Waimangu. The latter is an oval of about 400 feet by 250 feet—a great, inky-black pond in a horseshoe of heights and hills. The crater lies in a tremendous chasm of the earth, torn by the eruption of 1886. The chasm extends



DESOLATE COUNTRY AROUND WAIMANGU GEYSER.



WAIMANGU CRATER.

from Mount Tarawera, through Lake Rotomahana and beyond the geyser Waimangu. The latter end serves as an outflow of the geyser and we had already traversed that part that lay outside the danger zone. The geyser is very young. In 1900 it was discovered by Dr Haines, of Auckland, who reports that six months before he had travelled over the same ground without seeing any trace of it.

The landscape is void and empty—with a desolation which is at the same time horrible and grand. The hills with watercourses washed out by the rain, lie there like the giant skeletons of some primeval animals, with curved spines and flat ribs. Around us everything is silent. No tree, no bush, no sound of animals, no voices of birds. A tremendous desolation everywhere, as if in some great deluge all life had died.

The Waimangu has no regular periods, so that one never knows whether it will play or not. We stood before the shelter-hut and talked over our chances. The geyser had last played at half-past seven in the morning. In any case I set my camera at the right focus with a $1/100$ second exposure.

Then, something unexpected happens.

Behind me I hear a dull roar. I wheel round—there it stands already mighty in the air—high, high above our heads, as tall as the Eiffel Tower! It is like a colossal bundle of giant mourning flags, the points of which stand out at all sides: and far below wave the black veils, dipping themselves into white clouds. Muffled shots crack like distant cannon, and huge boulders fly in a curve out of the mass, trailing after them a comet-tail of black mud. For one moment the tremendous column, now like

a gigantic pine, stands still, then it sinks a little, and again it shoots up. The white steam had by now climbed up till it wraps the black waters in its misty gown. Higher and higher rises the smoke, and rolls away across the sky massed in thick clouds. A vast roaring and the thunder of cannon fill the air.

When the cloud curtain rises again, the crater is quiet, and only the excited play of the waves reminds us of the outbreak.

It was all the work of a few seconds. Everybody stood spellbound.

When I thought of taking a photograph, the phenomenon was over long ago. One scarcely knew what one had seen; before one could conceive the terrific spectacle, it had vanished. The mighty, overwhelming, majestic, and yet beautiful apparition passed like a meteor or a flash of lightning. It is impossible to do justice to the impression in words. You must see it for yourself, and yourself be thrilled by it.

The guide congratulated us on our luck: all who knew the geyser agreed that this was the finest outburst of recent years. It was certainly between 1,300 and 1,500 feet high, and 1,000 in circumference. Twice as high as the steeples of Cologne Cathedral!

As we descended by a steep path, the geyser moved once more in the crater-basin, but it was only a weak convulsion. Fresh scars were cut on the slopes by round, white and still hot sand-stones. The ground was like a desolated field of ruin. We crossed the outlet of the geyser by a bridge, and descended to the basin. On our way we saw the

edge of the crater where some weeks before a horrible accident had happened. Two young ladies and a gentleman had, in spite of warnings, ventured too far forward to photograph the crater. At that moment an eruption occurred. A second spout followed, and splashed the first aside as it fell. A moment later and the glowing mud had swept the three doomed people over the slope. Their horribly mutilated corpses were afterwards found far below near Rotomahana.

We reached the open side of the horseshoe, in the bend of which lie the craters. To our left towered a high, sulphur-yellow rock, which on account of a singular likeness is called "Gibraltar." At its foot several mud volcanoes spluttered, the splashing "porridge pot" among them. There lay the "Devil's frying pan," with its thousands and thousands of tiny geysers, quite close to one another: like glass thimbles, hotly glowing and hissing and roaring as if Lucifer himself were melting butter in his kitchen. A thick steam column jets out of the rock wall. Smoke goes up in caves of alum, and fumes, poisonous and pungent, issue from the sulphur-gaps.

Passing the tents where the watchmen sleep, and where photographers exhibit their pictures, we reached the neat, blue-painted accommodation house. From an eminence adjoining it, one sees into the south crater, which is filled by a small lake. This is the end of the earth chasm mentioned above.

Here our carriage was waiting, and at a sharp trot we travelled over the hills, with their endless, brown bracken, to Waiotapu, which lies a few hours' journey distant.

On the way to it, a black cone, about ten feet high is passed, with a wooden ladder leading up to it. At the top splutters and clucks the boiling mud that has built this black beehive.

Not far away lies the prison camp—a kind of garden gaol. The State has here settled in tents and barracks, convicts imprisoned for relatively trivial offences, and these are occupied in road-building and tree-planting. It is a mixed crew—forgers, lawyers, medical men, pilferers, impostors, and so on, who are paying the penalty of their sins in a way more agreeable to themselves and of more use to the State than the usual gaol routine. The system is said to be a success. Escapes are rare, and would be of little use to the poor devils in this barren, desolate and roadless country. Hunger would soon bring them back to the only existing road, and to inevitable arrest. The system is a very good one, and certainly it has robbed imprisonment of some of its soul-killing and demoralising elements. The principle is humane, because it takes from punishment some of its deadly sting, and because society, whose constitution is largely responsible for the causes that lead to crime, does not demand from the individual too heavy an expiation.

On a low hill lies the well-conducted hotel. Opposite to it, beyond a little stream, the Waiotapu spreads a huge whitish-green, shining ridge. Here and there steam rises. One walks over a small bridge and enters the grounds. And then one stops. Hollow and muffled the footsteps sound, and under them the ground seems to tremble. To the right is a wide opening, where the earth-crust

is broken away, out of which a choking sulphur-breath whirls. A terrible chasm is below—the whole ground is undermined far and wide: and the walls of the opening glare in shades of yellow, green and red.

“ . . . the fire-stream whirling
The vault's abyss doth overflow,
And through the background—smoke up-curling
The town of flame I see in endless glow:
Up to the very teeth the ruddy billow dashes:
The damned, salvation hoping, swim amain,
Them in his jaws the huge hyena crashes,
Then they retrace their path of fiery pain.
In nooks fresh horrors lurk to scare the sight,
In narrowest space supremest agony . . . ”

Willingly one waits for the Maori guide, who knows the safe paths. To right and left gaping rifts and evil gases fume out of cracks and holes. Water and mud boil in pools, ponds, and great lakes, and over a wide slope water slowly trickles, depositing its silica, which forms terraces as years go by. Walk on and you will see dazzling white alum rocks near cold water. Take another step and you stand before a boiling lake. Smoking sulphur heaps are dotted among bubbling mud volcanoes, seething waterfalls, and caves, the walls of which are covered with sulphur-needles. . . . And amidst all the tumult there lies a grave, where sleeps an old guide. It is a hot, uncanny piece of our earth, this Waiotapu, this place of the “forbidden water.”

The journey continues for four hours over the mountains. Dead volcanoes lie right and left, ahead and behind. Bracken grows everywhere. Some Maori huts and flax mills lie adjacent to the

road. Except for these patches of colour the prospect is everywhere an unrelieved brown. At the highest point of the road the three volcanoes near Lake Taupo show their snow-white summits, with a smoke cloud hovering over them. On we go. Far below lies a plantation. Green, bright green, and how welcome to the eye! Poplars, oaks and willows. It is our destination, the hotel and the only house in Wairakei, the place of "sparkling waters."

A narrow path leads us down to the river Waikato, which is here still young from its source and full of passion. Clamouring with joy, he throws himself over mighty boulders, forces his way with frenzied strength through narrow rocky passages, widens out to a little lake, and again fights his way out, foaming with unabated vigour. In huge backwaters, the lake stands still and motionless. Here rest the waters that have been slain in the battle of the river and thrown aside. The eternal stream flows past them and conquers new paths to new goals.

Dusk was falling already, as a little wagonette carried us from the hotel in a half-hour's drive into the mountains. Deep shadows sunk over the great desert, and made everything seem sad and gloomy. On the summit hung a white steam cloud, and shortly before we reached it the horses halted. A short footpath leads to a wide, deep earth-basin, the "Karapiti-Blowhole," out of which whirls dense steam. In one corner beneath the vertical wall is a small fissure. A thick steam column blows out of it with tremendous force, and a hollow muffled roar. To try its power the guide throws a

tin can into it. The tin soars high in the air, falls, and again flies up! One sees nothing but this hole and the steam, and hears only the terrible hollow roaring. Around us night has fallen. There below sits Alberich, the Nibelung, and forges the ring which is to gain him the world. And his curse on love and all things beautiful mingles with the scorching breath of his furnace. The wanderer shivers: oppressed and silent he steals away.

In the hotel garden warm springs form a natural swimming bath. The night is mild. White, warm mist crawls up from the water. Off with our clothes and into the bath! The milky water is at blood heat, and clings softly round the limbs. Thin sand covers the bottom of the pool. High willows stand on both banks in densest grass, and bathe their twigs and branches in the water. It is still, quite still, and softly, as in sleep, the overflow glides over the dam. A leaf whirls rustling down—the skies grow brighter. The full moon mounts slowly up, and pours her mild light through the dark branches over the waters. The ripples glitter like silver. The steam is woven into clinging garments. Elves, and Erlkings' daughters, lead their nightly dance—fairy-like and wondrous and entrancing. . . . There is a grunt and the fat paunch of the brewer comes through the mist—the fairy vision has vanished!

Behind the hotel is a narrow path, which runs for a mile or two through Manuka bushes over a barren plateau. At its end thick steam-clouds rise out of a gorge, as if from some unseen railway station where the engines are ready for their journey.

It is Wairakei's Geyser Valley—a gap, a mile

long that widens out into a gorge. An earthquake once tore this gaping wound into the bowels of the earth, and ever since the vital forces have been ebbing through it.

Dense bush covers the gorge. On the ground is soft moss, lycopodia, and ferns, and above them Manuka and shrubs. Beneath them the earth smokes, roars and works without ceasing: steam hisses out of holes in the ground, and cracks in the rocks. Hot brooks run like cascades over narrow sinter terraces. Black, red, yellow and blue, these stone stairs lie against the green. Dark, cold pools, containing alum, iron or soda, are hidden in the bushes. Snow-white snaky jets shoot up out of mud volcanoes, and splash the overhanging branches. Geysers work with commendable regularity every three, four, ten and twenty minutes. One can predict an eruption, watch in hand.

Overshadowed by the green lies a wall, incrustated with rosy red. Before it is a great basin—a bizarre bath in yellow-striped terra-cotta. In it lies green water, quiet and motionless. Now bubbles rise, a few at first, then more, quicker and quicker. The water seethes, and up shoot two geysers. High fly their double streams, and unfolding like fans, splash down in a silvery shower to fall over the edge of the basin into the little brook. Soon all is quiet again. The sun gleams on the wet stones. Yonder the waters are again in agitation, and are thrown up by a third geyser to a rhythm like the beat of a ship's propeller. On the wall, behind the basin, another geyser sprouts out of the earth, its glittering waters flying out in a bushy crest.



MANUKA SHRUB.



CHAMPAGNE POOL, BOILING LAKE AT WARDVILLE.

In other places silica has coated roots and branches with yellow and red. Around the crater of a geyser these branches have formed a sort of big nest, from the centre of which the jet foams up. There yawns a horrible dragon's mouth. Terribly threatening are the formidable teeth: hot breath whirls out of Fafnir's jaws. Then he grows wilder and spits out boiling waters all around in his fury. There is a blue pool, out of whose depth crystal bowls rise slowly to the surface. Deep and wide gapes the crater of the great Wairakei geyser. Skywards its streaming masses foam and spurt, till they fall clashing back on the stones. Here lies the "Champagne Pool"—a wide sheet in never-ending uproar: seething and boiling, rising and falling.

The bush and the delightful colours have freed the place of all its terror, of all its uncanny air. The terra-cotta, white, yellow and blue gleam in wonderful shades out of the green bush thicket, and the rose-red sinter steps shine through the moss carpet. Surely that is Proserpina with her playmates, her arm full of flowers? Now she stoops to break new blooms. Gleefully the girls laugh and sing. But yonder, in that gap in the earth, does not the lord of Hades lurk and Pluto's dark eye watch?

Circumstances did not permit us to follow out the originally conceived plan, and return overland to Wellington. This route brings the traveller, after two days' coaching over volcanic country to the Wanganui river, which people here like to call the Rhine of New Zealand. (I cannot appreciate the standard of comparison. Perchance, it is only the pride that they take in the stream.)

After steaming over the bush-fringed river, the railway from Wellington to New Plymouth is reached.

The railroad brought us back, slowly but safely, to Auckland. We chose the west coast route for our voyage south this time, and went on board the s.s. *Rarawa*, which landed us, after an afternoon and night at sea, in New Plymouth, where the so-called (I presume ironically) "Express" already waited. This remarkable train for the 235 miles run to Wellington occupies fully thirteen hours! The capital is reached about 7 p.m., and from there one goes by the nightly ferry-boat to the South Island (Lyttelton).

The long day's journey leads through magnificent pastures. During the morning the view of Mount Egmont towering solitary in the plains, accompanies the train. The mountain is a dead volcano of perfect conical shape, which with its soft outlines and its snow-clad summit is a faithful copy of the Fuji. The Maoris have noticed that this mountain is the only evidence of volcanic activity in the plains of Taranaki, and they tell a neat little story about its origin. In earlier days, so the legend runs, this cone stood with Tongariro, Ruapehu, and Ngaruhoe on the shores of Lake Taupo. The four, who were at that time very young and foolish fellows, once had a very heated argument. Mount Egmont, which in those days did not carry that classic name, had started the quarrel, and upon him fell the united fury of the other three. In the scuffle they went for the disturber and gave him such rough treatment that he had to run for his life. In Taranaki he found rest

at last, and there became grey and white in honourable old age.

The train creeps on through the plains. The sea stretches to the right. To the left are wide pastures, where numerous fat cattle graze. Tree-trunks stand in the juicy turf as relics of bush country that the farmer has transformed into fresh meadows. In the distance, hills and mountains with dense forests move along the vista. Taranaki is the chief seat of the dairying industry: cheese and butter are its main products. Not long ago petroleum fields, apparently large ones, were discovered. Companies were formed, and high hopes followed the discovery. But it is difficult to see how the springs can be worked at a profit. The high wages will force up the price for the transportable petroleum so that competition with the American trusts is not to be thought of, quite apart from the attempts which the oil magnates would make to kill the local industry.

New Zealand only could be taken into consideration as a market on account of the tariff that could be imposed against the Standard oil. But the use of petroleum in this country is far too small to allow of a profitable industry. Whether it is possible to manufacture paraffin to advantage, seems to me very doubtful. The conditions of labour and high level of wages will prevent it.

WESTLAND

The "red-letter" week of Canterbury—the second week in November came round in the usual course. The Spring Meeting of the Canterbury

Jockey Club, the chief event being the New Zealand Cup (£ 2,000) is the great carnival of the South Island: at the same time an agricultural show is held in Christchurch, and everybody who can afford it, and many who really cannot, flock to the Cathedral City—the men for a week of mild dissipation, and the women to flirt and gossip and air their finery. Everyone talks of the horses, and the chances of this or that, and the jockeys and the trainers are the heroes of the week. I am myself fond of horses, but can appreciate the Shah's feelings on racing, who you may remember once said when invited to a race-meeting, "Well, one horse will be first, I know that without going, and as to which one it is, I am not at all interested." Thus it came to pass that I decided to get away from the "madding crowd" of the city—away from the Worship of the Horse—and to pay a visit instead to "Westland."

Westland lies, as its name implies, on the western side of the South Island, ending southwards where the Alps sink their glittering glaciers down to the sea, and mighty fjords cut deep into the land, and adjoining, in the north, the province of Nelson, which occupies the cupola of the Island. The ridge of the Southern Alps separates it from Canterbury.

From east to west the railway leads up to the foot of the mountains which are traversed by coaches which, after the American pattern, have seven or eight box-seats and six inside-seats. A railway is being built across the Island at the present time.

I was fortunate in finding very pleasant company

—four ladies and a gentleman—and more agreeable and amiable companions could scarcely be met with. Ours was a merry party in spite of wretched weather, bad roads and other circumstances that would have given most people a fit of the blues. Above all the youngest lady, our “baby,” who always saw the funny side of things, contributed so much to the gaiety of our party, that I should have liked to introduce her to my readers by name: but she will only allow herself to be alluded to here as “the charming little person”—and I must bow to her wishes.

The morning train brought us slowly from Christchurch through green fields and pastures to Springfield, where we stated at 11 a.m. with satisfaction, that the railway with forty miles in three hours had not been overworked. The coaches stood ready. After a hurried lunch partaken of in company with uncountable flies, the twenty passengers were accommodated in two coaches, and off we started.

The noon brooded muggy and hot. The road follows the bed of the Waimakariri, goes over Porter's Pass, traverses in Arthur's Pass the division of waters, descending with the Otira River, and running finally parallel with the Teremakau River, in which the Otira terminates. This road was long known to the Maoris. Here they went to procure the precious greenstone from the west coast, and long, long after them, over the same road, went the whites in quest of the still more precious yellow metal—gold.

The road is well kept, although there are but few bridges and the coach has to ford through

many brooks, rivers and streams. More than once the waters' reach the horses' bellies. Frequently traffic is stopped by flooded rivers and snowstorms. The road is a dangerously narrow one and meetings of carriages are happily not frequent, matters being so arranged that the coaches pass each other at certain points, where the road has been made broad enough to allow of this being safely done.

The road is laid out on bold and simple lines. Here it goes through the river, there along steep banks, yonder it is cut directly into the rock, and at other places it is sharply curved round jutting cliffs, until it finally sinks down in steep serpentines. The conditions demand the closest attention of the driver; a small deviation, a too premature turning of the three front horses round a curve, and the coach, with its living freight, would be dashed over a precipice; but quietly and confidently, the driver guides his five well-fed animals, talking encouragingly to them all the while.

The carriage rattles through a huge and wide valley, covered and filled everywhere with boulders and stones and pebbles, between which a small vein of water is quite lost. The eye wanders, in the glow of the afternoon sun, to the barren heights around, showing here and there a struggling shrub, all covered with a faded mantle of yellow-green grass. Behind us, in a dust cloud, the second coach rolls on, the passengers tottering and holding on like grim death to their seats. The scenery is terribly monotonous, and the dust and heat add much to the discomforts. Only the continual bumping of the coach, as it wends its way over the gutters and

boulders of the road, or fords the rivers, keeps one from falling asleep. The dreariness of the landscape is not even relieved by the inscriptions which the Salvation Army has smeared on to every rock, which are, in most cases, more outspoken than polite. "Jesus saves even you!" the "charming little person" read as we passed along—"Even you! That's a large order!" To such libels the pious zeal exposes the harmless wanderer.

Towards three o'clock the carriage approached Porter's Pass, up which the passengers walk, the summit being about 3,500 feet above sea-level. Be it remarked, there stands, in all its glory, New Zealand's highest telegraph pole. Our fellow-passengers gazed at the marvel, and photographed it, and wrote their names and those of the whole family tribe upon it, whilst we, Boeotians, stood there and called in vain on our imaginative powers. From here the road descends again, rises anew, curves round cliffs, and is lost in rivers, but the landscape remains unaltered—wide endless fields of stones, tiny watercourses, dingy green heights. We sang, we composed poems, told little stories, and thus passed our time "with little wit and much content." None of these assaults on Parnassus will be detailed at length, "I that am cruel, am yet merciful."

We passed "Castle Hill Rock" a heap of mighty boulders, in which the fantasy of some travellers discerned "deserted giant-cities, built by Cyclopes." Our imagination absolutely refused to act; perchance the heat had dried it up. The light was sinking when we turned into the valley

proper of Waimakariri. Larger volumes of water wended their way here, and higher rose the mountains. Blue-black shadows settled round the heights, and the last rays of the departing sun transformed the waters into a sheet of glowing colours, blood-red stripes, intersecting purple and black and golden tints. All round was deepest silence, interrupted only by the clattering of the hoofs of the horses, and rattling of the coach. The scene was of sublime and grave beauty.

Towards 8 p.m. the lights of Bealey could be seen twinkling in the distance. It is a mere hamlet with not more than half a dozen houses. There we met a night coach, which was to take a number of sport-lovers to the "Cup." As Froissart said of the English, they take their pleasures sadly. The journey to Christchurch means for these people uninterrupted travelling of one day and a half: they are cooped up in a stuffy coach all the time: but they would suffer anything rather than miss the races and the flutter of excitement which their investments on the horses produce. Really, there is nothing like enthusiasm and the readiness to make sacrifices for high aims!

At Bealey we remained for the night, and weary and worn, lay down to rest. Our doubts about the heavy weather clouds hanging in the west, were set at rest by the official guide-book which declares: "In Westland a lasting rain is almost unknown: it rains frequently, but only in short, though strong downpours." Thus we could go to sleep, we thought, with an easy mind. But, but—we reckoned our account without the host. For one moment it was deadily silent in the house.

But then started a snoring, so terrific that the wooden walls of the house shook and trembled as though there had been an earthquake. No more sleep! The nasal trumpeter of our fericho performed the whole night long, and the tired but very wideawake ones muttered things under their breath and glared at one another when they got up in the morning. The offender was not discovered. The charming, little person swore, lock, stock and barrel, that she did not do it.

In the morning, it was that of 6th of November, the outlook was a drab grey.

The clouds hung heavy with rain between the mountains: mist veiled the whole landscape. But we trusted the authorities and official wisdom, that at the worst it would not be very much nor last long, and we climbed up to our airy seats. But, *helas*, lo— my Prussian faith in the infallibility of officials received an unpleasant shock, and a mighty and irreparable hole was pierced in it that day. But the gods have granted me the gift to say how I suffered:

Heaven wears its deepest grey,
Mist sinks down on hill and bush—
Shines the sun on us to-day,
Or will rain give us a douche?
Official wisdom doth explain:
“Unknown is a lasting rain.”

And yet I feel a tiny drop
On ear and nose and both my knees—
Pluvius will bid them stop,
Of course he fears authorities,
And official wisdom doth explain:
“Unknown is a lasting rain.”

Ever denser gets the shower,
 Damp becomes my brainy cellar,
 Then a lady (blissful hour)
 Shelters me 'neath her umbrella.
 And official wisdom doth explain:
 "Unknown is a lasting rain."

My neck receives a steady spray
 From the wet screen's wiry spout—
 Did it near my collar stay
 I'd not say a word about't.
 And official wisdom doth explain:
 "Unknown is a lasting rain."

Downward soaks the wat'ry volume
 Running steady—sure and slow,
 Right along my spinal column
 Halting only far below.
 And official wisdom doth explain:
 "Unknown is a lasting rain."

Am I then a sinful goat?
 From the gods am I aloof?
 Now it trickles through my coat
 Which of course is waterproof—
 And official wisdom doth explain:
 "Unknown is a lasting rain."

Now sit I in whirling gutter
 Saying not one naughty word,
 Heavens high the waters splutter,
 When the coach rolls through a ford.
 And official wisdom doth explain:
 "Unknown is a lasting rain."

Wet below and wet behind
 My hat pours down a heavy top-sea—
 Is there nobody to find
 A rescue from this general dropsy—
 And official wisdom doth explain:
 "Unknown is a lasting rain."

My heart is at a heavy tension—
 The railway—lo!—thank God—appears;
 It is a wonderful invention!
 And scornfully the laymen sneer.
 For official wisdom doth explain:
 "Unknown is a lasting rain."

We saw nothing of the celebrated "Otira Gorge." We had rattled down the serpentines after passing the frontier between Canterbury and Westland at the summit of Arthur Pass. Thick clouds covered the mountains. Nothing was to be seen but drifting fog and drizzling rain. In a most miserable and pitiable condition we reached Otira, and the railway terminus, after a three and a half hours' drive. From here the coach goes on to Kumara and reaches the railroad connecting the two main towns of Westland—Greymouth and Hokitika. But nobody can blame us for renouncing gladly the "joys" of the good old times of coaching, in favour of drying ourselves by the heat of the stove and fortifying our "inner man" with a cup of hot tea presented by the Otira host's mighty proud handmaiden, who received from the "charming little person" the title of "the Duchess." And outside:

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
Till you have drench'd our steeples,
drowned the cocks!"

—for we were safe and passably dry again in the train, which following first the Teremakau River and later the Grey River, brought us to Greymouth and from there along the coast to southerly Hokitika, where we landed at six o'clock in the evening. The line passes through beautiful country, going for hours and hours through glorious bush. The trees all but tap on the windows with their branches: the ferns can almost be plucked. The aspect only changes when nearing the coast. Modest little wooden shanties on the hills in bush clearings, and dredges on the river, show that we

are in one of the three goldfields of New Zealand. Most of the stations bear Maori names, but we saw no brown faces, for but very few of the original inhabitants of the soil remain in Westland.

Towards evening we reached Hokitika where we found the hotel to be a more friendly than comfortable abode. And "the rain it raineth every day." Our spirits sank below zero. Much depressed and worried, we sat in our sitting-room and looked dolefully one at the other—like the leaders of a defeated army: Napoleon after Moscow. The rain drummed against the window-panes, wildly roared the sea, and the storm howled and whistled round the wooden walls. Before us were two holidays—Sunday, and King's Birthday on Monday. The English Sunday in the greater cities is bad enough for strangers in all conscience, but here in Hokitika (which the official guide calls "a pleasant little township" but which is really a miserable hole)—What was there to be done? We bought such readable literature as we could (it was not much!) and the inhabitants amiably placed the public library at our disposal. Thus in some sense prepared for it, we anticipated our misfortune. And outside the storm howled through lanes and streets and we were supposed to be on a pleasure-trip! Poetry—our dearly beloved Wilhelm Busch gave us consolation:

"Abstemiousness, true, is our pleasure
In things which are beyond our measure."

About that our next surroundings could sing a song.

At the time of the first gold discovery here, forty

years back, Hokitika boasted 40,000 inhabitants. And when afterwards the superficial, alluvial gold had been washed out, thankless humanity turned its back on the place. Deserted alike were we! "Three days, at least, this rain will last," said the never-failing oldest identities. Ah, here was a treat in store! But "sleep is shelter" says the poet. We thought the same, so everybody went to bed early. And next morning, who could express our delight—"laughing, the spring enters the hall!" My "hall," by the way, was a box two yards in width. This was a change that can only be experienced in Westland; blue sky, beaming sun, dry roads, only the brooks and the river Hokitika swollen. We were soon on pleasure bent and at eleven o'clock we started for Lake Kanieri. The road led, soon after the township was left behind, over a goldfield. Mighty, iron water-pipes run down from the mountains like thick, black veins. Their work is destruction: whole hills are washed away. Boulders, rocks and stones lie in heaps, and on a small pond swims a dredge. But to-day work has ceased.

Then we entered the dear New Zealand bush, and for a whole hour drove through the gorgeous greenery. Towards noon we reached the large lake, whose waters flow for ten miles between heights densely clothed in forest, the steepest of which carries the strange, but certainly apt name of Mount Upright. A motor launch brought us in one hour to a lovely little flax-lined bay, whence a path runs to the Dorothy Falls.

Soon all were actively engaged in preparations for the luncheon: one making a fire, and boiling

water for the "billy" tea: others laying the table on the green sward. "You cut the bread, you knight of the knife, so that you may not get out of practice," the "charming little person" said, turning to me, and herself lying stretched under a tree in *dolce far niente*, and finding nothing so entertaining as seeing others work.

After luncheon we started on the way to the waterfall. And oh, the joy of the bush! Who could picture this delightful forest, in which, after the rain a thousand pearls and diamonds glitter and sparkle in the sunlight? Corot, Shakespeare, Goethe perhaps, might adequately describe it, but not I. Would that one were a poet or a painter to reproduce it.

A small path winds through thicket and fern beneath giant trees from which long lianas swing, under gorgeous triumphal arches of fallen trunks and hanging boughs, through which here a speck and there a strip of blue sky peeps, or again over murmuring brooklets, in which the leaves dip from overhanging branches. Grass, moss, fern, and every bough, as far as the eye can wander are swathed in green. A soft light is everywhere, deep green shadows are spread about and golden are the reflections of the sun on leaf and trunk. Thus the path winds to the falls which come leaping down from high, bush-clad cliffs

" . . . ferns of every shade
Broider'd and scollop'd 'yond the power of art,
In tens of thousands deck the rocky walls
That hold the mountains back against the sky,
And give the fluent stream an open course
To bring its sweetness to the lands below.



BUSH AND BROOK IN WESTLAND.



DOROTHY FALL, LAKE KANIERI.

And now, with admiration, I behold
A shower of molten silver falling down
An em'rald moss-clad precipice of rock
That stands a buttress to the central steep. . . ."

I have written in glowing terms of the bush in the North Island, but that of the west coast surpasses it in its glory and loveliness. This undefiled, fresh forest belongs to the most enchanting gifts bestowed by Nature on our beautiful earth. The luxuriousness of its vegetation is astounding. There is not a single bare spot, not a corner uncovered by the mantle of green. Everything is verdant and blooming. A thick carpet of moss and fern covers the ground. Of the creeping ferns the "*Gleichenia Cunninghamii*" is a beautiful little thing, small, neat and delicate like a dolls' sunshade. Its peculiar shape has gained for it the name of the "Umbrella fern." There are also thick bushes of *Coprosma*, of which thirty species are known, with smaller and broader leaves, and the "*Weinmania racemosa*" flaunts its yellow flower on shrubs and trees, 20 to 70 feet high. The "*Cordyline Australis*" rustles in the gentle breeze, with its slender palm-like trunk and its long, green leafy head, from which rises a big golden crown of blossom. Younger specimens of the same species stand on the ground. From a switch-like stem, hang denticulated leaves almost a yard long, looking like serrated swords. Not far away grows another, higher than this, with leaves perhaps eight inches long, narrow and erect, clinging to a pretty bush. Nobody would believe at first sight that these were the same plant: and yet it is so. This is the "*Pseudopanax ferox*"; a

second variety carries the name of "crassifolium." The wildness to which it owes that name, is only a quality of untamed youth, when in the pride of adolescence it almost seems to swagger with its long swords. Growing old, it behaves in a more cultured manner. Red flower-bells hang in hundreds from the "*Fuchsia excorticata*," gorgeously contrasting with the green. On a thousand little mirrors the light plays, and the filtered rays fall on the small, dark green leaves of the fagus (beech), of which sixteen species are found in the bush, some rising to a hundred feet in height. Curiously enough, this tree is called a birch-tree here, though there is no indigenous birch-tree. The "tree-ferns (*Dicksonia*)" grow to all sizes from a child's height to that of a man, or more. Their fronds, like delicate screens of green lace, gleam with the dew-drops in the morning sun. The young leaves are still curled up in crosier form, and the older ones droop down—one, two and three yards long. No larger, but still more gorgeous is the "*Todea superba*" (*hymenophyloides*). Out of this sea of leaves, glistening in all tints and shades, rise the trunks of New Zealand's coniferæ—smooth, slender and round as marble columns. Growing to a height of 100 to 150 feet, they form a magnificent roofing to the bush. Next to the tree-ferns, they are its most beautiful possession, but sad to relate, its ruin also, for they attract the unsatiable, pitiless seeker for timber. Straight up shoot their trunks till they end in an ample crown. The leaves grow only on the extreme ends of the branches, giving the trees an almost conventionalised and decidedly decorative appearance. Here, too, wave



RUSH TRACK.



TREE FERN.

the long branches of the "Rimu" of the Maoris (*Dacrydium cupressinum*), covered with green needles. The young tree with its delicate, long, waving hair lends a graceful touch to the scene. Its relative, the "Podocarpus spicata" (Matai: black pine), carries instead of needles, small narrow leaves clustering closely together. The youthful tree with its thin wings, almost leafless contrasts very poorly with its full-grown relatives, from whom it has as yet inherited nothing of their proud appearance. Narrower yet than the small leaves of the Matai, larger than those of the Rimu, are the flat needles of the Kahikatea, the white pine of the settlers (*Podocarpus dacrydioides*). Additional varieties are yellow pine (*Dacrydium intermedium*), *Podocarpus totara*, the Silver pines, and others, and all form a union of grace, beauty and power, such as is seldom seen. Nature has made their union a literal one, for from tree to tree climb lianas, arm-thick supple-jacks (*Rhipogonum scandens*), and orchids. One swinging plant is thickly beset with the finest thorns, which take so tight a grip on the coat of the passer-by that it has been nicknamed "the Lawyer." The tree trunks, both living and dead, wear thick coats of moss and lichen. In gorgeous garlands hangs the kidney fern (*Erichomanes reniforme*), which received this name from its kidney-shaped leaf of deep green, which is beautifully transparent when pressed. I have, however, mentioned only a very few of the countless varieties of plants, for

"The tribes, the nations, who shall name,
That guest-like, there assembled came?"

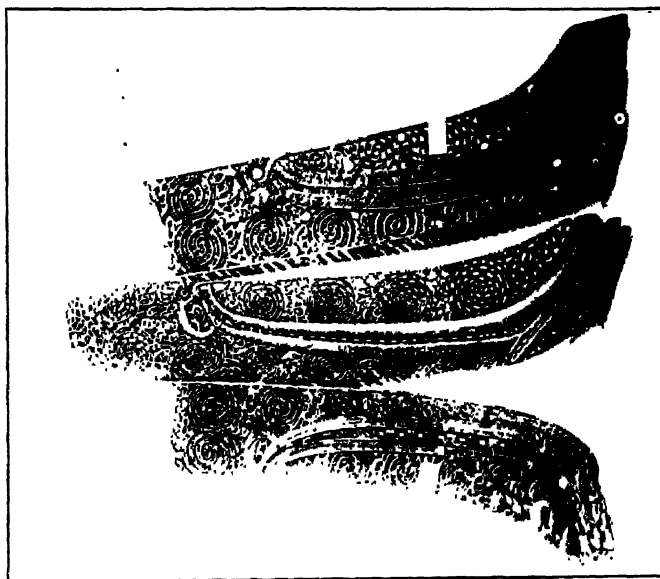
There are the berry-bearing shrubs of Tawa (*Nesodaphne*), Kohe-Kohe (*Dysoxylum spectabile*), of Titoki (*Alectryon excelsum*), the *Olearia*, and the hundred varieties of the *Veronica*. One other must be mentioned—the “Rata,” which is just commencing to blossom, and which in full bloom paints whole valleys in blood-red colours. Several kinds of this are represented, including the *Metrosideros robusta* and *lucida*, which as trees reach a height of 60 and 70 feet, and a degenerate type, the creeper, *Metrosideros florida*, which twines round trunk and branch in a deadly embrace.

All these grow in wild profusion in New Zealand's bush, delightfully fresh and unprofaned by human touch, forming a picture of beauty and splendour, which everyone who sees it must fall in love with. This is not the sombre, high forest: not the still melancholic pinewood, through which Boecklin's poetic eye saw the nymph riding on the unicorn. It is the wood through which young Siegfried travelled with Mime to the hollow, where Fafnir guarded the treasure hoard. There he lay and dreamed, while the heavenly warbler sang so sweetly. And really, when the sun plays in a thousand golden splashes of light over the green, when the sobbing call of the Tui interrupts the mystic stillness, when the bush canary sings his long, and infinitely sweet melody, then—it is the true “Waldweben,” the spell of the forest, and the entrancing music of the second act of Wagner's “Siegfried” charms the traveller's ear.

For a long time we walked through the bush, beneath the dense foliage by the shore, and after passing “Good day” to the tiny troutlets in the



RATA (*Metrosideros lucida*).



CARVED STERNS OF MAORI WAR CANOES.

hatchery, returned with the sinking sun, that lighted up a gorgeous path of fire over the sea.

On the following day, the King's Birthday, we accepted a friendly invitation to a picnic on Lake Mahinapua, which is reached by steam-launch over the Mahinapua creek, the outlet of the lake into the Hokitika river. Dense wild bush stands on the banks of this water arm, which is only a few yards across, with long rows of flax rising from the creek, everything being reflected in the deep black waters with perfect clearness.

As the launch rounds the bends, glorious vistas open out and I am tempted once more to grow enthusiastic over the delightful bush scenery. But to do so would be only to repeat myself, though I fear I have given but a faint description of all the loveliness encountered. Perchance, further details might weary the reader, and such an impression I would be loath to awaken: for this is just the beauty of the bush, that for weeks and weeks one may stroll and drive through it, without its beauties ever palling. When the earth's best glories are extolled, New Zealand's bush must not be forgotten

But that imposes upon the country, its government and its people the serious duty of preserving it, as much as possible, from destruction. If it could only be left as it is! But unfortunately, here too, the beauty of Nature is spoiled by the Vandal—man. He needs house and home: and land must be cleared for that purpose, as well as for cultivation, while timber is a cheap and useful building material. No objection can be raised, when bush is uprooted to make room for fresh

pastures and farms: neither can anything be said against necessary woodcutting as long as it is judiciously done. But this is not always the case, and it may be well to quote here the official report of the Tourist Department, which under Mr T. E. Donne, has done such commendable work. "The forests" runs the report "were, and are still destroyed unmercifully, without any thought of the future. In many cases bush land was sold for very little money, and precious timber was wasted in a way which is almost a crime to the nation. Bush was burnt down on absolutely valueless land, which is thoroughly unfit for settlement. The soil was thus deprived of the only good vegetation it could produce. Very often neither the cut bush nor the ground had any commercial value, whilst the bush, if spared, would have preserved at least the eminently attractive picture of the landscape." The Government has, however, purchased and preserved many beauty spots. Our creek here, and a tract of bush and flax all along the banks are protected by law. A yearly expenditure of £5,000 is set aside in the Budget for such purposes. But yet another duty devolves on the Government which the latter has strangely neglected. That is the replanting of forest areas. Let us hope a gracious fate will save the New Zealand bush from the "rank and file" planting of "rational" forest economy. But plant one must, or floods and timber scarcity will be experienced. The Government should adopt as a motto the remark of the American, Stephen Girard, who said: "If I knew I were to die to-morrow, nevertheless, I would plant a tree to-day."



MAHINAPUA CREEK.



ON MAHINAPUA CREEK.

Such thoughts are encouraged by the sight of the numerous saw-mills, which work near the creek. On wooden rails small carriages run, drawn by four and six horses, pulling the fallen forest giants to the mills, where the steam-saw converts them to beams and plants.

The bush around the beauteous mountain-lake shows in more than one place traces of human despoliation. Holes are washed out of the ground by gold-diggers: timber has been felled: and on a small pond floats a dredger which used to seek for gold. But it is lying idle now, as the company suffered breakdown of the "*nervus rerum*." "Thank God!" one is inclined to exclaim, when one sees the destruction that has been done in the company's prosperous days.

After our return in the afternoon, we had a glorious view from the wharf of the now cloudless Alpine chain, which lay about 150 miles to the south. Three giants stood out apart. We saw the wide summit of Mt. Cook, and separated from it by a deep valley, through which Mt. Hector was just visible lay Mt. Tasman on the right, while sloping towards the sea was Mt. Lendenfeldt. It was, strange to say, difficult to get the right names of the peaks from Hokitika's inhabitants. Nobody knew exactly which one was the mountain that bore the name of New Zealand's first discoveror, which one formed for England's greatest sailor a monument. We surmised the highest one to be Mt. Cook: but this was disputed, even by the local policeman who ought to be somewhat of an authority. In the evening, however, an Alpinist informed us that our supposition was correct.

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When one thinks of European Highlanders, who have generally their own name for every mountain, this indifference is indeed surprising.

All signs auguring a spell of fine weather, we decided to return on the next day to Otira. We intended to use the coach which goes on Tuesdays from Kumara and took the train to that place—arriving at 8.30 a.m. The actual—let us say—township lies half an hour's drive through the bush from the station. Here we found what previous experience should have taught us—that one must do nothing unpremeditated in New Zealand. The coach was there, but there were no seats left: even a wire would not have helped us, quite apart from the fact that the telegraph offices do not open before 9 a.m. Such inconveniences could be easily avoided if the Government, in drawing up the contract would stipulate, that the Coach Company should hold a second carriage in readiness. Sudden changes of programme add to the charm of such trips. We managed, however, to get a carriage of our own, and, in the relatively short time of one hour, drove away.

The road leads over goldfields where the gold-diggers have become the grave-diggers of the landscape. A whole network of black water pipes run up and down the mountains. .

Then the aspect changed and the most beautiful bush came in view—fresh as that of Lake Kanieri. We hoped to be by noon at Jackson's, where the road meets the railway from Greymouth to Otira, to catch the daily train which was to land us at 1.30 p.m. in the latter place. In this part of the country where the traffic is small, punctuality is not

a virtue of the railway, and trusting to that fact, we had telegraphed to the stationmaster in Jackson's to kindly delay the train for us. But our plan miscarried, for although the amiable engine-driver halted a quarter of an hour longer, it took us a further ten minutes to reach the station. We felt a little sore, and our feelings were only calmed weeks after, when we learned that a lady singer had kept a steamer waiting for three hours to enable her to give a concert. In the end we were not sorry to finish our journey in our coach, for travelling through the bush in the warm sun was really very delightful. Towards four o'clock we reached our hotel in Otira, and were once more received by our hostess with dignity and condescension. A quarter of an hour later we were on our way to the Gorge, the top of which can be reached in two hours from the inn. For half an hour one follows the wide, stony bed of the Otira River, which is crossed on a shaky bridge suspended by six wire ropes. The valley, then, closes in to a mighty basin, guarded by steep bush-covered heights, and surmounted by the snow-clad summits of the Alpine giants. The road winds a gradual ascent on the right bank of the Otira, crosses it twice on stout wooden bridges, climbing finally up the farther side of the basin, from which the Otira roars down in devious course, to the summit of the pass, 3,000 feet high. Waterfalls rush down on either side, seeming like white ribbons in the dark green of the bush. Springs and little babbling brooks run over the pathway, which one leaps over or crosses on tree trunks. Far below roars the Otira, mighty boulders, thickly covered with red moss, tearing it into a thousand

small strands. Still the road winds upward. The bush becomes scarcer and scarcer and finally disappears, killed by the icy breath of the glaciers.

Rarely perhaps has a merrier party climbed this road, and I fear the giants shook their hoary heads, when standing high on a mighty boulder, the "charming, little person," holding a freshly culled bunch of Mountain Lilies in her hand, warbled a lusty "Hojotoho" through the still air.

Then a gorgeous evening closed in. Deep below in the valley all was veiled in black shadows, and beyond the Gorge the sinking sun set the snow-fields of Mt. Alexander aglow.

In the early dawn of the following morning, we made another ascent, rejoicing in the fragrance of the mountains in the golden light of the rising sun.

At ten o'clock we got into our coach, which brought us through all the glory of the bush back to Kumara. Near Dilman's Town, a small barrack-village, I left the coach, to visit one of the goldfields.

GOLD-MINING.

There are two kinds of gold-mining.

In the mines, quartz of volcanic origin is found, in which the gold is firmly embedded.

The sluicing method is used for obtaining the superficial alluvial gold, which is rarely quite pure, but generally mixed with silver. Rivers and brooks are also searched by manual labour or dredges for gold, which springs and rain have washed out of the rocks and carried down. Sluicing is the method followed on the Kumara field.



OTIRA GORGE (WITH MT. ALEXANDER).



Such a goldfield is a place of ruins. Mighty boulders are built up into cyclopean walls, and heavy stones are heaped together, over which the visitor has to scramble carefully. Shaky boards act as bridges over deep ditches. The "auri sacra fames" has changed the most beautiful landscape to a desert "void and without form."

An old workman whom the gold fever once drove from home, and whose hopes had been wrecked by ill-luck, was my guide. The method of sluicing the "dirt" is but an imitation of the natural washing by springs and rain. From long distances—often 7 to 10 miles away—wooden races bring down the water, from high elevations, and iron pipes take it into the field. At their ends are dirigible nozzles, which play a thick and extremely powerful stream against the rock-wall. The dirt, and the minerals it contains are thus washed out. The loosened boulders that come crashing down are moved out of the way and piled up in the walls already referred to. The water with gold-bearing dirt is collected in a basin, from which it flows into a "sluice" several hundred yards long. This slowly descending channel, which generally terminates in a river, measures about 25 inches across, and is about a yard deep. At intervals of nearly a foot, slabs 10 inches high divide it into partitions, over which the water can run freely. In these divisions, the water is partly checked, and the heavier particles of the dirt, including the gold, with its atomic-weight of 196, sink to the bottom. When the washing is finished after several hours, the slabs are drawn up and a weak current of water passed through, which the workers catch at the end of the sluice in dishes,

shaking the dirt and preserving in bottles the precious metal, which is obtained in small thin flakes. The yield of each week is transported to the Gold Departments of the various Banks, who melt it down into bars and ship it to Australia or London. This mine produces about 60 ounces a week for eight hours' work a day, others yield 100 and some only 30. An ounce of gold has a value of about £4. The gold office of the National Bank in Greymouth, the centre of these goldfields, has a monthly gold traffic of £30,000. We were shown a piece of gold about the size of a brick, representing £2,100.

Very rarely is gold found in formless lumps, in "nuggets," but a lucky individual once picked up one worth £10,500.

The days, however, when three or four daring prospectors took up a claim and worked it on their own account, are done. Capital and Companies have destroyed the romance of the fields, but really things are not so bad. My guide earns with eight hours' work nine shillings per day, and the week counts $5\frac{1}{2}$ working days, this amounts to 49/6 per week. The purchase and working of a sluicing plant is not beyond the means of many individuals, but to run a quartz mine requires capital. One of these we visited some days later in Reefton.

In the wide valley of the Inangahua River lie three such mines. The last, at the end of the valley, was our goal.

A big building of galvanised iron leans against a mountain slope that forms its back wall. From inside comes a great roaring sound, and a distinct smell of cyanide pervades the air. Huge barrels

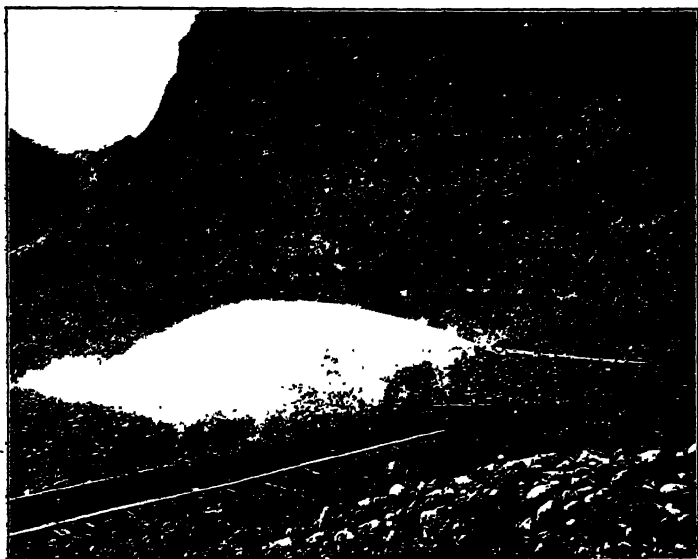
stand about the yard, and white, foaming waters run over the ground. One could almost believe oneself in a chemical factory. We climbed the high stairs on the outside of the building, and reached the uppermost story which is on a level with the top of the hill. Here is the terminus of an aerial tramway, and small cars pass incessantly over the wire ropes and bring the precious quartz that is hewn in the mine several miles distant. Nobody would take the crushed pebbles for auriferous stone. The battery treats them in automatic machines which require only a few hands to work them. When it is added, that water brought in races 45 miles long, supplies the motive power, it will be seen, that the heavy expense of labour have been saved as far as possible. From the trucks the ore falls into funnels, which let it drop in small portions into the stamps. Each machine has five pestles, and altogether sixty-five stamps hammer and crush the ore here, day and night. Trickling water converts the dirt into a soft, thin porridge, which runs slowly over amalgamated copper-plates about 2 yards across and 4 yards long. To these the pure gold is at once chemically fixed. The plates are scraped once a week, the masses of quicksilver containing the gold are then dried, and further chemical treatment isolates the precious metal. But only the free gold is fixed thus: the rest, mixed with arsenic, sulphur and other matter, remains in the mud. Complicated methods are necessary to set it free. Shaking machinery separates the mud into heavy, gold-bearing masses, and light slime. Huge wheels lift the sifted residue again on to the tables and make it run over boards and cases until it is once more divided.

The masses of mud are then dried in the air, and later on roasted for three days in a medium temperature, so as to liberate the arsenic and sulphur, which are here cast aside as useless products. The remainder is subjected to a chloride and cyanide process, until finally the gold is set free by electrolysis in cases filled with fine metal chips, sinking in dark masses to the bottom. This battery has a monthly yield of £10,000. The biggest mine in New Zealand, the "Waihi" produces each month £70,000 to £72,000 worth of gold. To obtain five shillings' worth of gold costs $2/3$, so that a handsome profit is gained.

The quartz mines do not spoil the landscape, but one is often tempted to curse the thirst for gold, when one sees the devastation caused by sluicing. But Robert de Diable is wrong, when he sings: "*L'or est une chimère.*" What would Australia, California, or New Zealand be had it not been for the discovery of gold, which attracted thousands of sturdy emigrants? Empty, desolate lands. Convict settlements, perhaps, but certainly not the flourishing countries they are to-day. And would the enormous progress and development in all departments of human labour have been possible without the magnificent gold production of these three countries?

"Gold all doth lure,
Gold doth secure
All things. Alas, we poor!"

In the evening of our return from the Otira Gorge, the railway landed us in Greymouth, situated, as may be gathered from the name, at the mouth of the Grey River. It is a small township



GOLD SLUICING MINE.



ROCK ARCH ON THE BULLER GORGE ROAD.

with a better and therefore busier harbour than Hokitika. Here I met with a peculiar reception. "Oh, you d——d Germans!" somebody said to me, "You and the Boers! If I were Premier, not one of you would be allowed over the border." "Oh," I replied, "if rudeness were any qualification for the Premiership, you would most likely obtain it, but other qualities are asked for that position, which you, perhaps, do not possess in so great a degree." Then the old gentleman laughed. It was our old colleague, Dr Morice, who has now gone to "the undiscover'd country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." After our mutual rudeness, we made peace, and I found in him one of the most amiable and learned men I ever came across. Through his kindness I was enabled to visit the small, neat hospital, and the home for old men, connected with it.

The Old Age pension is 30/- per month, and for 24/- the house provides the old men with clean rooms, clothing, and wholesome food. It was most touching to see these old and worn men, in whose weather-beaten faces hard times had ruthlessly engraved their history. Irish, Scotch, and Englishmen live here in peaceful community with Chinese, Norwegians, and Germans. All share the same fate. Once—long, long ago they left house and home for foreign shores. Full of hopes and ambition, every stitch of canvas set, they started to seek a kingdom, but the pride of their threescore years and ten had been but labour and sorrow, till at last they have drifted on a frail craft into harbour. Toil and turmoil are now shadows only in their memories. Their day is done: their sun has almost

departed. Peacefully they sit side by side, no faith or nationality separating them before the great Unknown, on the threshold of which they halt. In still resignation they wait for the night to rest from their work and their epitaph will be: "Is there not a time of service to man upon earth? And are not his days like the days of a hireling?"

The afternoon train brought us in a three hours' trip a good way inland, to Reefton, the centre of the quartz-mining district mentioned above. The line follows the Grey River for a time and then turns towards the north. Dense bush covers the country, as far as the eye can see. Only a little has been cut here and there to make room for fertile pastures. For those who will go forth with strong hearts and willing hands to cultivate the earth, there are great areas of country ready to be opened up here. A worthy reward awaits the settler, whose glorious task it will be to redeem the fertile, well-watered soil and dress it with rich crops.

Just before seven o'clock on a rainy night a coach brought us from the station to Reefton proper. Reefton is distinguished from other west coast townships, firstly by the fact that it lies on the Inangahua River—a tributary of the Buller, which terminates near Westport, in the Tasman Sea; secondly by its electric light, which, however, blinks so faintly that the stranger only notices it when the Reeftonite has repeatedly and vigorously called his attention to it; and thirdly and lastly it possesses almost more hotels and bars than houses. There is really quite an uproar when the gongs of the different hotels and boarding-houses sound for meals. But that is the only diverting sensation one experiences here. We

did not even hear the ubiquitous Salvation Army howling their hymns. Reefton is really an eminently soothing place, in which one can regain one's peace of mind, only to lose it again, however, if one is detained three days by the train, as we were. Three long days were passed with reading, music, sketching and similar tiresome pursuits—and the rain it rained every day! At last we could endure it no longer, and although on Monday 16th November the weather was very doubtful, we started by coach for Westport. Every day this coach goes to the principal coal district of New Zealand, a railway being in course of construction. Until noon we drove through the bush, following the course of the Inangahua, which is at length crossed on a punt. Every few hundred yards farms are passed, where beautiful meadows spread themselves over the ground where once was bush. On the road stand schools, where the farmers' children receive regular instruction. Before each farm our driver drops the mail, generally consisting of the little country paper, and farmers who live off the route, ride to meet the coach for their letters, or have them placed in small letter-boxes tied to a tree on the roadside.

Towards noon we reached Inangahua Junction, where the roads to Westport and Nelson meet, and after a hasty lunch drove on to Westport, entering the Buller Gorge. The road passes along cliffs and steep precipices, being cut right out of the rocks at Hawk's Craig, and in some places goes through rocky arches and tunnels. And spring casts its green mantle over all! Everywhere spreads dense bush, with the blood-red Rata glowing amid the dark green. Ferns droop down over the coach, and

transform the rocky arches into gorgeous triumphal portals. To the right flow the emerald green waters of the Buller. Mountains like mighty walls close the vista ahead, open out, and close again behind us. This glorious scenery extends over sixty miles. Towards five o'clock we crossed the Buller by punt. From here the road turns for another three hours to Westport. The drive had taken us through splendid scenery and even a shower that lasted for thirty minutes and soaked us to the skin could not mar our enjoyment.

Westport, with its 2,000 inhabitants consists only of a single long street. It is the chief coal centre of New Zealand and has the same nerve-soothing qualities as all the small places in this country. Here the mills of the world move slower, the turbulent stream, which feeds them, having changed into a babbling brook. The great world's noise awakens only a faint echo; and more important than the deeds of rulers and nations are the affairs of the next-door neighbour. Never changing, never varying, the weeks reel off from washing to Roastbeef Day.

On the next morning it poured again in bucketfuls. We had ceased to wonder, grew philosophically resigned, and waited in patience.

As luck would have it the following morning was actually fine, and we started on a visit to the coal mine at Denniston. For half an hour we journeyed inland by rail, and then mounted the horses, which the Company had kindly sent to the station for us. A narrow path five miles long winds through beautiful bush up to Denniston, which lies about 2,000 feet higher and looks like an Italian

mountain village clinging to the rocks. I fear our procession could not be called an impressive one, for our steeds were of unshakable equability of temper and neither our umbrellas, nor love, nor fair words would induce them to alter their frame of mind. They had apparently decided to walk, and they were going to do it. Finally the rain came down again, veiling the view with mist and clouds, and for the third time in a fortnight there was not a dry stitch on our bodies. And then, when we were in sheer desperation on account of the length of the way, made apparently endless by the obstinacy of our Rosinantes, the brave animals stopped, and would not be persuaded to budge, in spite of whacks with our umbrellas and heels, and I fear, some bad language. Out of the mist the outlines of the village at length loomed up, and, just in front of us, was the stable. Friendly hands led our steeds and in slowly measured steps the procession moved onwards to the mine. The management had lit a huge fire, which soon made us dry. Then we viewed the plant.

The actual mines lie about two miles away. The coal is brought across by overhead trams, and is here automatically weighed, sifted, and put on board the railway cars: which are let down the steep incline by wire ropes. After the luncheon, which the management kindly supplied, there being no restaurant here, we marched over the bare rocky plateau to the mines. A small iron bridge over a wild ravine is crossed, and one stands before the entrance. This mine is a topsy-turvy affair, the coal being dug from the summit of the mountain. The beds of coal lie only 130 to 150 feet below the sur-

face and are from 35 to 40 feet thick. Enormous subterranean pressure must have been exerted to have pushed this primeval fern forest almost out into the light of our day. Inside one can well imagine how the natural forces have worked, when one observed a black coal layer resting on a sloping grey rock, a clean, straight line divided the two. The digging is done in galleries which are cut in a slightly slanting direction into the mountain. The greater part of the work such as cutting out and despatching the coal is done by machinery, which is worked by compressed air, to avoid the development of fumes.

We entered the mine by its rocky portal. The floor is soft and muddy: water stands in pools, and roars, unseen, in subterranean falls. We can walk upright comfortably. Our open oil lamps shed a golden, shimmering lustre on the black walls. Glow-worms gleam in the corners. Out of the depths comes the calling of the workers, and the clatter of the chains, by which the horses pull the trucks to where the coal is being cut. Like will-o'-the-wisps, the lamps carried by the labourers in their caps hover in the darkness. The atmosphere is like that of a good cellar, and remains the same, even when one walks 3,000 or more feet into the depths. Fire damp is unknown. The miners are in no way like Meunier's statues of workers, in whose faces hard labour has cut such grim lines. But the New Zealand miner knows not the hardships of underground workers in other countries. The boys attending to the horses receive 5/- per day, and that is the smallest wage paid. The earnings of the hewer are proportionate to the quantity of coal ex-

cavated, which is ascertained thus:—Two workers fill into one car, and fasten their number on it when it leaves for the loading place. There the attendant boy calls out the number, the carriage rolls over the weighing machine, and two officers—one appointed by the employer, the other chosen by the union—take note of the weight. In $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours a man earns on an average 10/-, 15/- or as much as 17/6 per day. In one day 500 tons are taken out, and as the Company owns a second mine with the same yield, 1,000 tons are thus brought up every twenty-four hours. The coal is very much in demand, as it produces a great heat, and it has found favour, too, with the British Admiralty.

The weather had become clearer, so that there was no need for us to accept the manager's kind invitation to stay overnight. We therefore mounted our horses and crawled by steep and devious ways into the valley. The fog lifted and revealed a magnificent view over the plains, where the Waimangaroa carried its glittering waters in many curves to the Buller, right down to the coast, where the waves broke in the sunlight in long, white lines of foam. Through the loveliest bush, riding over countless falls and creeks, we came on to the plain and all at once our steeds livened up: they scented their stable, and broke into a dashing gallop, and before we could recover from our surprise we had reached the railway station. A train of thirty coal trucks and two passenger carriages brought us back to Westport.

On the same night, and even worse on the following day, the 19th of November, a hurricane raged, and the rain splashed down till one pitied the poor

wooden houses. We had thought of leaving on the 20th for Nelson by the coach, which only goes on Tuesdays and Fridays. But in such weather? And besides the regrettable fact that we would get another soaking, it was plain that if the downpour continued, the creeks would swell into tearing streams, become unfordable and so make the road impassable. The next steamer was not due to leave until the 21st, but perhaps the raging hurricane would prevent us going even then. Here was a pretty mess! Stuck in a place that one would not even care to be buried in! We did what one always does in such cases—heaved a deep sigh and went to bed. And the night took compassion on us! Radiant, blue and cloudless was the sky when we, with the load lifted from our minds, set out the next morning on our coach, and drove back through the fresh bush, and the rock arches of the Buller Gorge to Inangahua Junction. The road to Nelson bends off here to the north. The whole day this beautiful bush track follows the curves of the Buller, goes with it through narrow gorges, and winds through wide plains, where industrious farmers have transformed the bush into rich pastures. In the afternoon we passed an idyllic village, situated in a valley basin—Lyall, around which the road circles in the sharpest curves. The remainder of the way led through dense bush. Here and there the tents of the navvies were seen and the galvanised iron huts of gold-diggers gleamed up from the river below. Late in the evening we reached Longford, a collection of a few houses. In the inn, the walls of which had ears in truth, the “charming little person” cleared herself, by the way, from the suspicion

of having caused the disturbance of the peace in Bealey. The rest of the night passed in silence.

The next day we followed the course of the Buller, which has the considerable length of 145 miles. The scenery was quite delightful, especially where the outlets of the southern lakes, Rotorua and Rotoiti terminate in the river, and Mt. Owen, with its 5,800 feet, and a mighty snow-cap on its head, comes into the vista.

Towards noon we left the Buller, which had been our close companion for a day and a half, and turned into the valley of the Hope River. About one o'clock we reached the foot of Hope's Pass, the height of which is 2,200 feet above sea-level. Here the prospect presents a most pitiable sight. For miles and miles bush fires have raged, leaving nothing of the glorious forest but the naked and charred trunks of trees, which stand like thick spines on the brown mountainous hog-backs. Planting is needed here—needed urgently. We waved a last greeting to the Alps in the south, descended quickly to the plain, and turned into the Motupiko valley. Here a good type of hop is grown on poles, but, presumably, in this prohibitionist country this plant will soon be on the black list. At Motupiko we took to the railway, which landed us in Nelson at 7 p.m. after three hours.

We had covered over 170 miles in the coach, and it can be imagined that we greeted the rails with a sigh of relief. To sit still for hours and hours, only exercising the legs when the horses are changed or in the half-hour stop for meals: to be shaken and soaked—these are the joys of the "happy coaching days," which none of our party, at any rate, wished

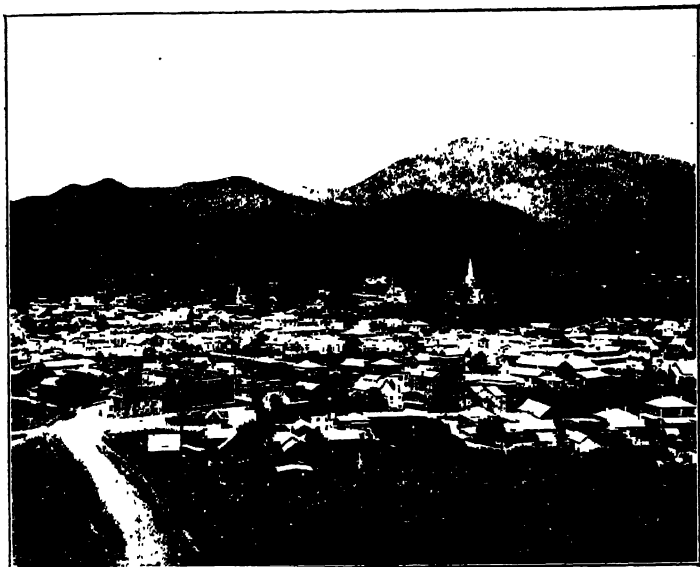
back. It would be very pleasant to do this trip by bicycle or motor-car, but as long as there are no decent bridges over the creeks and rivers, this is almost an impossibility, or at any rate would be very unsatisfactory, for it is not everybody who cares to dismount every half-hour, undress, and carry clothes and cycle through the water. But, perhaps, improvements will be made soon, and then it will be one of the loveliest rides imaginable.

Nelson lies very prettily in a basin by the historic bay, where, two centuries back, the first meeting of white man and Maori ended in bloodshed. The district is a huge fruit garden. The beautifully warm climate and sheltered position, which favour the growth of fruit and vegetables, have made it a favourite resort for elderly people and invalids. Here we ate our first cherries and strawberries at a season when, at Home, the first fires were blazing.

Nelson enjoys (and don't you forget it!) the reputation of a Musical Mecca, acquired for it by its High School for Music. What that meant, we were soon to learn when in our peaceful boarding-house there burst forth simultaneously the discords of an orchestration, a gramophone, two pianos, a violin, and several larynxes. "Then in horror turned the kingly guest," and took the steamer which was to bring him through the French pass, via Picton, to Wellington.

High and barren rocks tower on both sides of the "pass," which is on the right of the mainland and on the left of the D'Urville Island. The passage is narrow and dangerous, but the steamer winds its way through. Then everybody rushes towards the bows and looks sharply ahead.

"At half-past one the captain said'—"Then he



NELSON.

PELORUS JACK.
 The only fish in the world protected by Act of Parliament.

This remarkable white fish accompanies for several miles all steamers passing through the French Pass, on the Nelson-Pictou run, New Zealand. "Jack" is estimated to be from 12 to 14 feet in length, and always alone.

Photo.

"PELORUS JACK."

Stallard.

has another five minutes"—"There is no such thing, the captain pulled your leg"—"You will see for yourself presently"—"See there! There he is!"—"Where? Where?"—"Straight ahead!"—"That? the white thing?"—"Yes, that's it!"

In the waters ahead moves a huge white form. As we come near, it glides towards us—a big, snow-white, porpoise-like fish. It plays around the bows, accompanying the steamer for seven or eight miles, diving up and down the while. Then at a certain point it stops and disappears. The fish is of the dolphin species, and is popularly known as "Pelorus Jack," because he always makes his adieu in Pelorus Sound. For almost twenty years this great fellow follows every ship that travels through French pass, starting up at a certain point, so that the ship's officer can tell exactly the time for his arrival, and disappearing at another place. Most likely it is the food he finds in the trail of the boat that attracts him. Almost as singular as the fish itself is, perhaps, the fact that it is legally protected by an Order in Council.

In the afternoon, we steamed for two hours up the Queen Charlotte Sound, at the last inlet of which lies Picton. The Sound is a great disappointment, as the bush of the surrounding hills has been mercilessly burnt to the ground. At midnight Wellington was reached, and here ended the journey to the Westland.

THE SOUNDS

Fjords

Christmas had gone. But what a strange Christmas it had been! A glowing hot summer day was followed by a cool night, but no decorated tree was

illuminated. Several shopkeepers had fastened fresh green over their doors, and, as on the eve of every holiday or on a Saturday night, the people moved beneath the street verandahs, talking, chaffing and laughing. The boys let off fireworks, blew on paper trumpets, and shouted and made a noise generally.

But where was that cheerful bustle, that zealotness with which in Europe everybody hurries homeward: that ardent wish to make others happy with presents, and to see the joyful faces? People entered the shops here, and bought those little things for the children, which Santa Claus puts in their stockings. They wished each other "the compliments of the season," but everything lacked the glitter and brightness and that sincere feeling, which is inevitably associated with the German Christmas. Christmas here had quite the character of our Whitsuntide. Sweet cherries hung in abundance on the trees. Whoever could afford it was holiday-making—at the races in Auckland or Dunedin, or in camp near the river for fishing. But one has to take the feasts as they come. Nansen tells, how in honour of Christmas he had changed his shirt. Well, I did celebrate it a little better than that.

A few days later: another summer-night, another crowd, more terrific noise—and one more year had passed out.

The day drew near when the Union Steamship Co.'s yearly excursion to the Sounds was to start. The 16th of January had been fixed for the departure of the s.s. *Waikare* from Dunedin. There was no help for it, one had to deliver oneself once

more to that cursed medium of discomfort called the New Zealand Railway. I do not think there is a place in the world, where one has a less comfortable seat, than in the tram-like carriages of the N. Z. R. (which, from all appearances might mean, "No Zeal Required.")

At the terrific speed of some 23 miles per hour the "Express" rattles through the plains of Canterbury. Flat, quite flat was the country. Far, far away to the west lay the slopes of the Alps, almost invisible in the noonday haze. Wide wheat fields spread on either side. It was the harvest time. The mowing machines worked ceaselessly and the cut wheat fell aside ready tied in sheaves. In one corner of the field an engine steamed, driving the threshing plant. On broad pastures hundreds and thousands of sheep scattered away from the approaching train. So there really are some living creatures on whom the N. Z. R. makes an impression, though they may only be sheep. The poor things looked pitiable in their nakedness, as the shearing had robbed them of their woollen coverings. Gigantic river beds, often $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles wide, cut through the plains. But they are in truth, beds only, filled with an enormous collection of boulders, stones, and pebbles, among which the water is almost lost. The main rivers are the Ashburton, Rangitata, and Waitaki, which the train crosses on large wooden bridges. Near Timaru, which, owing to its possession of six bathing-machines, has earned the distinction of being a watering-place, the train came in sight of the ocean, and left the plains for a country of grass-covered hills. At Studholme, the north and south expresses

of this single line meet, and here the passengers exchanged their morning papers. Oamaru was passed. The aspect of things inside and out remained the same. Every hour a guard, apparently very distrustful, came and checked the tickets: every quarter of an hour a boy ran through offering for sale—books, magazines and papers. He was followed by a fruit-seller, who asked sixpence for a handful of cherries, while outside a whole pound could be bought for a penny. There was an original old fellow, who, planting himself before the door, sang music-hall songs to the scrapping accompaniment of a fiddle, in a voice that sounded even fatter than his body. "Evening tea is ready!" In the dusty refreshment car one takes a bad cup of tea and something warm. The train clatters on, on towards the Peninsula, with its bays and hills, on the southern sides of which is Dunedin. Numerous tunnels are passed, and every time the windows were hurriedly closed. But it was of no avail, the ghastly sulphurous odour penetrated through the ash receptacles, which were bored through the floor. The outside harbour of Dunedin, Port Chalmers, was reached, and the train ran alongside the sea arm, that cuts off from the peninsula referred to, a second land tongue. It lies parallel to the mainland and at its southern end—at last, at last, at 8.15 p.m. Dunedin!

The pleasures of travelling were not yet exhausted, however. There was the struggle for luggage to follow. The methods of forwarding baggage here are primitive and unsatisfactory. At the commencement of the journey, the guard, or the passenger himself, sticks a label bearing the name

of its destination on the trunk, which is placed in the van. Here they are very liberal with free luggage. At the terminus, the guard heaps up the baggage behind a small counter, and everybody hunts for and claims his belongings. The scramble of hundreds of passengers with their thousands of parcels and boxes is like a football-scrum. Everybody calls out at once and pushes, jostles and squeezes his neighbour. And with it all there is absolutely nothing to prevent a man claiming other people's trunks. Honesty is certainly a very good policy, but it is wrong to build up any system on the assumption of it. A method of checking is said to exist, but nobody seems to know anything about it.

Dressed with flags and pennons the *Waikare* lay at the wharf. As usual at the moment of departure, passengers ran to and fro, called the stewards, and with luggage and umbrellas bumped the shins and eyes of their neighbours: begged their pardon and immediately collided afresh with someone else. Only there were no tears this time. All was gay and merry as the sun itself. And there was another agreeable surprise. A great number of pretty women in elegant frocks were on board—a sight not too often seen in New Zealand. But extensive travel makes one sceptical: for one usually finds that the prettiest faces walk ashore when the fog-horn blows for the third time. The musicians started to wrestle with a tune, and with dipping of flags, shrieking of sirens, and banging of guns, the boat steamed slowly northwards out over the sea arm, passing grass-clad hills, on which pretty villas were dotted in the shade of surrounding pines. Outside Port Chalmers, a slight pitching and the flight of the all

too nervous ladies showed that the open sea was reached. The course was then shaped towards Stewart Island in the south.

I had had "ma doots" as regards an "Excursion ship," but there was no other way of visiting the Sounds from the seaside, unless one had time enough to accompany on a two months' trip the little Government steamer on its round of lighthouse inspection.

An excursion in a ship, full of mixed company is not usually exactly pure joy. But let me say here that rarely have more agreeable, merry, and amiable people come together, than on this trip of the *Waikare*. From all lands they came: England, Australia, America, and Japan sent their best-looking ladies and their nicest men. Thank goodness, I was wrong this time: beauty had stopped on board. Professors of Australian and American Universities, artists, merchants, medical men, officers, farmers, and globe-trotters enjoyed a glorious holiday in the gayest of spirits. It was a varied but very agreeable company, in which all distinction of faith, class and nationality were set aside. Of course, there were "bones": the man for instance, who has "seen all this before," and who tried to kill the pleasure of the moment with his remark, "wait till you see such or such a place. It is much finer than this." Then there was the man who kept his philistine wisdom on tap, and looked around for a victim as eagerly as the devil does for a soul. Only for his meals did he close his mouth. Not even in the night was he quiet, for he snored as blatantly as he had talked in the day. He had a thousand tongues, but he owned not charity. There were some young and some

elderly ladies, who apparently did not know that the capitol was saved long ago : there was the brother of the Brocken climber, who said to Heinrich Heine when the sun rose in all his glory : " How pretty the world in general is ! "

These were people to be avoided.

A committee was formed which successfully catered for our entertainment and distraction in the evenings. Concerts were sometimes held, and although the three pianos and one pianola could fill anybody with horror, there were artists who could charm Liszt, Chopin, Schumann, Beethoven and Grieg out of the keyboard in a manner that pacified all hearers. Astonishing as it may seem, good music was heard on what might be called, English soil. Well-trained ladies' voices sang Schubert, and Franz, and Mallinson and the beautiful Scotch folk-songs. On other nights dances were held. The most alluring of these were the fancy dress balls. They involved the production of an abundance of original costumes, which all had to be designed and made on board. The result was a medley of Japanese ladies, waitresses, " Charley's Aunts," cooks, and two entrancing Roccoco ladies who captured the beauty prize. Let me, moreover, whisper in the reader's ear that the god of love was on board ! Cupid was a stowaway, and many an arrow did he shoot, many a man did he honourably wound, but none did he kill. On such a boat more love usually goes to the square inch than elsewhere. A rowing regatta was held, and for this the ladies in particular trained with ardent fervour. Even mental work was required by our committee. They organised for instance a poetic competition.

Competitors had to evolve three verses of four lines each. The end word of every second and fourth line was given. Those who produced the three best, serious and inspired poems were rewarded with prizes. As a sincere and truthful chronicler, it is, I suppose, my clear duty to confess all my sins. Here then, is my attempt to versify. It did not get a prize so it must have been good! (The given words are italicised.)

SONG OF A DISAPPOINTED MAID

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"Mother took me for a trip
On the Sounds excursion *ship*;
My heart at once became a wreck
When I saw 'him' upon the *deck*.

Tall and full of charm was he,
His eyes as blue as deepest *sea*;
Straight and lovely as a leek
Stood in his face the nasal *peak*.

Of course, I thought, along he bounds
To marry me while in the *sounds*.
A lovely couple—he and I!
But off he went and said *Good-bye*."

Let this suffice as to the party and its doings.

On Sunday 11th January we steamed past Stewart's Island and visited several of its many bays. These are enclosed in a circling range of mountain upwards of 1,000 feet high. The heights are covered with verdure and glorious bush. Only a few fishermen live here; who gain a livelihood by gathering the delicious and succulent Stewart Island oysters. The latter grow so abundantly that this delicacy has become a household word in these happy isles. During the night the *Waikare* weighed anchor and steamed towards the fjords.

Thirteen in number, they lie in New Zealand's south-west corner. Cook discovered them when he first sailed round the Island while on his second visit in March 1773. He recuperated in Dusky Sound from the hardships of an unsuccessful search for the mystic continent. Strange to say he there met a Maori family.

We visited on this occasion Preservation Inlet, Dusky, Doubtful, George and Milford Sounds. The character of the southern fjords is fundamentally the same. I wish to be at some pains not to awake an impression which this fortnight of a glorious trip never created for one instant—that of tiresome monotony. Hence I do not propose to give the picture of each sound individually. The ever-changing play of light and cloud, the variation of mountain formation and scenery, all that, in short makes one sound so different from the other, the pen cannot describe. In order not to tire by repetition the picture of two fjords only will be attempted. Their aspect shows how inexhaustible a feast of glory and beauty Nature has provided here.

On Thursday 21st, in bright sunshine we again approached the land from which we had parted only two hours before, when Dusky Sound with its beautiful Wet jacket Arm was left by the Breaksea Sound. Steep cliffs lay ahead forming an enormous wall with no apparent breach. Slowly the mountains move apart, a passage opens, the sea and its swell remain behind us, and on quiet waters only softly rippled by the breeze, the *Waikare* steams at reduced speed into Doubtful Sound. The ship makes a slight turn, and behind us the portal seems to close, and now we move upon a huge mountain

lake, 8,000 to 9,000 feet wide and as deep as the sea—a hundred fathoms and more—so that the anchors find ground only in a few places. Around us tower bush-clad heights; still more ahead of us—their soft lines sinking into the waters on either side, or, again, rushing down in perpendicular cliffs. To the left the precipitous banks of Secretary Island rise to a height of upwards of 3,000 feet. To the right the steep walls of the mainland are upraised. Behind them soar aloft the unnamed and unconquered mountain giants. A glorious bush clings to the rocks; one can scarcely conceive how it finds hold and nourishment. Densely it stretches right down to the water's edge, where it bathes its branches, and in equal thickness grows upwards to the snow limits, where the bold cliffs are visible in their bare grey. The dark green of the fagus is mixed with the gleaming verdure of the tree-ferns' fronds, whilst the soft yellow green of the Rimu blends in here and there, and in magnificent contrast burn in broad splashes between them the blood-red Rata. One's heart leaps out to greet such beauty.

And all is quiet, intensely quiet, reposeful, peaceful and still. The breath as of the first day of creation when man was yet unborn hovers over the scene. There is scarcely a sign of life. A pair of black swans fly across the bow: the white wing tips shine brightly in the sun. The long-tailed cuckoo at rare intervals shrieks from the forest: high around the mast circles a lonely seagull. All is so untouched, so beautiful, fresh and virginal. Thus Cook saw it more than a hundred years ago: nothing has altered since. No man lives here: nowhere is the whirling smoke of a chimney to be seen, no

road-building to remind one of men. We are in Nature's temple, in the holiest of the holy. Slowly and without noise, as though afraid to disturb the peace of this great silence, the steamer wends its way onwards. Forest screens move apart and meet again behind us. The Sound becomes narrower and smaller. Giant walls threaten us on either side and seem as though they would fain crash down on our frail ship. Then once more the waters widen out to the formation of a lake. The scene is impressive and grand and yet of indescribable loveliness. Imposing are the rock forms of the uncovered heights, they stand out in massive blocks as if piled up by giants' hands. Immense cones, overhanging points, and unattainable summits, outline their majestic shapes against the skies. In deeper layers the most delightful bush is spread, as if Nature had sought to soften her more austere and rugged handiwork, to soothe its defiant looks as a mother's tender hand caresses the frowns from her child's face.

The small Banza Isle is passed and the steamer turns to the south-east and enters the more southerly of the two arms, which branch off here, into Smith Sound. Again, the same glorious scenery. Rock portals and caves are seen as we pass. A steep gully separates two mountain giants. A pistol cracks and a peal of thunder echoes a thousandfold and rolls through the fjord. The last inlet Halls Arm, is reached. To the right towers a cliff, rugged and awe-inspiring: a giant who would not stoop, but stood grimly aloof, when all his brethren bowed to the bush's charms. From the uttermost ends of the fjords a snow-field gleams down from the peaks: waterfalls rush, like long

white ribbons, over the walls. The Sound narrows down to scarcely 600 feet across, and only with difficulty the skipper succeeds in turning the ship against the wind. We return the same way that we came. The doors which closed before, opened out again, and slowly the steamer glides through all the glory of the scene, and turns finally into the other branch "the crooked arm" which really deserves this name, so full it is of sharp curves. Each of these seem to be the end of the waterway, until suddenly a new passage lies open round the bend. At its actual end the anchor is dropped for the night. Small parties sat in merry or in serious conversations on the upper deck in the evening. All around the night spread its black cloak slowly, and in the clear skies the glittering lights hung. The four stars of the southern cross sparkled in the zenith with the two leaders of Centaur, seemingly quite near to us, and yet worlds away: sharp and black the lines of the heights stood against the sky: a silvery border glittering round their summits. The conversation rapidly waned. Deep silence reigned over all the world save for the cry of a weka in the bush. That died away and once again all was quiet, only the small waves murmured round the ship's bow. It was solemn and sublime; it was holy! . . .

"Peace breathes along the shade
Of every hill,
The tree tops of the glade
Are hushed and still;
All woodland murmurs cease,
The birds to rest within the brake are gone.
Be patient, weary heart—anon,
Thou, too, shalt be at peace! . . ."

At ten o'clock next morning our anchor was

weighed. Brilliant sunshine bathed the fjord, and again the delightful panorama rolled past our eyes. Bold cliffs moved along in stately array, and in the gentle breeze the rich-leaved bush rustled peacefully. Having passed the west point of Secretary Island, the boat turned into the other arm of the Sound—the Gaer Arm. If you compare Doubtful Sound with an H lying from west to east. Smith Sound with Halls and Gaer Arms form the easterly branches. Doubtful Sound (in the restricted sense of the name) and Thompson Sound circling Secretary Island are westerly. Over 30 miles long, Gaer Arm cuts into the land towards the east. It is often curved in at a right angle. Here again is glorious scenery. A wealth of mighty cliffs and lovely bush and over all a chastened stillness and peace. In the last curve—Shoal Cove—the water lay smooth as a mirror reflecting a faithful picture of bush and mountain with beautiful clarity. Here the anchor was again dropped. After luncheon all the party got into the boats; small coteries were made up. The steam-launch conveyed them from the ship, and every party went in search of spots where they could fulfil the conditions of life, i.e. boil afternoon tea and camp out until the evening. Such places were very difficult to find near the perpendicular cliffs, and there was only a little foreshore which the incoming tide left free of water. We eventually landed where a little brook had heaped up enough sand and yielded the necessary fresh water for our tea. Here the ground was safe and ample for our purpose, some of our party stayed in the boats to fish (the sounds are so very rich in blue and red cod that it is only necessary to drop the line into the

water when immediately there is a jerk). I went ashore though I had at the outset firmly made up my mind not to do so again. Why? Well I guess I will have to confess after all. I have tried to forget it, to wipe it off "the slate of memory" but it refuses to be erased! I have the traces on my fingers still. The sandflies did it! Small midge-like, abominable blood-suckers! They rush in swarms headlong to every bare spot of flesh, bury their trunks in the skin causing a slight pain and start to suck the blood. To kill them is easy as they are caught in their own trap; but even in death they are brutal and leave their trunk in the skin. The wound swells into a little lump and itches horribly for days after. Some of our party allowed these infamous insects to suck themselves full of blood and then fly away. Their victims were a little blood the poorer but were free of lumps or itches. But not everybody can remain placid when ten to twenty of such creatures sting and suck on forehead, ears, or hands. The death of the tormentors can alone cool the temper and satiate the longing for revenge. Certainly one can cover one's hands with gloves: but they have to be very long, for these sandflies creep up into the sleeves. Human legs, too, are not safe from their aversion, and many beautiful lace openwork stockings remained in feminine trunks unused and unseen. At first we tried to secure face and neck from attack by wearing dense gossamer veils hanging down from the hat, and closely tied round the neck: but this becomes unbearably hot and the world looks foggy. Carbolic ointment is useful, but who would always smell like a chemist's shop? Eucalyptus and lavender oil help only so long as

the etheric essences have not evaporated, and their effect only lasts a few minutes in any case. If one is compelled to sit still while painting in water-colours for instance, it is advisable to smoke and put on gloves. The only compensation was that these villainous insects appeared to have a double value—firstly they afforded to shy people an inexhaustible theme for conversation, secondly they induced philosophy. The great, the strong, the “man,” is not always lord and master. The despicable, the insignificant, the worthless, the deceitfully malicious wears him down. These pests must have brought many a sailor’s curse from between Cook’s lips. We were no better, only of course we cursed in that restricted way which English society’s bashful cant prescribes. But really, this thirst for man’s blood seems interesting in animals which have not seen men for a year at least. At other times they live upon the juice of decayed plants and trees.

The smell of blood attracts them magnetically. They can be seen running about on clothes and gloves looking for an opening through which to reach the “juice of very special kind.”

Do they really smell the blood? or are they attracted by other means, perhaps by emanations akin to the odour of the products of decayed trees. They are said to attack and even kill the brood of birds. They leave anything moving in peace.

The several ladies and gentlemen in our party had made up their minds to go in search of discoveries that afternoon. We therefore penetrated into the bush, but only a few steps. Then the jungle became so dense, that without an axe and a saw it was impossible to go any farther. We decided

therefore to walk up through the bed of the creek. Hopping from stone to stone, over fallen giant trees, and through avenues of fern we climbed on. It was somewhat arduous work but the bush repaid us with its ever-increasing, its glorious beauty. A comical penguin stared at us. "What sort of fellows are they?" he thought, and shaking his head, he waddled away with lively gestures of his former wings, now changed into fins. Our exploring spirit was rewarded, for we found two small and charming waterfalls, which were christened to the accompaniment of a solemn ceremony after our ladies "Ethel—and Rita—fall." Proud as Columbus, Cook and Tasman rolled into one, we then went back.

A cup of tea was quickly made and despatched, after which it was a case of *sauve qui peut*—into the boat. Here we fished for half an hour, before the steam-launch called for us. The first denizen of the deep that we landed was a huge shark. A sailor cut off the snout and tail of this terrible fellow and threw the carcass back into its element, where it sank, incapable of steering, slowly bleeding to death. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

Merry was the home voyage when the stranger to the language was taught by admirable lips, the secrets of text and melodies of English songs. It was then he learned the ballad of "John Brown" and his soul, which is marching on, of the animals which went "two by two" into the ark and the tragedy of the "three blind mice," the tails of which were cut off by the great carving knife of the farmer's wife. ———

Time of action: Tuesday, 26th January, 6.30 a.m.
Place of action: the fo'c'sle of the *Waikare*. A

little sleepy, secretly yawning, and swearing a wee little bit, everybody stood together. One would have liked to have stayed a little longer underneath the quilt after the fancy dress ball and the supper, where such tasty dishes and such bad speeches had been indulged in. But mercilessly the Chief Officer had pulled the fog-horn line and hunted everybody out of sweet dreams with the awful howl. We were approaching Milford Sound, the last of them all.

The world itself was still asleep. Deeply hovered the clouds on the cliffs, here in long horizontal stripes, leaving the summits free, there banked up in patches and masses, hiding every part of the landscape from view.

Straight towards this threatening wall the ship sailed. The little Anita Bay is passed in the south, but nobody sees yet where the way lies. Rigid and barren and so high as to pierce the heavens, the rocks ahead rise out of the waters. The steamer is now under them. There a passage opens out to the east, perhaps 900 feet across and 3,000 feet long. Still the mist hangs low, and in the early morning gloom, the rocks tower on either side up to the skies rugged and enormous. Far ahead, where the passage seems to close, a silver band glitters on a dark background. It is the Stirling Fall, dashing down its declivity of 500 feet. The voyage between these steep, vertical walls, on the narrow water-strait and in the uncertain light proves oppressive. To the right, cloud masses are piled thickly to a great height. The sun breaks through and sheds life into the bank of mist. There is a drawing hither and thither, a shifting, pressing, agitating and fight-

ing movement in the clouds and slowly a rocky pyramid stands clear in the light. It is the Mitre Peak ending at an altitude of 5,560 feet in a sharp point. To the left towards the north the "Lion" rests, its lifted head turned towards the sea. Between them the ship glides and lies in the bay at the head of the five miles fjord.

An amphitheatre of high rocks limits the panorama on the land. There stand, 3,000 feet high, the Sheerdown Hills, the steep walls of which separate the Cleddau and Arthur River valleys: in the west the higher Terror Peaks, a rugged and bare formation of cliffs.

On a small foreshore lies the house of Mr Sutherland, who has lived here for thirty years, making trips of discoveries. He accommodates tourists and is a good-natured old crony.

On the north the Barren Range rises sheer up to 6,000 feet. In front of it the Bowen Fall (550 feet), torn into four or five arms, and forming a seething mass of foam and spray rushes over a sharp edge, which conceals a small glacier-fed lake (550 feet). On its water-mists the sun breaks in sparkling rainbows. Opposite to this waterfall the steamer makes fast to a buoy.

And to the west, towards the sea, a magnificent view lies spread out, and is engraved imperishably upon the memory. Nobody who saw it will ever forget it; clear, crisp and sharp, in light grey colours the Mitre Peak stretches aloft to the vault of heaven, falling down in steep steps towards the north, sinking gradually towards the left, and bordering a great rocky amphitheatre called the Sindbad Gully. Before it, covering it to half its height, rises



MILFORD SOUND, MITRE PEAK AND SINDBAD GULLY.

an unnamed dome clad with the greenest bush, which, towards the north, follows the lines of the peak and runs out on the other side in a low dark seam, that closes the gully as a gallery against the water. The grey rock point, hard and sharp, and leaning on it the great dome, soft and sweeping, is like youth clinging to age. Parted from it by a small water seam, which is closed towards the sea by the sloping rock contour of Mt. Kimberley, lies the Lion, the maned head thrown back in defiance and pride. Higher than this and to the north stands the mighty bulk of Mt. Pembroke, over 6,700 feet high. On this rests a green-glistering glacier, a long prong of which reaches downward. Well-defined, massive, great, and full of power are these lines. When the evening falls, the sight is one of mighty majesty. Serenely and solemnly the masses lie there, their outlines sharply limned against the yellow-red sky. Over all dwells a deep silence. All is great. All is overwhelmingly grand. It is as though one stood at the portals of another world, a world of peace, where passions are at rest. The reverent Walhallâ chords of the "Ring of the Nibelung" seem to hover over them. It is a scene which grips the very heart-strings of everybody who gazes, enraptured, upon it.

Only Bœcklin's "Island of the Dead" awakens a like echo—all tongues become mute before such beauty: in silent adoration—head and knees are bent before such glory. Then the moon comes up as if out of the sea and sheds through the blissful amphitheatre a glittering milky way over the waters: her light plays on the glacier, and causes the Bowen Fall to gleam in ghostly white. . . .

“Fillest hill and vale again,
Still with softening light;
Loosest from the world's cold chain
All my soul to-night.

Spreadest round me far and nigh
Soothingly, thy smile;
From thee, as from friendship's eye,
Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart—
Glad and gloomy mood;
Joy and sorrow both have part
In my solitude. . . .

Happy he who, hating none,
Leaves the world's dull noise;
And, with a trusty friend alone,
Quietly enjoys
What, for ever unexpressed,
Hid from common sight;
Through the mazes of the breast
Softly steals by night. . . .”

During the two days in which the *Waikare* was at anchor in Milford Sound, we took trips into the pretty valleys of the Cleddau and the Arthur. On the 28th of January the *Waikare* left the sounds, returning directly via the Bluff to Dunedin. The Sounds excursion had come to an end. Fourteen glorious days they had been, the last but not the least reason being that they had been real sun days. The rain which even in Cook's time, had its headquarters here, mercifully kept off.

For one moment a question may be touched upon here which was often discussed on board, that of a comparison between these New Zealand fjords and the Norwegian fjords. I cannot quite see the sense of such comparisons: as mankind ought to be glad to have had—“two of such fellows” (as Goethe put it, when he noticed the heated discussion as to who



MOONLIT NIGHT IN THE SOUNDS.



was the greater—Schiller or he). But a few words may be given to the subject. New Zealand fjords lack the numberless small rocky islands which barricade the entrance to the fjords of Norway and leave scarcely room for navigation—those isles which giants' fists seem to have hurled against intruders: they lack the great glaciers reaching down to the water's edge. But they have this glorious bush, this impressive stillness, which appeals to everybody so powerfully. Away from all human settlement, away from post, telegraph and newspaper, away from hotels and waitresses dressed up in borrowed national costume, one is in Nature's holiest of holy. Everything is undefiled and fresh. I did not take away any pictures from Norway as I did from here, owing to the loveliness of the southern fjords and the majesty of Milford Sound. It may be that the undesirable weather we had in Norway was greatly to blame. However, there were three of us on board, who had been "up there," and we all agreed that we preferred New Zealand's Sounds. It is truly very fortunate, that the virginal character, and heart-refreshing naturalness of the New Zealand Sounds is to be preserved for ever. The Tourist Department has proclaimed them a "National Reserve."

We decided to leave the steamer in Milford Sound and to walk back overland by a route which, starting from Milford Sound, crosses the heights by way of McKinnon's Pass and terminates at the great lakes.

Eight persons started upon this walking trip. We bade good-bye to all the friends who had enjoyed with us those fourteen sunny days. Three

cheers were given, a farewell hymn was played by the full orchestra, our ever so charming ladies waved their handkerchiefs—"fare thee well and if for ever, then for ever fare thee well!" A last look to all left behind, whom, perchance, one would never meet again—a serious and earnest address to one's own heart: Τέτλαθι δὴ, κραδίη, καὶ κυντερον' ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης! and then full steam ahead.

Our launch brought us a good way up the Arthur River. On "Sandfly Point" (which richly deserves this name) we landed on the left bank of the river. Again I had the good fortune to find myself in company than which none nicer or more agreeable could be imagined. Captain R. of London, his charming, clever, little wife, Dr K. from Melbourne and "my humble self" comprised an *entente cordiale*, which, be it hoped, will last through storm and stress as it did through this period. With us went a newly married couple (who are sufficiently characterised by that), the desirable Mr G. from England and Mr M. who had cycled twice round the world and found out that vegetarianism is "wisdom's best." This precious discovery he paraded on all possible and impossible occasions. Dead tired on arrival, he cried out (like the deer for water) for onions and salad. At the outset he had made up his mind to convert us and to treat us free of charge with rules of diet, until he was delicately but firmly told, that:

"Two medicos, you need not fret,
Make easily six people dead,"

and that any interference on his part would be looked upon as an unfriendly act and mean com-



LAKE ADA, MILFORD SOUND.

petition. But otherwise he was sound and good-natured. The outfit of my friends was badly packed. Their belongings were wrapped in parcels, covered with oilcloth, which were fastened by straps in a most uncomfortable fashion round their neck and waist. Better than these "swags" are the "Rucksack" (knapsack) and collar of "Loden," which strange to say are unknown here.

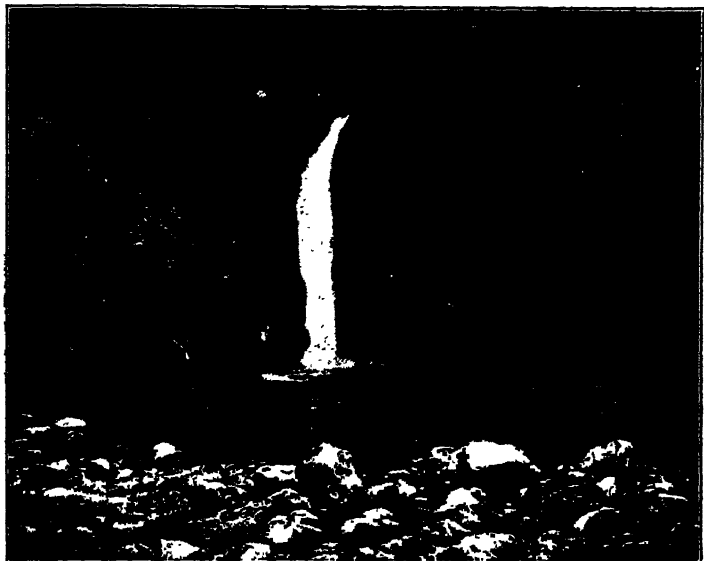
On Sandfly Point a guide received us. Such a companion is not absolutely necessary: but he is handy, especially when ladies are of the walking party. He carries their luggage and is chiefly useful to tell the tourist the names and character of mountains, plants, rivers and falls, as there are no good means of ascertaining such particulars for oneself.

The whole route we travelled by has been laid and made by the indefatigable Tourist Department, which well deserves the thanks of all. About every seven miles huts are erected, which are under the supervision of a guide. These guides are employed by the Government at a wage of 9/- per day and all found. The Department charges for their services between 15/- and 20/- per head, according to the number who walk with each guide. The fee for a meal or a bed in the hut is 2/-.

At 11 a.m. on 28th January we started from Sandfly Point and walked up the Arthur River valley, at first over swampy meadows, then through glorious bush up to Lake Ada. This lovely sheet of water is about four miles long and stretches between high and bush-clad mountains running from north to south, thus lying in the direction of our

path, which points from the Sound to Lake Te Anau directly south. In the west the last heights of the Sheerdown Hills rise up, in the east the Terror Peaks and the mighty cliff amphitheatres of the Devil's Arm-chair, and Footstool, and the snowclad summit of Tutoko pierce the clouds. Numerous tree-trunks or "snags" stand out of the water, forming impediments to navigation and rowing. These snags are most likely the remnants of the bush, which was buried in the river, after a landslip had blocked the stream and let it swell into a lake. Our ladies were rowed over these obstructions whilst we directed our steps along the glorious bush path. Our slight labour was amply rewarded. This magnificent bush, the praises of which cannot possibly be sung too often or too loudly! Then there are the marvellous waterfalls out of "Giant's Gate," the bushy gigantic portal, and near it Bell Rock. These sights we should have missed had we not gone by that route.

Until this time, it had been cloudy and cool, but now—alas—the first drops of rain fell. And, unfortunately, they were not to be the only ones. At first it was bearable, under the splendid roof of the bush. But it came down presently more densely and in ceaseless torrents. Captain R.'s beautiful linen collar grew limp and sank down: the world's cyclist's nankeen trousers, which, like Ulixes, had "seen many men's cities," pulled sad grimaces. Slowly our clothes became soaked in the downpour, and though we recognised the necessity of rain for the sake of the luxuriant vegetation, we were not pleased with it in the least.



GIANT'S GATE WATERFALL, MILFORD SOUND.



CROSSING THE ARTHUR RIVER.

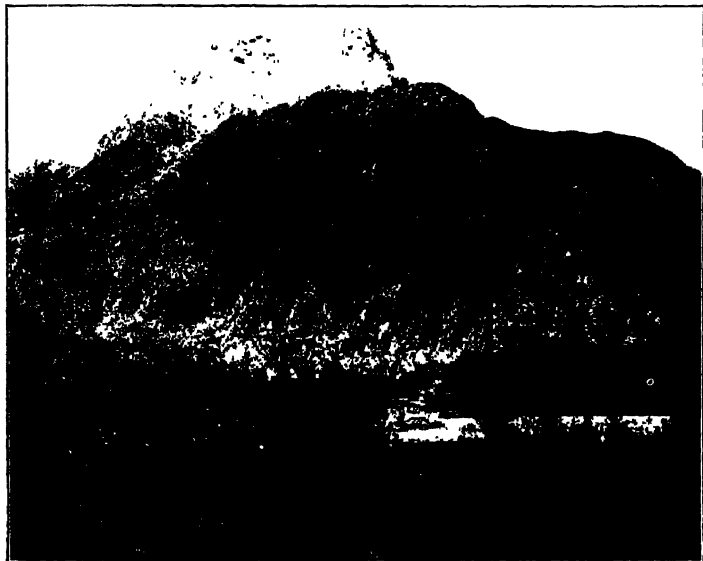
In a small tent by the roadside we took a bite of lunch, then set forth again through the pouring rain on the magnificent bush track. The Arthur River crossed our way. The ladies in our party were pulled across the river in a little trolley on wire ropes, whilst we traversed it in a punt. The way led on over hundreds of creeks and brooks on small planks. Glorious bush was again ranged on this right side of the Arthur River. But still it poured. The horrible rain certainly did its best to reconcile us. It charmed innumerable waterfalls out of the bold cliffs. On a section of the Elliot Range, perhaps 1500 feet long which in the west follows the Sheerdown Hills, we saw a score of these impromptu waterfalls close to each other rushing down the precipice, and opposite them, over the roaring creek, another dozen or so foamed down hundreds of yards into the depths. On we marched. The path was laden with ferns: the low ones on the ground in endless profusion, the high ferns above us. The fagus bushes with their small, shining, dark-green leaves were more entrancing, more magnificent than ever—in spite of the rain. But all our appreciation of the scenic beauties we were passing through and the glory of the jungle could not blind us to the sad fact, that we were wet, as wet as a cat after a bath. Like soaked sponges we reached the Fall huts at about half-past four. These were the first shelter places on the way. Not a dry stitch was there upon us, only the knapsacks had proved waterproof, so that the ladies and luckily I also, had a dry change in underclothing. Each of the party had to manufacture for himself

an overcoat out of the brown-red blankets of the huts. It was a funny procession that came to dinner, Marcus Antonius, Brutus (all honourable men), Cassius (who thinks too much), monks, well-fed mummies we looked. As if nailed down, the unhappy diners had to cower on their seats during the meal, lest at any moment they should reveal their lack of attire!

The fitting up of these galvanised iron huts (one is for ladies, the other for the better sex) is not exactly luxurious. The Continental Alpine huts are hotels compared to them. On two walls of the square, low room, bunks are erected, one above the other. They are euphemistically called beds and are twelve in number. Officially the hut has accommodation for twenty-four, but to get that number in, two would have had to share each board, which would involve a sleepless night and blue spots about the body. Whether that would tend to exactly increase one's total amount of happiness, seems very doubtful. In the centre of the hut stands a long, roughly hewn table and two benches: a big open fire-place is built in the third wall, and in the fourth is the cupboard with a large store of fresh bread, butter, tea, meat, fruit and vegetable preserves. The gentlemen's hut served as kitchen and dining-room.

In spite of the grim weather, we were all very merry over dinner. It was late when at last we all stretched on our bunks. It was not without sardonic grinning that we observed the woeful looks with which our newly married ones parted.

The rain drummed on the iron roof the whole night long: and on the next day there was no



DEVIL'S ARM CHAIR, ON THE ARTHUR RIVER.



ARTHUR RIVER VALLEY, WITH SHEERDOWN HILLS.

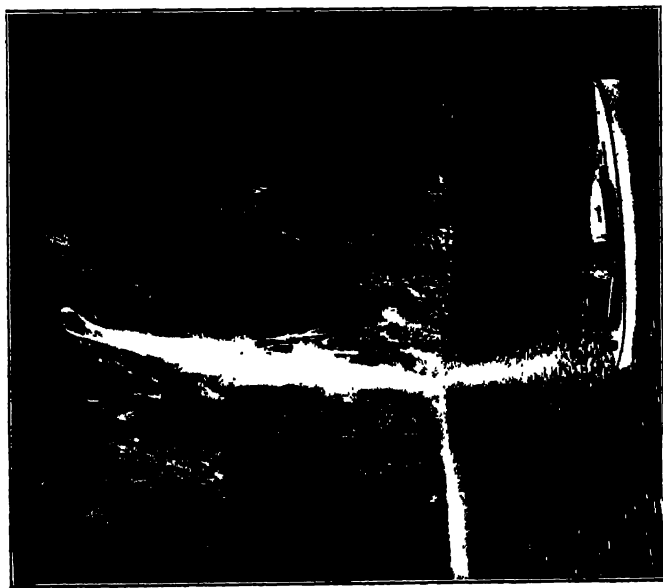
cessation of the cruel play of the elements. But our spirits were not to be drowned. Until late in the afternoon we sat around the roaring fire and dried—and burnt—many a poor sock, many a useful article of clothing, because its possessor indulged in frivolity instead of looking after his belongings. It became my painful duty to render surgical services in the direction of operating on a boot, mending a scorched hole on the upper. The operation was successful, but the owner of the boot has corns to this day. In the evening everybody was thoroughly rested and dry again, and able to appear in full dress at dinner, and still Jupiter Pluvius had no pity. But defying him, the party was merrier than ever. A *café chantant* was started: there were ventriloquists with living dolls, imitators of animals' voices, and the music-hall singers, reciters, and finally a Maori troupe, horribly tattooed, and praised beyond measure by their impresario. Their terrible haka must have frightened even Jupiter, for the rain began to leave off. Then every one repaired to his bunk. And again the queen of the night took compassion on us. Next morning out of the radiant blue canopy the sun laughed beamingly. Fresh snow had fallen on the heights. The light was reflected on the bright-green shrubs and the dark-green fagus leaves in a thousand golden specks, and glittered through the lace-like screens of the tree-ferns. The beautifully fresh air was filled with the roaring of the mountain creeks. Not until now had we been able to relish the fine situation of our huts. Right around us gorgeous bush was spread over a plain several hundreds of yards long and

equally as wide. Huge cliffs encircled this natural arena in the north, the massive Mount Edgar towards the west, the mountain chains of Mounts Hart and Daniels in the east, the broad back of Mount Elliott and the mighty Matterhorn-like prong of Mount Balloon, and close to it, at the rear of our position, the perpendicular wall of McKinnon's Pass. Like the arms of the letter Y, three valleys meet here. In the branch coming from the east, the Roaring Creek, fed by the Jervois Glacier of Mount Elliott coursed turbulently; from the west, the waters of the Sutherland Fall raced over moss-covered boulders. Both united and left the plain as the Arthur River in the third valley.

Previously, on our first day, a few hundred yards before we reached the huts we had a glimpse from the path of the fall discovered in 1880 by Mr Sutherland and named after him. It is precipitated down over an enormous cliff of 1,904 feet, and is probably the highest fall on earth. A path one mile long through bush leads to it—but through what an elf-land! The beeches stand in close array, green yellow moss waving in bright long streamers from the branches. Goblins seem to swing there, the wind playing in their scrubby beards. Fantastic confusion reigns—a confusion of trees and branches hopelessly entangled. A thick carpet of ferns and moss covers the ground. Painted in all colours by lichen, boulders are spread about, and there is a holy stillness everywhere. From far, far away, comes the echo of a distant roaring—here live the fairies—this is a charmed forest.



SUTHERLAND FALL.



STIRLING FALL, MILFORD SOUND.

The path leads over rocks and stones and soft ground. Twice the bold form of Mount Balloon becomes visible in the green frame. The rushing and roaring become more distinct and the waterfall comes into view at a curve in the way. From the saddle between Mounts Hart and Daniels, out of the invisible glacier-fed Lake Quill, a long, white, slender band foams over the cliff, hits a jutting rock, rushes down and splashes again upon a bank, and thunders to the ground; the three cascades fall roaring downwards, in mist the waters rise again and the sun spans a beautiful bow over them. Beneath their clashing leap the earth trembles and the mountains around echo the noise. The sight is glorious, not overwhelming like that of Niagara, but lovely. Lightly and blithely, the waters spring down the descent; some parts seem to tear away from the main stream as if they would fall alone. Others catch them, and so in ceaseless chasing and hunting of each other down towards us—dwarfed in comparison—the waters race like a tissue of delicate white waves of lace.

“ Like the gleam
Of a star so bright!
Young and fresh
From the clouds he danceth
Down upon the marble rocks,
Then towards heaven
Leaps exulting. . . . ”

From the Beech Huts the path leads upwards on the right bank of Roaring Creek. The dense jungle of Coprosma and ferns, doubly fresh after the rain stand on either side surmounted by fagus, panax and countless varieties of trees. Above us Mount Elliott hangs: its icy head, the Jervois

Glacier glistens in the sun. To the right the rock pyramid of Mount Balloon threatens. The path is a good one and the ascent is easy. The larger trees remain behind us. Large fields of flowering Ribbon-wood (*Plagianthus Betulinus*) [so called because the wood can be easily pulled off in strips] take their place and fill the deep valleys on either side, resembling large snow-fields. These, too, are left behind as we mount upwards. Spear grass and chequered moss cover the ground, interspersed with *Gentiana* and the Mountain Lily (*Ranunculus Lyalli*) with its plate-like leaves. The valley terminates in a mighty basin, and at its rear end Mounts Elliott and Balloon touch one another. Here, to the left, the Roaring Creek has channelled a big firm snow tunnel like a glittering corridor, through which it takes its course. Near the snow palace we cross it and ascend first on the back wall, then around Mount Balloon we move in serpentine up to the summit of the Pass (about 2,600 feet) called after its discoverer, the unfortunate McKinnon. The view from this saddle which perhaps half a mile long, but only a few yards wide, is magnificent. Far down below towards the north and the sea runs the Arthur valley. The waters scintillate in silver spots through the bush, soaring cliffs framing it. In an angle to the west lies an unexplored and nameless gorge. In the east, yonder, soars the high dome of the Elliot mountain with its bluish-green and sparkling glacier: before it the bold Balloon: the hindmost walls of which fall down in a serrated, rugged line. Built on to it towards the south, towers the mighty MacKenzie Range, and opposite in the

west the enormous hunch of Mount Hart rears up in company with the rough cones of the Castle mountains 6000 and 7000 feet high. They enclose a bush-filled valley through which the Clinton winds like a glittering snake. Bold, defiant and rugged these mountain peaks mount aloft, a double row of untamed giants, the whole representing a matchless scene of noble beauty, well able to hold its own with the celebrated Neroedal.

The path winds steeply and quickly into the Clinton valley. Shortly afterwards, the close branches of the bush threw their shadows over us, and on the right bank of the Clinton we reached the Mintaro hut. Refreshed by a short luncheon we walked on, now through delightful bush, now over swampy ground rich in flax where the view opened out towards Titanic mountains. These are mostly unnamed as are the many waterfalls careering downwards like silver streaks. At the suggestion of our good guide, Taylor, each lady in our party chose a gorgeous cascade and christened it after herself with due ceremony—"Phillida" and "Leola" falls. We (the mere men) were offered several well-preserved mountains out of the great and well-assorted stock on approval. Each of us had his choice and easily received his everlasting monument. But it is very doubtful whether New Zealand boys will actually be taught at school about Mount Herz with its Max glacier. They gave me the snow-capped gentleman on account of my head being more bald than guilty. Towards evening the summery sky again became overcast with thick clouds shutting out the sunlight. These clouds wept and once more our

beautifully dried clothes absorbed the precious moisture. At half-past seven we arrived at mid camp where the Tourist Department had erected three huts. There were positively spring mattresses here and, although they were made merely of fencing wire, no Emperor, Pope, or King could have slept better than we did after our thirteen miles tramp, which ought by the way to be reckoned at double that distance on top of our fortnight's sea-trip. In the hut that night the wind whistled through the holes of the boarding (so that even the vegetarian got enough ventilation) but that disturbed nobody.

On the following morning which was bright and sunny we again journeyed for a couple of hours through the glorious bush. No more beautiful promenade, even in the finest royal park, can be imagined than this splendid walk, under the bower of the fagus mingled with a few pine trees (especially the Podocarpus Totara with its almost leaf-like needles). Tree-ferns strange to say do not exist on this side of the pass. The ground is strewn with minute, red golden beech leaves, over which the sunbeams play. Glittering away on the left are the crystal clear, green waters of the Clinton, in which the big trout scuttle about. Through the leafy net the vision penetrates towards the steep MacKenzie Range and the bush canary pipes its sweet melody. It is a real Sunday of Nature. On a branch sat a neat little fantail looking at us and inquisitively hopping nearer on the outstretched arm. Such quaint creatures as we were, which possessed neither wings nor feathers, it had never seen before, so it viewed

us from all sides and then flew away. The black and yellow Weka—the scoundrel—ran over the path ignoring us. Animal life is, generally speaking, very scarce in the bush. Such few examples as there are, however, not being terrified by the shot of the hunter, nor threatened by rascally boys, are remarkably tame.

Before a high mountain bank the Clinton curves at a right angle towards the east, thence it flows round the high snow-clad promontory of the MacKenzie Range and empties itself after a short southerly course into Lake Te Anua. The bush path followed it. Just this side of the river's mouth, on its farther bank our goal lay: Gladehouse. "Cooee! cooee!" with the Australian call (it originated from the cattle driver) we fetched the boatman over, and were rowed across. Here we enjoyed Garvey's excellent care, his chairs, his serviettes and beds. Our honeymooners were in the seventh heaven. They had a room to themselves.

Gladehouse which now belongs to the Tourist Department is beautifully situated on a small plain encircled by bushy heights near the north end of the lake. Beyond, the river rises in the west and, standing between two valleys, is the white summit of Mount MacKenzie. Behind it, as the termination of an unnamed northerly valley, lies Mount Michelsen, rich in snow-fields. In the east is the Skelmorlie Range, 5,700 feet high. But the sandflies have their headquarters here and sully life's unmixed joy. We would have liked to ascend Skelmorlie on the following day, but sleepily it hid its head in mist—a state of affairs which the

"oldest identities" prophesied would last the whole day. Of course the mist dispersed when it was too late for the ascent. This happened just as, at two o'clock, the small steamer *Tarawera* (which comes twice a week from the south end), left the "Head of the Lake."

Te Anau is the largest of the southern lakes, covering 132 square miles. It is 36 miles long, with a varying width of from 1 to 6 miles. It reaches out of the country of the northern mountain giants to the land of undulating lilliputian hills in the south. Its scenery recalls vividly the forgotten picture of the Southern Fjords. In long, sweeping lines the heights rise out of the waters. Densest bush clothes them up to the snow borders, where the dark green cuts off in a sharp straight line and the rocky grey commences. The view back to the north end from Lion Island is magnificent. Between the converging ridges, towers the snowy rugged Skelmorlie, next to it (towards the west) and of similar height is Mount Largs, towards the east Mount Christine, and further east again, Mount Anau overtopping everything. Isolated from the rest, soars the massive dome of Mount Kane (5,500 feet) a gigantic chain of mountains. On the west bank run the heights of the Earl Range, terminating in a peak 4,000 feet high. Behind them the Eglinton Chain extends, guarded by Mount Eglinton and Annie Peak (5,000 feet). Over the other (eastern) side of the lake, the Franklin mountains complete the gorgeous panorama. Into these bush-clad ranges three arms cut, the west, the north (middle) and the south fjord, miles long into the land.

The trip lasted two hours. The height then sank slowly. Flatter and flatter spread the shores clad with yellow grass. A lonely sheep station was seen here and there. Far away in the south the long, brown, bare range of Takitimo then moved into the picture. Now, it seemed as if Te Anau the "changeable" would demonstrate its right to that name. There had been a breeze from the south at the outset, then there was a breathless lull. But now it blew with terrific force out of the north, till the lake was covered with foam-tipped waves, and as the master of the steamer, Captain Menzies asserts, the waves of the lake can rival any ocean in the vigour and agility of their movements. Many sea-sick people have made their lamentable sacrifices here. The scenery ahead became uninteresting and monotonous, and the eye wandered back and feasted on the glorious Alpine landscape, now glowing in the beautiful tints of eventide. But they gradually faded and faded, and, finally, disappeared. At half-past six we landed at the foot of the lake, where Mrs Fraser's well-equipped hotel catered for our needs, and where our vegetarian friend was able to fill up his shrivelled interior with gooseberries and red currants, and unripe pears. He "grazed" there late into the night. On this spot lives a gentleman who calls himself artist and captain. Pressed by him, we visited his studio, but I can only state, that, if he once fared as badly with his ships as he fares now with his brush, if, as a captain, he made as bad use of canvas as he does now as a painter, he did well to come ashore. It may be, however, that he is the best captain

among painters, and among captains, the best painter, or the best captain and painter among people who are neither.

From the foot of the lake, one day's coaching brings the tourist to Lumsden and to the railway. But we did not yet desire to use the latter, preferring to stay a few days on Lake Manapouri nearby. With Lake Te Anau, it is joined by the Waiau River, which carries its waters in great curves from the northerly lake "Changeable" to the southerly Manapouri. On its left bank runs a horribly bad road six miles long, through a flat, uninteresting landscape, full of flax. It took us two hours to come over.

Manapouri, (or Manawapouri) means: "Sad heart." The lake was not always so styled. Once its name was Roto Ua—"Rain Lake." At that time a part of the Ngatimamoe Tribe lived on its shores, subsisting peacefully on the catch of their fishermen. But when the Ngaitahu entered the South Island, a bitter feud flared up between the rival tribes. They fought hot encounters on the banks of the lake. Fortune was with the invaders, the Ngatimamoe being defeated, and most of them falling at the hands of the Ngaitahu. Deep mourning overcame the survivors, and loud wailing filled the air. So Roto Ua became "a lake of tears," "a sad heart." Those who remained of the conquered tribe escaped into the east; but in the new country they did not forget the old, for there is only one home. And so they sang: "My eyes are filled with tears, when I lift my eyes up to the mountains of Takitimo and the heights of Manawapouri. Oh that I might be a

bird, that I could fly away! That only wings would grow."

On the map Manapouri lies spread out like a star-fish, the northerly branches of which are stunted in growth. From a little body, stretch forth as continuations, the Hope, South, West, North, and Monument Arm and the Shallow Bay. This explains how, as seems incredible at first glance, the lake covers fifty square miles. Its depth of 1,500 feet makes it the deepest lake in New Zealand.

The first outlook from the accommodation house is sadly disappointing. Was that little lake there fifty miles square? Was that what some folks declared to be Maoriland's most beautiful lake? Were those wavy mountains yonder the celebrated Cathedral Peaks? Why in all the world, that name?

As the *Titiroa*, the small lake steamer, needed too much time to get steam up, an excursion on the lake was deemed inadvisable on the first afternoon. We went instead on several land trips hoping to find mementoes or curios of the Maori days, but not succeeding. In the meantime we contented ourselves with the view from the shore of the lake.

Towards the west the eye meets the Hunter Range, which carries thickest bush up to the snow limits. In the north-west stands the Cone Peak, perfect in shape. In front of this range a remarkable small cone rises. It is scarcely 150 feet high, but in its shape it is an exact replica of the tall mountain. This stretches its tiny brown rock head boldly out of the bush; this is the Monument

Peak. The toy mountain is a droll "would-be-giant."

At eight, on the following morning, we steamed out on to the lake. It was a beautiful, warm, sunny day, really made for gladness and joy. When we had left View-House Bay, and had gone round Stony Point, the terminal to a tongue of land bordering the Monument Army, we understood all the praises that have been lavished on this lake. A glorious scenic spectacle rolls open. Steeply the cliffs ascend on all sides up to 3,000 feet, and, higher still, the mountains rise out of the lake, each one solitary, and separated from his neighbour. Almost to the waters' edge the bush covers them; dark green gleams the fagus interspread with the Rimu's brighter green. There they dip their branches in the waters. Here a grey seam of rock has remained free; the waters have scooped the softer portions out of it, and only the firm veins stand like mighty bands holding the whole together. The Cathedral Peaks must be seen from here to enable the spectator to understand their name. Domes, steeples, and turrets rise and tower upwards, forming a veritable gigantic city of churches. The mountains present a magnificent picture. Many are of perfect cone shape, like loaves piled up by giants' hands; high, broad banks stand in the background with battlements and parapets, like some Titan's ramparts. All are clad with densest bush up to the snow border, where the line of demarcation between green and rock grey is sharply defined. Thus they are grouped, thus they overtop one another on the ends of great arms. The beauty prize



LAKE MANAPOURI.



CATHEDRAL PEAKS. LAKE MANAPOURI.

should, undoubtedly, be awarded to the George Rock in the West Arm. It is a mighty, bare block of the most glorious violet colour. It glitters and glistens and gleams and sparkles in all tints and shades from darkest red to the deepest blue—truly a glorious sight!

Numerous islands (the largest of which is "Pomona") overgrown with thickest forest, lie scattered, isolated or in groups, frequently with merely a narrow passage open between them. Their gentle, soft, and subdued horizontal curves form a brilliant contrast to the hard, rugged, and precipitous lines of the mountains. And over them all again reigns that wonderful stillness, that holy, undefiled freshness, that great peace. Until nearly seven in the evening we cruised about on the lake, from one arm into another, between the islands, beneath perpendicular walls, and through bushy bowers, to lovely waterfalls. We could scarcely feast enough upon the glory of these heights, or of this bush with its radiant colourings, and the wonderful freshness that pervaded the atmosphere.

On the following day a thunderstorm broke over the Manapouri, and it was a magnificent spectacle to see the lake and its surrounding mountains in the ever-changing battle of the elements. Now everything was gloomy and threatening under a cloudy mist. Of a sudden lightning flashed, and far away the rolling thunder crashed, awakening a thousand echoes. Then the sun broke through, dissolving the mist with his warmth into shifting, gauze-like tatters, and enticing the mountains into his light. But again

the sinister foe came forth to wage war with new-gathered forces.

It was still raining the next day when, at the early hour of six (in the middle of the night!) we had to step into an open buggy, in order to connect with the coach from Te Anau to Lumsden at a little station, Hill Side Creek. But neither rain nor the miserable road could damp our spirits. In the end our cheerfulness was justified. The sun took compassion and confessed to himself that these folks, who, so merrily and impudently sang and laughed, despite the rain, deserved a better fate. The road, which became better, led northwards around the Takitimo, and thence followed the wide, stone-strewn bed of the Mararoa, which, ending in the Waiau after that river has passed through Lake Manapouri, terminates with it in the southern Tasman Sea. The scenery is not by any means beautiful, but it is interesting enough, being noticeable for a peculiar terrace formation. On either side the country rises in wide layers and banks. The slopes are flattened out, till the effect is like that of a gigantic staircase. One could imagine one was looking upon artificially built redoubts and fortifications, so regular is the formation. The river has carved out these terraces, and polished them in an endless course of years. Yellow grass covers the plains, mixed with the fan bundles of the flax. Only rarely is a farm met with, and when it is, it is recognisable at a long distance by the dense dark-green wall of pines, which the farmer has planted around his house and fields as a shelter from the wind. Over a low pass, the road proceeds shortly towards the

division of the waters, and enters the dominion of the Oreti, which flows towards the east. There is no change in the scenery. The only noticeable feature is the enormous number of seagulls at this inland spot. These birds are said to attack sheep that have fallen helplessly into a ditch, and to pick out their eyes.

Twice on the drive of fifty miles, the five horses drawing the coach were changed. In the early afternoon we reached the vicinity of Mosburn railway station, where, however, on Tuesdays and Fridays (the days on which the coach arrives here) there is no train connection. From here we bowled along over the hills, through the river, and alongside the rusty rails, towards Lumsden. We reached there at three o'clock, and half an hour later we sat in the train which brought us northwards through a terrace country to Kingston, on Lake Wakatipu. We landed at half-past six, and went on board the waiting paddle steamer that was to convey us to Queenstown.

Like a gigantic letter S, with the terminal scrolls foreshortened, the lake extends from north to south, between mountains for a distance of fifty miles. Its width varies from three-quarters of a mile to three miles, giving it the appearance of a long and narrow band. It is about 1,300 feet deep. On the east corner of the middle line of the S lies Queenstown, the chief town in the district towards which the boat now steers. The scenery of this lake is totally different from that of the others. A gorgeous deep blue, reminding one of the colours of Lago di Garda, dyes the waters. On every side high mountains frame it. Brown

rugged, and outstanding, the jagged cliffs rise out of the lake in an uninterrupted chain. They are naked and barren. Only in a few wind-sheltered ravines, some cabbage-trees and dwarf fagus, that have battled for existence, and, having conquered, have established themselves in a tiny spot. Otherwise the Titans have given space to no life or vegetation. Their ruggedness is unalleviated by any bush. Insolently they stand alone. And the picture they present is grand, a picture of wholly undaunted force and wild strength, one replete with imposing and dramatic effect. Above all, tower the shaggy and weather-worn masses of the easterly "Remarkables," with their 4,000 feet of altitude.

A strange light hovered over the lake. On some spots, in the midst of the water, rain fell from clouds in which Homer's divine eye would have seen the "tasselled ægis of Zeus." Radiant rainbows arched above them. In front and behind the cloud shadows, the sinking sun cast glittering reflections upon the waters. Then the light sank, and in the small chink between the clouds and the mountain tops there flamed the blazing crimson of evening, which seemed to change the summits into fiery volcanoes. In the east, deep gloom descended, and only the Remarkables' highest peak shone in a glorious aureole.

Near Queenstown, the cliffs recede a little from the shore, letting free a deep basin. Here a little city was once founded, which was the centre of the goldfields. When the precious metal had given out, the place became a much visited and



THE REMARKABLES, LAKE WAKATIPU.



popular holiday resort, where a nice comfortable "loaf" might be indulged in.

Towards eight o'clock we landed. On the landing-stage, holiday-makers and inhabitants stood in a dense throng, for here, the arrival and departure of the steamer are the only sensations. We, poor, unkempt wanderers, scarcely dared at first to run this gauntlet, but ultimately we took courage and ran across to Eichhardt's Hotel. There we met with a hospitable reception.

On the north end of the lake, where the Dart—and Rees—rivers terminate, lie Kinloch and Glenorchy, each place consisting of a few houses and hotels. Some miles to the north, up the Rees River, is Diamond Lake, and on it is "Paradise." Who could resist such a temptation as that of going into Paradise when it is so near? Here is something quite out of the common, and nobody would like to have to blame himself later on for missing such an opportunity. Our clothes were, it is true, anything but Edenlike. But to have lived for one moment in Paradise, who is not prepared to sacrifice himself? A well-shaped fig leaf would, anyhow, relieve us of the disability as to appropriate costume. So we took the route for Paradise. The boat steams first to the west, and turns into the northern arm. The Richardson Mountains were on the east shores, and on the western banks the Round Peaks sprang forth out of the lake. Defiant, wild and untamed giants, like their companion heights of the south arm. The water is of Boecklin's blue, in which the keel cuts a wide foaming way. Three hours later we landed in Glenorchy. Several coach-drivers fought for the

honour of driving us on to Paradise, which is a few miles beyond here. The track goes first by way of the swampy lowlands, through which the Dart and Rees wend their way to the lake. Then it follows the Rees River upwards. The road is a wretched one, contrary to what one would expect from the entrance to Paradise. In thick, white clouds the dust rolls up, and over rubbly stones and shingles, we cross the Rees. I wondered whether the good intentions, with which the other place is paved, would make a better road. In the centre of the stream a slight accident happened. The leading coach-horses of the vehicle following us, shied, broke away, and bolted through the river. It was some while before the driver caught them. We then proceeded. A small fagus bush was passed, lending some colour to the monotonous picture. The river widened out into a sheet, forming the Diamond Lake. Well, the Diamond proved to be paste. Then we halted on a small rise. We stood before a fenced-in garden, in which a low-roofed house was erected. This was Paradise! Where was the archangel with the fiery sword? We looked in vain for him, who must have had his forty winks at noon. We dared to enter. In homage to the *genius loci*, we picked some new robes from the trees for our ladies. In the house friendly hosts gave us a meagre lunch in exchange for good money. But where was the Paradise? The bush-clad mountains were veiled in fog, the glaciers and snowfields of Mount Earnshaw in the distance, were hidden beneath cloudy mist, and revealed not their beauties. But—but—the Paradise, the Paradise? We went into the

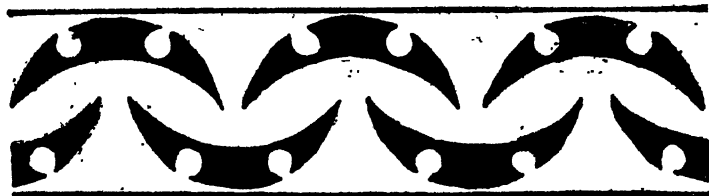
garden to look for the tree of knowledge, but no snake was handy to show it to our Eve. So we ate, on our own responsibility, unripe apples which brought us not knowledge but an enlarged experience of the vanity of life. The paradise was a lost one, the only happy beings on the spot were the sandflies; we could not understand why Adam and Eve were so sad when they were expelled from Paradise.

Much more interesting is the trip on "Skipper's Road," which occupies a day's tour from Queenstown. The interest is not due to glorious scenery, although beautiful views are obtainable of fertile valleys, but to the daring skill, and the temerity, with which this road was constructed to connect the goldfields with Queenstown. The narrow roadway leads over steep heights, and through deep gorges. Now it is carved out of the rock, now carried along the face of perpendicular yawning precipices, and again it curves so sharply, that the leading horses, when going round a curve, disappear from the driver's sight. It is most uncanny and risky. The skill of the drivers is admirable, as is the sure-footedness of the horses, who seem to know every turn and every stone, so that no accident has ever happened here. Only a few sluicing mines lie along this roadway, which nowadays merely serves as a promenade drive. But once upon a time, when the earth yet satiated the "*auri sacra fames*," this was one of the most populous of thoroughfares. Joyous expectation, feverish confidence hurried over it out to the fields. But only a few attained success. Gold was won and brought back that way, but also

many hopes were wrecked, and the spirit of many a courageous man was broken ere he returned. This road could tell a tragic tale of the undoing of man.

We had learned to love sincerely the Wakatipu with its ever-varying colours on mountains, and on water, when the time came to depart. Once more, in the radiant light of the early morn, we let its impressive beauty appeal to us, and then the railway brought us, after a tedious nine hours' journey, to Dunedin. The rails describe a semi-circle open to the north. As far as Lumsden, the line went southwards, then it bent to the south-east, traversed the fertile Waimea plains, and rattled over wooden bridges across the Mataura and Clutha Rivers, where dredges delved for gold. After that it continued northerly, along the flat shores of Waihola Lake, passed through Mosgiel (known for its woollen manufactures) and ended at night in Dunedin. The scenery *en route* was not especially attractive. It comprised solitary farms, farmyards, factories, small villages, tastelessly built towns, barren ranges, stubble fields and galvanised iron barns in scattered rows. Wilhelm Busch's characteristic of Fipps, the monkey, aptly applies to this part of New Zealand. It

. . . is, be it known
Not as beauty looked upon.
But what gives it its validity
Is *assidui-and-agili-ty*.



IN THE ALPS OF NEW ZEALAND

IN the little village, where my work had detained me, the gas-lanterns were screwed on to their poles again. The posts had been left bare through the summer, when the sun shone—until in the streets the flood of life had subsided—thus helping the city fathers to economise. In winter time the full moon undertook this service. On dark days the lamplighter rides along his path of duty, and he made his preparations for it now. From this, it was apparent that autumn was drawing nigh. The days became shorter, the nights cooler, and these are almost the only signs in New Zealand of the approach of that season. During the day-time the sun is as warm as it only is on beautiful summer days at Home. And yet, what is this autumn, compared with the equivalent continental season? It is not the laughing artist, who mixes a thousand colours on his palette, and paints bush and forest with gold and red splashes. This art he has abandoned here; the leaf forest lacks his touch. All is dull and melancholy, autumn and winter showing but the sombre green of the pines. Autumn! And again Easter, which is here not a festival of resurrection when everybody shakes the winter's stifling load off his soul, where

it breathes like a spirit of longing and intuition through bush and garden. It is an Easter without any character, no feast of new birth, no still day of death either. For New Zealand, it is only one more opportunity for horse-racing. I had long enough postponed my visit to the last of the glories which Nature has poured out of her inexhaustible horn over New Zealand—the visit to the Alps. The weather—it was the end of March—was favourable, with bright, strong sunshine. Only a little snow had fallen up there, and so my knapsack was quickly packed.

Chiefly from the north-east to the south-west, lying nearer to the west coast, an uninterrupted chain of Alps runs for a distance of almost 200 miles in length, and 50 miles in width, through the South Island. Extended and unexplored heights and mountains lie in the north near Nelson. In the centre they close up to a mighty chain, and the south-westerly end widens out again to the heights, which form so glorious a frame to the Sounds. Towards the west, the mountains fall steeply and ruggedly. Their base is here clad with the fresh bush of the west coast, fed by frequent rain. Towards the east, the Alps slope more gradually and slowly to the Canterbury plains. In the central background is the highest mountain, Mount Cook (12,349 feet) which is the true heart of the Southern Alps. Here, eternal glaciers stretch out, there, bold pinnacles and domes and peaks, mostly unscaled, tower to the skies. The glorious realm was opened up mostly by Germans, above all by Julius van Haast and Lendenfeldt. To great Germans, monuments have been erected here,

aere perennius: to the Olympian of Weimar, Mount Goethe: to the great philosopher of Königsberg, the Kant-Peak: to the "grand old man" of Friedrichsruhe, the Bismarck Peak, and the Chancellor Range. Others are the Kaiser Fritz Range, Kaiserin Victoria Glacier, Mount Roon, Mount Moltke, Blumenthal Glacier, Liebig Range, Ernst Haeckel Peak (at the side of Mount Darwin). A breath of Home is wafted from these heights unto the wandering German—and he thanks the New Zealand Government for its hospitality which does honour to itself by honouring all the great men (the Germans as well as those of other nations), whose names are engraved there. For they, as Ben Johnson said of Shakespeare—are not of one age, but for all times.

In these proper Alps, a distinct central chain can be discerned. In the South it starts with the glacier-clad Moorhouse Range, the highest peaks of which are Mount Sefton (10,390 feet) and the Footstool (8,840 feet), Mount La Perouse (10,090 feet) joins them. Mount Tasman (11,467 feet), Mount Haast (9,835 feet), Mount Haidinger (10,107 feet) are further links of the chain. Towards the north are the Minaret Peaks (9,800 feet), Mount Green (9,325 feet) as main pieces: Elie de Beaumont (10,176 feet) stands in the corner, where the chain, running to that point, almost straight from south to north, bends over the Hochstetter Dome (9,258 feet) towards the north-east. Like a massive backbone, this block extends, and as the ribs are to the spinal column, so the side chains are linked on to it. Above all is

the Mount Cook Range, which, running west and east, joins it from the east near Mount Tasman. Beyond again, is the Malte Brun Range, with Mount Malte Brun (10,421 feet), Mount Darwin (9,715 feet), with the Ernst Haeckel Peak (9,474 feet) which runs parallel to the central chain, and is divided from it by the giant glacier, Tasman. It finds its connection with it after the turn to the north-east, easterly from the Hochstetter Dome. Parallel to the Malte Brun Range, and separated from it by the Murchison Glacier, rise the heights of the Liebig Range, the Rotten Tommy (Blackburn) (7,600 feet) and Nun's Veil (10,900 feet). These link on to the central chain further to the east. To the west, the Balfour, Fox, Chancellor, and Kaiser Fritz Ranges, branch off from south to north.

The comparatively small heights of these mountains may astonish, but it must be remembered that the snow limit here lies at an altitude of 4,900 feet as compared with 7,800 in Switzerland. That, and the formation of the mountain permits, as Prof. Lendenfeldt once remarked in the *New Zealand Alpine Journal*, only a comparison with the mountain world of the Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa Group.

Eternal snow covers the tops of all these giants and numerous glaciers slide down from them. In front of the Moorhouse Chain and to the east of it, the Müller Glacier winds down from Barron's Saddle (10,900 feet), seamed in the east by the Seeley Chain, with a length of $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It owes its name to Baron von Müller, the founder of the beautiful botanical gardens in Melbourne. From

the north Mount La Perouse thrusts down an icy arm (the Hooker glacier), 7 miles long, which is framed by the Moorhouse Range in the east and the Mount Cook Chain in the west. Both Hooker and Müller glaciers meet in colossal moraines at the base of the Footstool: their waters of melted ice and snow run as the Hooker River towards the east through a wide valley, once filled by the glaciers, and terminate in the Tasman River. This stream, running from north-west to south-east, is fed by the Tasman Glacier, a giant of giants. From Hochstetter Dome it slopes down, receiving numerous side glaciers and glides between the central chain and Malte Brun Range in a north and southerly direction. On the corner it receives, near Mount de la Bèche, the Kronprinz Rudolf Glacier and here it turns to S.S.E. Around the southern end of the Malte Brun Range the Murchison Glacier, coming from the north, joins it with a frontal moraine: and now between the Liebig and Mount Cook Ranges the Tasman Glacier fills, with a gigantic terminal moraine, a valley nearly two miles wide. It is 18 miles long, and its total area is 15,000 acres: which beats the Aletsch Glacier.

Through a valley, 1 to 1½ miles wide, and enclosed by lower mountains, the Tasman River carries the melted waters over 23 miles into Lake Pukaki. This stream is greatly feared, as it runs in a thousand arms and branches through the gigantic stone and sand bed, the old glacier site, and almost daily changes its course. To-day it may be a harmless creek: to-morrow a roaring, foaming and seething torrent. Two of the glaciers sloping

to the west coast—the Fox and Franz Joseph Glacier—may be mentioned. These descend to a point 900 feet above sea-level, the front of which is wreathed in glorious bush.

Very interesting observations have been made about the movement of glaciers. Nearly all these ice-giants make their way downwards, travelling as much as 18 inches per day: but as almost the same amount thaws off the front portion, they, in reality, do not progress. On all moraines huge boulders with large figures painted on them are to be seen, the movement of which has been observable for years. It is only necessary to sit still for a while on a moraine, to ascertain how everything is in motion. On the Müller Glacier it was almost uncanny. Deep below, an invisible stream roared. Here a stone became loose and slid a little: over there a grating noise was heard and a block tumbled down: yonder a stone bridge crashed together: here two staves slipped over another. There was not one moment's cessation of motion.

The avalanches know equally as brief intervals of rest. Not only at certain hours of the day do they fall as is the case in the Continental Alps: but day and night their thunderous roll is heard, now muffled in sound, and again roaring loudly. Mount Sefton especially is known for its wealth of avalanches. One afternoon we witnessed from the Seeley Range, opposite to it, a glorious spectacle. For a quarter of an hour we stood on the brown ridge, from which we could see the ice snake of the Müller Glacier, travelling past the wild rugged Sefton and the Footstool, the tent-

like roof of Mount Cook, and beyond that chain the Malte Brun Range and Mount Darwin. During this short space of time about thirty avalanches tore away from beneath the summit of Sefton. At first, they were small, rushing out of the midst of a great snow-field, then bigger, tearing a deep gorge: finally with a tremendous peal of thunder, which shook the very earth, the walls crashed and crunched together and shot, like a gigantic cloud of spray, down into the valley, and spread over pinnacles and jutting points like the foam of a mighty surf.

On the eastern foot of the Alps a number of lakes are to be found, similar to those lying on the Italian side of the European Alps. From north to south the chief ones are: Lake Tekapo (in which the Godley River carries the melted waters of the glacier of that name), Lake Pukaki (into which the Tasman River flows), Lake Ohau (into which the Dobson River brings glacier-water). The outflow of these three lakes unites and forms the Waitiki, which runs into the ocean near Oamaru. It is rich in shingle and stone and running through a plain is, like most of New Zealand's rivers, unsuitable for navigation. These lakes have only their formation in common with those of Italy. But they do not possess their beauty. No landscape is to be seen luxuriant in glorious green, there is no deep blue of the water: no lemon groves charm the eye. The lakes' colouring is milky—opalescent—the surrounding mountains are bare save for a covering of dingy green grass. Judging by their formation they are the residue of old glaciers. This is especially apparent in Pukaki

and Tekapo. Huge, old lateral moraines lie at their sides, blocking the lakes in the east, through which the outflows have worn a narrow passage. On the walls of the encircling mountains the mysteries of former ice periods are to be read in terraces and lines. Ice polishings on the rocks are rarely met with: the stone is too weather-worn, too soft. The ice has only broken out hollows and jutting parts. On the west coast, it is said, that rocks display traces of glacial action.

The chief stone formations of the New Zealand Alps are slate and sandstone, whilst the principal European stones are of lime.

The architecture of the Alpine scenery is very characteristic: but only that. There is no landscape beauty. That is only unveiled when the mountain's base is reached. There are no green meadows on gentle slopes, from which the bells of grazing cattle sound; no little houses, no huts, their roofs loaded with stones, greet the downward vision: there is no mountain population, nor are there any coloured national dresses: no shouts of joy, no "jodler" and no friendly: "Grüss Gott!"

In front of the real Alps there lie, in the east, lower mountain chains, but, in truth, it is only one vast individual plain, which ascends gradually from the easterly sea towards the foot of the Alps. The land is quite flat at first, and with the approach to the Alps proper, hills, heights, and mountain summits rise above it. They are not high, and often one seems to see only the peaks of mountains. Thus one drives over a wide plain, traverses a low pass, and enters again another area of flat land, which belongs to a different river. In

addition there is the terrace formation of these ante-alpine plains, this long, widely curved and broad entrenchment, which is so characteristic of the Southern Alps. Like enormous stairs they lie in the plains, mount up the slope of the mountains, or spread out like an artificial escarpment. In an excellent book, which the Viennese geologist Hochstetter wrote in 1863 about New Zealand, the author deals with the origin of these formations, and a layman may be permitted to briefly quote the opinion of the expert. Once upon a time the mountains rose higher than they do to-day. In ceaseless labour the rivers gnawed their foundations. Glaciers polished out their beds: valleys originated; rivers and glaciers brought massive stones and shingle down into the lowlands. Then the land sank slowly, and all, save the giant summits, disappeared into the sea. The tides worked on the sides of the valleys and widened them out to basins. In a never-ending stream the sand, the mud and the shingle fell into them. A period of rest followed, and soon—after a brief lapse of time geologically, which means after thousands of years—the former valleys lay beneath the sun transformed into flat plateaux, out of which protruded the peaks and ridges of the former mountains. Again the rivers started their gnawing labour, and channelled their beds deeper and deeper. This was the origin of the terraces, and the plains with their tapering points and cones.

There is no reason for surprise at the fact that only a few shells are to be found. This is due to shingle being less favourable for the preservation of shell-formation than sand—and mud-banks.

Other terraces are caused by former glaciers, but in such instances the traces of the ice-work are recognisable by lines, and small and narrow stairs, and some few signs of ice-polishing.

These high plains are covered by a dingy green cloak, which is thickly strewn with shingle: tussock grass grows in dense individual clumps, between which the brown soil appears. There is no tree or shrub anywhere. From the top of a terrace these steppes look like dunes, from which the flood has receded. The occasional farms, where great flocks of sheep run (despite the scanty supply of grass feed) afford a little relief to this oppressive void, with their walls of pine and poplars. They are, indeed, refreshing oases in these overpoweringly dreary yellow-brown deserts. The vegetation on these Alps is not at all luxuriant. Scarce and stunted fagus bush here and there covers the lower heights, mixed with ribbon wood and dwarf Totara. Veronica in its numerous varieties exists in patches, whilst white gentiana, edelweiss and mountain lily are rather more frequent. The obnoxious spear-grass, however, grows in profusion on slopes and in ravines, in dense clusters. Its intensely sharp points penetrate one's clothes and stockings with facility, and the use of putties is a necessity.

As sparsely represented as the kingdom of plants is that of animals: but the specimens of the latter which do exist here are interesting enough. In pride of place is the Kea, the mountain parrot (*nestor notabilis*). This is a real parrot about the size of a hawk, with a curved beak and a brown-grey feather coat. The wings are lined with



MOUNTAIN LILY.



KEA (MOUNTAIN PARROT).

golden-yellow and scarlet feathers. Kea, Kea is its call, making a close approach to the howling of a baby. In earlier times this species of bird was far more plentiful and was welcomed by mountaineers owing to the inquisitiveness with which it would quiz the tourist, or go over his luggage, inspecting each item, like a New Zealand Custom House Officer. Also because of the merry impudence with which it would slither down the galvanised iron roof of a hut, and with such tobogganing feats deprive the tired wayfaring inmate of his well-earned rest. But now the Kea has become very rare. We only saw a few and they were captives. They only have themselves to blame. Why should they have joined the ranks of the gourmets? In the last twenty years the Kea developed the evil habit of attacking sheep, and picking open the region round their kidneys to devour the fat of the kidney capsule. On that account the farmer and the Government have made war on the bird and soon the last Kea will be killed or put in chain. Its evolution is extraordinary. The Kea is a native of New Zealand. Sheep have only been raised in this country during the last fifty years. And in the last twenty years the Kea's appetite for sheep's kidney has been awakened. Lack of food, perhaps, drove it to that. But why should it confine its attack to the kidneys, or, to be more precise, to their fat? If an opinion of a layman is permitted, the Kea most likely first tried to rob lambs, and stuck its claws and beak into the highest part of the animal's back where, beneath the ribs, a good hold was to be got, and there discovered the delicacy. This

alteration in the bird's mode of living, this adaptation of new conditions under our very eyes is passing strange.

Three classes of wild duck appertain to the mountain animals. There is the Grey duck (*anas superciliosa*), the Blue mountain duck (related to the former) and the Paradise duck (*Cæsarea variegata*), about which a few words may be permitted. Male and female live together in a very harmonious union. Seldom is one to be seen alone. We never saw one and be it noted it was autumn and not the breeding season. The steel blue, glittering feathers of Lord Duck are always seen side by side with the similarly tinted plumage of her Ladyship. The head and upper neck of the female, however, is dyed snow-white, forming a nice morning cap for Mrs Duck. Here is a nut for adherents of the evolution theory which is founded upon Darwin's survival of the fittest. In this case the male is the insignificant one, whilst mother Duck is predominant, her white headgear striking the eye at once and contrasting vividly with the water and the rock. In other instances this is reversed. The distinction in colouring of the Paradise Bird of New Guinea, for example, belongs wholly and solely to the male, who is thus made the more beautiful, whilst the female, who for brooding purposes is the better for being unnoticed, is protected from discovery by an indifferent dress. All riddles of the origin of species or evolution theory are not solved yet—or—better—the courses it pursued are not yet all known. With the further mention of the lark (introduced from Europe) and the sandflies (thank

goodness, these are very scarce!) and some moths and blue-bottles (which we saw crawling on the glacier, most likely blown there by the wind), one has about exhausted the list of Alpine fauna.

In front of Mount Sefton, where the Müller—and Hooker Glaciers' terminal moraines are piled up into a huge heap of ruins, lies the Hermitage Hotel. It is the only mountain hotel, and is the head-quarters for tourists. It belongs to the Government, a fresh evidence of how well and how practically it caters for the tourist traffic. Indeed, as a matter of fact, one has to thank solely the Government for being able to visit the Alps. In bygone days there was an Alpine Club, the existence of which is referred to, in some volumes of the *New Zealand Alpine Journal*. But that has vanished long ago. It did not perish peacefully on the death-bed of its last representative but (bachelors you may well grin!) died on the wedding bed of its members. The former courageous climbers and pioneers made selections from among the daughters of the land, and entered the philistine empire. And there were none to take their places. The youth of to-day has other ideals: horse-racing, football, etc. So it happens, that most of the ascensions made nowadays are undertaken by foreigners. And these are, in the face of the lack of interest displayed by the population, doubly indebted to the indefatigable Tourist Department. The Pukaki—and Hermitage houses belong to it: on suitable places well-equipped huts have been erected, and a few paths cut. They are rough compared with ours, but it is impossible to do much here in that way, every-

thing being buried beneath the rubbish of moraines or down below eternal snow. The most acceptable work of the Government, however, is the engagement of the Government Alpine guides. These men can hold their own with any European in every way. They are men of great experience and of fervent enthusiasm. They possess iron wills and modest amiability. It is a pleasure to wander in their company, and thanks to their skill, no accident, no fall, has ever occurred up there. No "marterl," no crosses in a small churchyard remind one, that beyond all this seductive beauty lures the white death. It is no small measure of praise to which these guides are entitled.

The Hermitage was to be our goal. From Timaru (on the line from Dunedin to Christchurch) runs a branch line, which ends in Fairlie. Here the mail-coach or motor-car takes the traveller under sheltering cover. The road leads through the country of the springs of the Opihi River (which flows into the Pacific near Temuka) up to Burke's Pass, on which the water-shed is crossed and the stream region of the Waitaki is entered. Arrived there one is in the midst of those oppressive grass steppes and terraces. Everything seems void and shapeless. All around are slopes and hilly lands. Even the milky sheet of Tekapo Lake, which came in sight at noon, brought little change. The giant ranges in the far distance were covered by a dense cloud-veil. Telegraph and telephone were left behind again—and we belonged in truth to the "*beati procul negotiis*." A pigeon post is utilised to notify the hosts

of the Pukaki and Hermitage Hotels of the number of the arriving guests. Sometimes, as in our case, the pigeons "strike." After a frugal and bad luncheon we drove on. The five-in-hand bowled us along over the MacKenzie plains. MacKenzie enjoys the immortality of Herostratos, a form of fame which is not always to be recommended. In the middle of the past century MacKenzie started a wholesale business in cattle-lifting and he drove thousands of sheep and cattle, to retail them later on for cash. His depredations led to the discovery of these plains. A few sheep farms were passed: but otherwise all was hilly steppe, varied with points and heights. In the evening we stopped at Lake Pukaki. The scenery of this lake is like that of Tekapo. Heights covered with dull green encircle the quiet opalescent waters. Only on clear days, such as we experienced on our return, can one catch from here the first glimpse of the mighty chain of the High Alps. The broad, ice-clad ridge of Sefton, the tall white roof of Mt. Cook, with Tasman and Lendenfeldt at its side seem to rise close to the north-east shores, but in reality stand many miles farther back.

The sky was still shrouded in grey, when we started to travel in a buggy over the last 38 miles of the total 90 from Fairlie to the Hermitage. The monotonous drive skirts Lake Pukaki, on its north-west side and later on, the right bank of the Tasman River, which is really a bed of shingle, one to three miles across. The mountains were still hidden from our view, a dense mist-curtain covering them. Towards noon, when we partook

of our luncheon at a Government-hut on the road, these cloudy masses began to disperse. Here and there a rent opened out and closed again, a fissure gaped, revealing glittering white. Slowly the mist dissolved and the huge ice bank of the Moorhouse Range came into view. Mt. Tasman was disclosed and from the north, on the Liebig Range, the Tasman Glacier thrust down its mighty arm. Then Mt. Cook revealed itself. The summit now stood boldly out, looking, from here like an enormous ice pyramid with a great cloud-hill encircling its neck. Now it was the true "Aorangi," as it is called in the Maori language, meaning "the cloud piercer." Then again it stood entirely free, the emperor of these Alps. Jagged, angular, and ridgy, defiantly it soars upwards. No delicate lines or gentle slope softens the picture, which is wholly one of strength, of untamed force and majesty. It is taller than its fellows by a head, and has only been completely scaled four times by bold climbers.

Around a bare, high block ("Sebastopol") the wretched road bends out of the Tasman River valley into that of the Hooker. At 4.30 p.m. we reached the Hermitage, and the depressing coach trip had come to an end.

The Hermitage is very comfortable. An extensive confusion of one-storied, wooden buildings, covered with galvanised iron, it affords good accommodation. The interior contains nice dining, smoking and drawing-rooms, bathrooms and even a library for him who travels without books (which nobody should do). There is also a piano, which we vainly tried to tune one rainy

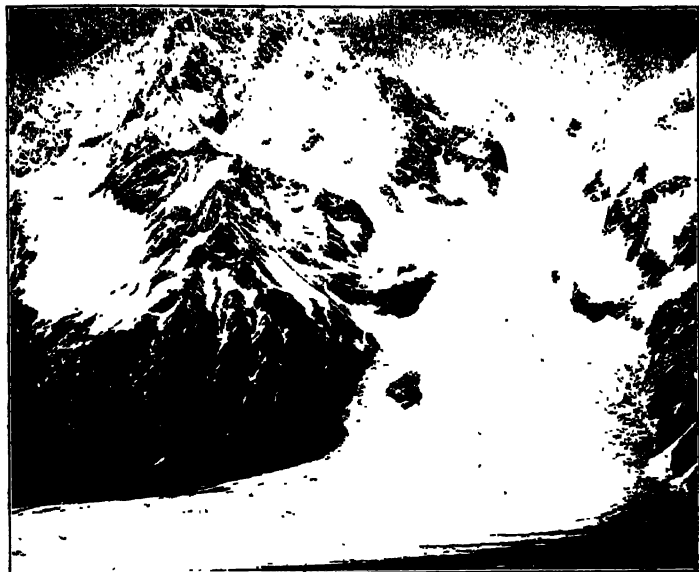
day. The house is somewhat unfavourably situated, for, being built right up to the moraine, it offers no view of the mountains. Close to Sebastopol on an old glacier-terrace, there is an ideal site to which it is now to be shifted.

In the evening we arranged our plans with the guide Clarke laying out a route which should bring us over the Tasman Glacier, and up the Hochstetter Dome (9,258 feet).

The hot and powerful rays of the sun shone down out of the blue vault above, when we—a gentleman from Timaru and I—at noon on 31st March threw our knapsacks over our shoulders and started off, out of the Hooker—to the Tasman valley. Clarke followed on horseback. The Hooker has to be crossed in the north-east corner of the valley either on horseback or kneeling in a little flat travelling cage, which is suspended on wheels from a wire rope. After that we marched for hours through the shingle of the Tasman River. Three times we crossed branches of the main stream, our steed carrying two of us together. In the east, the brown masses of the Liebig Range extended before our vision, and also the “Rotten Tommy,” the Nun’s Veil, which owes its name to a snow-filled basin near its summit, around which the rocks stand like walls sloping down in plaits and folds like a veil from a white head. Around the “Nun” a little church-state is formed by “Priest’s Cap” and Mt. Barret. To the left, in the west, the rugged, rocky masses of the Mt. Cook Range tower aloft. Ahead of us the base of the valley rises, a huge, dark-coloured step: the terminal moraine of the Tasman Glacier. Beyond

it stretch the snowy peaks of Mt. de la Bêche, the Minarets, the whole phalanx of ice-giants up to Elie de Beaumont. Before it, on the opposite side, is the Malte Brun Range, from the highest summit of which the Earnslaw Glacier sinks down.

On we went through the shingle and through the clumps of grass. We had journeyed for two hours and now stood on the Tasman Glacier's frontal moraine, which ends convexly. It is a huge heap of débris and ruins from 130 feet to 160 feet high, overgrown with grass and shrubs. On its western side the moraine is separated a little from the Cook Range. A small river surges through this ravine, its waters churning through the bushes. Into this narrow portion of the valley our path leads, and winds through spear-grass and thickets upwards to a small pool, the Blue Lake, which lies like a gleaming opal in the midst of brown boulders of rock. Here the little river referred to, has its source. The lake itself is fed by the subterranean thawed waters of the glacier. On we marched over the shingle. To the right the mighty débris heap of the moraine, to the left the last heights of the Cook Range, from which, in huge triangles, enormous shingle-fans slope downwards. One could imagine oneself walking in a deep canal bereft of its water. This 14 miles march lasted until the evening and it was half-past seven when we reached the Ball hut. It lies 3,300 feet above sea-level at the extremity of the ravine, which terminates, like a blind street, in the corner where the Ball Glacier coming from the Ball Pass merges at a sharp angle into the Tasman Glacier. The lateral moraines of both



MT. COOK (12,349 FT.) AND HOCHSTETTER ICEFALLS.



surround them. Built of galvanised iron and lined with patent walls, the hut is comfortable enough. One larger room serves as a kitchen, and as a dining and sleeping-room for gentlemen, whilst in a small adjoining chamber are the bunks for ladies. An ambulance-stretcher is fixed on the ceiling, and imparts a serious tone. Yet it is unused, and that it may remain so, "*dei bene vertant!*"

On the next morning (1st April) the function of washing was undertaken with special ceremonial, for the ablutions had to last for three days. With knapsack, goggles and ice-axe we then attacked the Ball moraine. Each side glacier pushes a heap of ruins before it right into the Tasman Glacier. And many of these we had to cross. Ugh! these moraine walks! There were many stones jagged, angular, and flat, both small and big, boulders and blocks. Now we climbed steep ascents, anon glided down heaps of *débris*. Each footstep set free small stone avalanches. In such fashion, the Ball moraine was traversed, and the *débris* heaps of the Hochstetter Icefall conquered. A stretch of ice separates it from the Ball moraine. This fall rushes down from the saddle between Mt. Cook and Tasman in large ice-blocks. They pile up and become lodged here, there and everywhere, one over another pushing and pressing for seven miles across at the widest part. The fall, framed in black by the slope of Cook and the Haast ridge, pours down like a frozen cascade, the foaming waters of which have been transformed into icicles. Past the icefall the way led on to the Tasman Glacier proper. This portion of the journey was really hard work! The path is riven

into a thousand crevices. Precipitous rents gape here, whilst there in cool green-blue the ice glimmers below. Here again are wide shafts turned in corkscrew fashion, over there a steep ridge, and beyond again a deep ravine. It was a widespread sea of ice which had to be traversed. We had to maintain our balance over ice-crests a foot wide, to jump over yawning cracks, to cut steps, and sometimes to wander along crevices for hundreds of yards before discovering a means of crossing. Progress was exceedingly slow. From a cloudless sky a radiant sun beamed down upon the glittering areas of ice. Until the early afternoon we worked our way northward towards the corner, where the Kronprinz Rudolph Glacier is situated. There, the Tasman curves gently towards the N.N.E., and far away at its extremity, the first view was obtained of the triple vaults of the Hochstetter Dome. The way now led towards the Malte Brun Range, where sheltered by the Mt. Malte Brun, the next accommodation hut is erected. The golden-red light of evening glowed on the straight pyramidal walls of Mt. Green, when we reached the foot of Mt. Malte Brun. Another steep ascent of 150 feet which left us breathless and well-nigh exhausted, and we had attained that day's goal.

At our feet and in front of us a glorious panorama lay outspread in mild light of the evening. It was a sight to make one forget all hardships. A delicate rose-tint dyed the skies, on which the giant hills inscribed their outlines. Away in the south the stately form of Mt. Cook loomed up, a mighty block, rising to a gabled summit. Its



MT. COOK FROM THE SEALEY RANGE.



MT. COOK (FROM THE HERMITAGE SIDE) AND THE HOOKER RIVER.

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proportions rise towards the north and end in a high horn. The appearance is like that of a gigantic tent. It is the roof of the southern world. Gradually now the line recedes, then rises again up to the slender point of the Silberhorn and so to the princely Tasman. In the foreground the dark crest of Haast Ridge, stands out, reaching, in the slope behind, to the Tasman summit. A further ascent to Haidinger and the graceful Glacier Peak follows, then occurs an ice groove, and beyond it a sharp-edged crown towers aloft, which bears the name of Kant. The massive bulk of Mt. de la Bêche breaks in, and after a short decline the Minarets rise into the air. Over Mt. Meeson the crest line goes down, then shoots up again to the pointed Coronet Peak. Next a deep cut: Climbers Col: and after that sharply carved as though with a giant's axe, the straight angular pyramid of Mt. Greene, Mt. Walter and Elie de Beaumont conclude the ranges on the north. Far in the distance, the lower domes of the Hochstetter come into the scene. The third one is hidden by Mt. Darwin, which runs in from the west. All the mountains are clad in snow and ice. The rocks jut out of the white masses in black, rugged lines. Vast icefields slope down into the Tasman Glacier, which winds its way beneath them. It forms a glorious gathering of Alpine patriarchs.

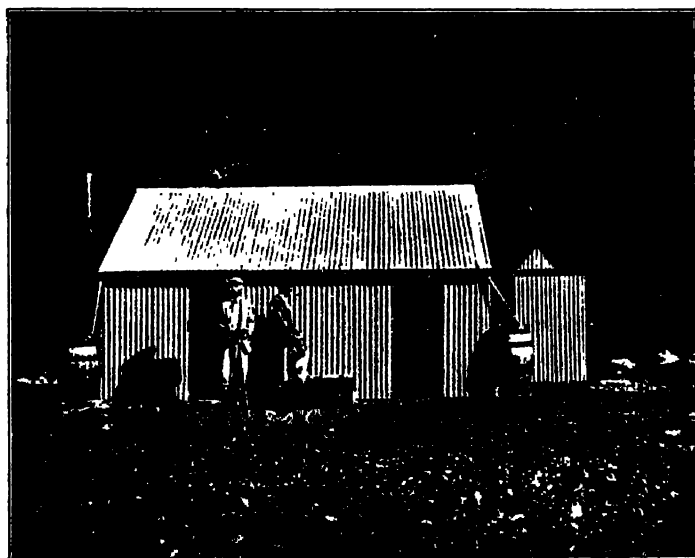
Quickly, the night spread her mantle over us, and as we stepped out of our hut, after a meal, the full moon shone down from a deep blue star-spangled sky. Who can describe the charms of this moonlit night? Who can forget them! Veiled in snowy cloaks, impressive, silent and sacred,

stand the majestic hills in the distance—symbols of all that is great and pure. The breath of eternity is wafted from these awe-inspiring mountains which have lifted their proud heads for thousands of years, these cloud-piercing peaks that are countless years more old than we who gaze upon them. Irresistibly they command our veneration and awe, yet looking down upon us—mere dwarfs—without terrifying us. Their ermine mantles wind down into the valley in glittering streaks, which seem to dive into the sparkling milk-white stream, which winds its course far below. There is no sign anywhere of wildness or ruggedness. The silvery moon-dust which permeates the atmosphere fills up interstices, rounds off corners and clings softly about ragged edges. Nothing stirs—deep, deep silence reigns—save for the distant low murmuring of a glacier-creek. It is a night full of wonders, beautiful as a dream. A holy night as this must have inspired Martin Greif to write those lines:

“O moon resplendent in the cloudless sky,
Thou, too, dost labour for the universe:
Queen of thy nights, a joyous mistress thou,
Unrivalled. For when thou dost mount thy throne
In majesty, above the mountain crest,
High in the cool of ether, waneth night
In reverence before thee, and thy rays
Of glory stretch in mighty empery
Far o’er the silvered fields: forth dart thy shafts
And touch all life to feeling: the lone souls
Of wanderers reel, even as drunk with joy:
And nesting birds are soothed from sleep, and loud
Rings forth the glory of the nightingale
Among the whitened branches: flowers breathe more
deep:
And even the lifeless rock must know thy power
Which reaches even to its rigid heart:



VIEW FROM MALTE BRUN TERRACE, SHOWING HUT, MOUNTS
TASMAN, HAIDINGER, AND DOUGLAS.



BALL-HUT.

And massive boulders seem to softly sway
 To some unheard and ghostly harmony.
 Then mortals feel that some strange, living sense
 Lies hid within these dead and lifeless stones.
 Thou gatherest them in silence and alone,
 And buildest a great temple for thy worship,
 Wondrous and spacious, grim and beautiful
 Till in the airs of morn the mightier sun
 Razes the fane and ruins all its walls."

The first gleam of the young day tinted the highest pinnacle of Mt. Cook with a rosy lustre when we started off at half-past five, next morning. The moon had bidden us farewell. Deep violet shadows lay over the glacier, which we ascended in a northerly direction, towards its fern bed. Here it is more even: only being torn into cracks and fissures in one place where the Darwin Glacier meets. We soon arrived in the proper firn basin. In the meantime, the glorious sun had risen and Mt. Cook became veiled as in delicate rose silk. As the light gathered and grew, it softly touched with crimson finger the ice-bearded giants, waking them to life again. There ensued a light combat of brilliant colours—yellow, red and orange—till finally the whole scene gleamed in the gold of the radiant sun.

Quickly we marched on in order to get past the snow-fields before King Sol could reach them. At eight o'clock we stood at the base of Hochstetter Dome (6,500 feet high) on the cradle of the Tasman Glacier. In three powerful sweeps the mountain arched before us, like a snowed-in cathedral. The lowest ice dome (8,400 feet) [called the shoulder] stands in the west, separated from the Elie de Beaumont by the Lendenfeldt saddle. Next to it, towards the east, is the middle cupola,

rising to an altitude of 8,700 feet. In a small cutting (the neck), the crest line sinks down about 120 feet to ascend thence sharply to the highest point (9,258 feet). Almost perpendicularly the outline of the mountain slants down to the Tasman saddle, from whence it again rises to the rocks of the Ernst Haeckel Peak. The Dome thus ends as the small side, the tremendous rectangle of the Tasman Glacier. It forms a wonderfully soft, curved line of three rising undulations, which stand in glorious contrast to the steep ridges and pinnacles of the Darwin and Haeckel in the east, and of Elie de Beaumont in the west, joining at a right angle. The shoulder and middle arch are polished to the most perfect rotundity. From beneath the highest cupola brown ridges stare out, these alone breaking the smoothness of the snowy carpet, which declines to the glacier, and rises up to the flanking giants. In no place except around the base are there any ice caves or yawning crevices: and mighty ice peaks are piled up in front of the middle cupola.

We proceeded upwards in zigzag fashion at a rapid pace towards the shoulder. Here and there we had to cut a step, but otherwise the ascent was made without difficulty. At a quarter-past nine we had reached a position from whence we should have obtained a first glimpse of Westland down below. But alas, dense grey fogs obscured the view, blotting out the whole landscape right out to the sea. It was a pity. However, we hoped it might yet clear, so we went on after a short bite of luncheon. We left our knapsacks and other ballast here. The connecting rope was fastened

around us and soon we stood at the base of the middle dome, which arched before us in a vault of ideally perfect shape. We started the ascent, the guide Clarke going in advance and the rest of us following at measured distances. He climbed rapidly in serpentine fashion, walking around some crevices to half-way up the height. Then we shaped our course upwards, and across towards the neck on the side, facing the Tasman Glacier. The young snow lay hard and firm on the ice. The walls ran steeply into a yawning abyss below and we had to cut steps the whole way over. Cling, clang flew the axe into the ice: the little white chips tumbling, slithering and racing into the depth. At each stride forward, we buried our axes and holding on to them mounted to the step that Clarke had cut. Thus the procession went forward. Ever deeper sank the glacier, ever more expansive became the view. Beyond the banks of the westerly ice phalanx, the heights of the side chains in Westland rose aloft. Loftily soared the Bismarck Peak out of the Chancellor Range. Far away lay the Sefton. After a climb of one and a half hours we stood before the neck. A mighty gap separated us from the crest, which was to lead us upwards. The point was how were we to get over? The chasm was about three yards wide: the bottom was not to be seen. To walk around it was impossible. A rock jutted out from the further side and from this, an ice-ledge protruded for a distance of over a yard. We approached it and firmly embedded our axes in the ground, bringing ourselves to anchor. Clarke then examined the ledge of ice, which seemed

capable of holding. We watched the rope and the guide jumped over. The ledge was firm. Clarke then untied the rope and fastened it to the rock. And soon we found ourselves standing on the other side of the gap, on the narrow ridge. For the second time our vision was carried downwards. The mist had dispersed, and like long and sharply rugged rock-islands, the crests of the mountains rose out of the billowy sea of cloud. In front of us towered the final height, which had to be conquered. It was not a perfect cupola, only a narrow arch-bridge, looking as if somebody had carved away the roundness right and left with a huge knife, leaving only a ridge one foot across, which rose about 150 feet in a very steep arch. It was not exactly inviting and one thing was certain: it would never do to give way to giddiness there. That would have meant the loss of the use of our return tickets, which a parsimonious mind would abhor the very thought of. "Do we have to go up there, Clarke?"—"Yes!"—"Very well, on you go!" Cutting steps as we went, we commenced the ascent. Now to the right, then to the left of the ridge, we proceeded, always leaving a little ice wall at one side. Then the latter grew lower. The last ten steps we cut on the ridge itself. And so we finally stood quite free, to our right and to our left yawning abysses: ice a foot in width beneath our feet. It was at noon that we reached the zenith of the arch. In front of us the cupola shot steeply down. We had to stand one behind the other: and could almost have sat straddle-legs, one limb in Westland, the other in Canterbury. Certainly, during

my life, I have stood on more comfortable and safer places. Clarke took out his pipe and started to smoke. Presumably, therefore, it could not be so bad after all. The eye started to rove around and photographs were taken—and what a panorama is unfolded from there! Towards the south winds the mighty ice snake of the Tasman Glacier, gigantic and grand, bounded by walls of rock and ice. Beyond them chain after chain of lofty hills tower up, one surmounting the other. The glittering masses of snow and ice are intersected by the black and rugged forms of rocks. Down to Westland the vision extends deeply. Life seems to be magically imparted to the vast banks of mist that lie below. There—a rent—a gap. Through one the Whymper Glacier sparkles upwards, and below it the bush takes on hues of ever-deepening green. Between them a long silver thread glistens. It is the Ataroa River. Far away in the distance, the Tasman Sea comes into view. The Pacific is concealed by the Darwin. It is a glorious view from this soaring, solitary crest, a scene that scintillates in radiant beauty beneath the golden beams of the noonday sun. We are filled with a sense of a goal achieved, of work done, and of enjoyment earned. One would have liked to shout with joy. And yet, no:—we stood again in Nature's holiest of the holy, where all life holds its breath in silent reverent awe, and bows in devotion before great mother Nature, whose children we all are—we ourselves, the icy Titans there, the very boulders of rock, the green bush below and the ocean shining yonder like a vast silver shield.

The descent was much more speedy, being made in three-quarters of an hour, by means of our previously hewn stairway of nearly 600 steps. The snow had become too soft to slide down. At five in the evening we reached Malte Brun hut again. After another glorious moonlight night we crossed the Tasman again (these beloved moraines!) and got to Ball hut for luncheon. Here we were greeted by the joyous neighing of our steed, which had been grazing during our absence. Towards seven o'clock we arrived back at the Hermitage. We had effected the ninth ascent of the Hochstetter Dome more easily and with less danger than the first, which Mr Lendenfeldt and his brave wife had made on 25th March, 1885.

Many other beautiful trips can be undertaken from here, the crossing of the Alps, for instance, to the west coast, to the Copeland and Welcome Flat, where hot springs spout out over sinter terraces, and the Fox and Franz Joseph Glaciers sink down deep into the green bush thicket. But this trip takes a fortnight, and it was too late in the season for us to attempt it.

From the last of the glories of New Zealand that were left for us to visit, we come home.

We had wandered from the boiling lakes and playing geysers, from Waimangu towering like some huge black pine to the sky, into the lovely and magnificent bush, where the strong sun penetrates through the delicate ferns. We had gone into the jungle, and on to the calm serenity of the fjords. We had drunk in the sublime and never-to-be-forgotten picture of Milford Sound, visited the gorgeous cold lakes, and witnessed the majes-

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tic greatness of the Alps. The notes of a noble symphony of natural beauty had resounded for us. The geysers were an oppressive *allegro con brio* of anguish, such, as introduces Beethoven's C minor symphony: the silent moonlit nights of the Sounds were its *andante con moto*: the bush its merry *scherzo*, the lofty and unfettered magnitude of the Alpine world was the resonant, triumphal, song of the finale.

Where is a country on our beautiful earth, which offers all that within so small a space? Undefined glories of Nature!

We part from this land full of sincerest thanks for the pleasure that it gave us. A few words may now be devoted to its people.



THE NEW ZEALANDERS

Now what characteristics can be ascribed to the 1,000,000 who dwell in this fair country? Have chance, environment, the particular conditions of soil and climate, and the hard life of their pioneer fathers created a distinct type of man, with national attributes that are all his own?

In the routine and customs of his everyday external life, the Colonial is in no way different from his brother in Britain. Be he in London, Cape Town, Calcutta or Hong-Kong, Mombasa, Sydney or Auckland—wherever you find him—John makes himself at home on hard-and-fast lines that vary not a whit. One home is much like another—in each you find the same rooms, in each the same division of the twenty-four hours. Century-old traditions have established customs and routine that obsess alike all classes of the people. In every house you will find the table laid in one set fashion, while the same dishes are served and eaten in the same manner. Parties, balls, “evenings” drawing-rooms, garden-parties, club life—all are ruled by the one rule of taste, which stands unchallenged and unchanged throughout the great, wide British Empire.

Somebody has said that on any given day at the

same hour all Englishmen experience the same feelings, and do the same thing. And the dictum is one that can be applied equally to the Colonial.

This tradition of custom has its advantage. For it renders all equally familiar with those social customs and amenities, by which human intercourse is alone made possible and pleasant. This stereotyped line of *etiquette* saves many an embarrassing situation and *faux pas*, and gives to all grades a common meeting ground.

What aspect of the inner man then, what conception of life, and what outlook on the world in general is favoured under the Union Jack, to which the Southern Cross has been added?

One condition above all has helped to mould the New Zealander—the emptiness of the book in which he started to write the history of his national life. New Zealand is a new country. It has no ancient history and no old culture, but belongs to those lands, which, in the words of Goethe, “have it better than our continent—the old one.” It has no old autochthonous inhabitants, no nation, no ruling families: no nobility nor classes, nor the dead weight of those traditions, grey with age, which men regard as holy.

The immigrants of the last century were a heterogeneous collection. They came from all countries—frequently via Australia—and gold was generally the source of attraction. English, Irish, Scotch, Germans, Danes, Frenchmen, Austrians, Italians, Bohemians, Dalmatians, Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews all gave their quota. The Celestials came, too, but they are uninvited guests,

and nowadays there is a £ 100 poll tax, a language test, and strict examination to keep the coloured alien away. Here, as in Australia, the principle of the "white" policy holds good. Men believe in a White Australasia, and look askance on the alliance of the mother country with Japan. There is a lurking fear that one day Japan might influence the British Government to render void all restrictions on coloured immigration, and the Mongol might inundate the land.

In this deep-seated aversion to the Yellow races lie the germs of possible conflict with the Old Country, for the Colonials would never yield to such conditions. It was this latent sentiment that was the secret of the unprecedented enthusiasm with which New Zealand and Australia received the United States' battleships in 1908.

The mixture of nationality in New Zealand's first immigrants, has not been without its influence on the character of the present generation. And it must be remembered that nearly all came from the poorer citizen and peasant classes, whose burden of dull toil left them neither time nor opportunity to develop a higher culture, or deepen the æsthetic feelings. The people who came out here had to work, and to work hard. They had to wrestle with the soil, to clear the bush, to plough and to harvest, and to wage a battle of life and death with blood-thirsty Maoris. Fifty years ago the country was agriculturally poor, but in half a century its inhabitants have developed its fertility, and opened it up to an extent that augurs well for the future. Brave, steady, and self-reliant, they faced the isolation and the perils of the back-blocks. One might liken

them to the great stones on which are built strong breakwaters—foundations that lie unseen, yet without which, the superstructure could not have been. Men of action, people born to labour, sons of the soil, were necessary for such work. And the work made the hard-headed politician, the man of reality of to-day.

Is it then astonishing that they seek only the things of real and practical value—the things that mean money; or that they own a touch of disrespect for life's other aspect, and regard Art, for instance, as a thing well enough in its way, but really not absolutely necessary? What wonder that æsthetic questions, and the arts generally are as "Hecuba to him"? Of course this applies only to the great majority, the masses—the real populace. Amongst the educated classes, whose ideas, by the way, are more or less the same in all nations, are to be found thousands of exceptions. But exceptions, after all, only prove the rule. Normal men, everyday people are the New Zealander's and whatever their advantages or drawbacks, they are sound to the backbone. Their opinions are the opinions of common sense: their manners robust: and their contemplation of the world realistic, full of the buoyant joy of life and red-cheeked optimism, the which Schopenhauer would most likely have called "the cursed," but for which no one can blame the New Zealander. For can a State flourish, whose citizens are sceptics, dreamers or pessimists, without the tonic of action and hope of the future? The masses are ruled by normal feelings: there are no decadents. Far-seeing, enterprising, reliable and absolutely honourable in his affairs, the Colonial is a modern merchant

in his methods and organisation, and a man of the world in his business life.

But he is a Philistine—a shocking Philistine and Boeotian in matters of Art. In a musical farce he sees an “opera,” in a trashy melody a song, in Tosti’s “Good-bye” the gate of heaven. A shallow, sentimental, genre picture is to him the highest ideal in painting. Cheap oleographs of hackneyed subjects—often “Christmas Number” supplements—are the most popular wall covering next to the inevitable photographic enlargements of family individuals and groups. A good picture, engraving, or photogravure is rarely seen in a New Zealand house, and even if the householder wanted to buy one, he would not be able to. The shops don’t stock such things. The old masters, Leonardo, Velasquez, and the great Rembrandt, are unknown. And unknown almost are Van Dyck and Holbein, even though they lived in England, to say nothing of more modern artists, with the one exception, perhaps, of the cold and correct Lord Leighton. The public galleries would be much better advised to purchase good copies of the old masters in the place of the comparatively worthless though original efforts of mediocrity, that one sees hung there.

In matters of sculpture also is the Colonial blissfully ignorant. His architecture, and his furniture carry the stamp of deadly monotony in design, repetition following repetition. The beauties of simplicity he has not discovered, nor the value of good material. Verandah, doors, fences, gables and furniture are overladen with senseless ornaments stuck on for the sake of a “pretty” effect. He

stands small china ornaments by the dozen on brackets, or anything else that will hold them: he puts cane chairs with wild-running curves and lines in his drawing-room, and chooses wall-papers of the most appalling colour and pattern. In ninety-nine houses out of a hundred the ground-plan is the same. A long corridor leads straight through a one-storied wooden building from the front door to the back-yard, with rooms to right and left of it. A lady friend of the writer was justified in comparing it to a shooting gallery in which one could pick off the fowls in the yard while standing at the front door. This it must be remembered is only in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases. The solitary exception holds out hope for future improvement.

All this is the more astonishing when one remembers that England has good traditional styles of architecture and furniture. But these apparently the immigrants did not carry with them.

This evident disdain of culture finds expression in the clothes of the people. They are neither elegant nor fashionable. The suit of the man is rough and substantial. He is far too fond of his soft shirt with its limp collar and loose tie. The head is too often covered with the soft cap; while on a heavy gold watch-chain you will see, sure as fate, an ornament of greenstone.

As for the girls and women—they are good comrades for the men. No hysterical, delicate creatures, but beings full of blood, strength and health. The sexes meet and mix much more freely than Europe's varnished morals would admit. And no harm is done either. The young people choose for themselves their companions in life: become en-

gaged, and break it off if they think they have chosen wrongly. The latter course is one of which no one need be ashamed, for here an engagement is not regarded so seriously as on the Continent. Elegant or stylish the great majority of women cannot be called. Their carriage is too careless; their style of dress too untidy, too fluffy, too dowdy, and too pretentious. The middle-classes have not yet discovered the charm of simplicity, and endeavour on insufficient incomes, by aid of cheap finery, to copy the more well-to-do ladies, whose toilets need fear no comparison with any on the Continent.

The disregard of the external evidences of culture, is shown in the speech of the people. Sad to relate, one far too often hears the younger generation talk with a twang that horrifies the ear of anyone used to good English. A mother will request her daughter "Kyte" to ask the "lydy" whether she will "tyke" another piece of "cyke." The vowels and diphthongs are so drawn and twisted that it is often difficult to recognise the King's English. Occasionally a touch of Cockney is mixed up with it and the h's fly about haphazard. A newspaper boy in Melbourne roared, "'Erald, Hevenin' 'Erald!" and when a sensitive philologist politely protested, the cheerful street arab calmly replied, "I use my h's in the morning Hige (Age) and Hargus." This twang is worse in Australia than in New Zealand, but it is gaining ground here and ought to be strenuously eradicated by school-teachers, for it really does not sound nice, and robs sweet girlish lips of all their poesy. The latter circumstance, however, might well escape the

notice of the New Zealander, for he is neither romantic, imaginative, nor sentimental, but very matter of fact. He can write the most ardent love-letter, containing the most fervent nothings and commonplaces, on a scribbling block. For all that, the New Zealander is kind and amiable, especially towards strangers. This, perhaps, is not so much the obliging amiability of the forms, as the *politesse du cœur*: not well-schooled or polished manners, but honest and sincere sympathy.

Too many people who are not Britishers, live here for the Colonial to be narrow-minded. To live and let live is his principle. Full of the joy of life he does not begrudge his neighbour's making hay while the sun shines. He earns good money and likes to spend his earnings. He is easygoing, is open-handed in benevolence, and even more so in his pleasure. He insures his life, but otherwise makes no preparation for a rainy day. He may put his money in the Savings Bank, but before his holidays or the races he will withdraw the greater part of it. Although he could well do it, he does not save. He is too fond of giving himself and his family a good time. Hospitality ranks high in his esteem: everybody likes to see guests, and is always ready to welcome a stranger. A youthful buoyancy is the leading feature of the New Zealander's character.

In these islands are churches, gospel halls, tabernacles, sects, missions, and Salvation Army corps in plenty, whose secular tone in sermon and in song, in advertising and in bazaars, will ever afford fresh surprise for the continental traveller. The prayer-meetings are attended by young and old; but would anyone call the New Zealander pious or religious?

Here, as in many other places, it is only the unthinking piety that goes to church because one's parents went—because by chance it might be true, and because, in any case, it can do no harm.

“ Some go to church to take a walk :
Some go there to laugh and talk :
Some go there to meet a friend :
Some go there their time to spend :
Some go there to meet a lover :
Some go there a fault to cover :
Some go there for speculation :
Some go there for observation :
Some go there to doze and nod :
A few go there to worship God.”

For all that the New Zealander has his heart in the right place, and if charity remains the greatest of pious virtues, and the true religion for man is “work,” he is religious in the best sense of the word.

He is easygoing even with the Deity. He dislikes to think of the future—that can take care of itself. He likes to enjoy the present: he loves to laugh, and does so often and loudly. But, in spite of all, he has no true sense of humour. I firmly believe there is not one New Zealander who has ever laughed at himself. He takes himself very seriously indeed. The desire to appear important, to hear New Zealand's fame on every tongue, to copy the Home people, has often ludicrous results and develops an utterly disproportionate respect for ceremonies and functions. If an unimportant Post Office is to be built, the Prime Minister must lay the foundation-stone, and make a speech, and subsequently he must open the building, and deliver a second oration. A Sunday School is erected: the Mayor with all due ceremony lays the foundation-stone, and His Excellency the Governor declares

the barn-like hall open. All this is transmitted to posterity in the inscription on the commemoration-stone. There is a clock to be fixed in the Town-Hall tower, a small wooden bridge to be opened or a lamp erected: the leading officials are sure to be called upon for the occasion. Victorious footballers return home: great reception by Ministers, Mayors, etc., with enthusiastic reverberating speeches.

This love of display, speech-making, and applause penetrates right into private life. No tennis club will open the season without a speech, and no bowling tournament is concluded but someone must say something, and call for three cheers. When Mr Brown leaves his position at Swampy Creek to take up a similar situation at Muddy Flat, all his friends and acquaintances, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, assemble in state to present him with a silver-mounted brush and comb (suitably inscribed), and to make flattering speeches about his multifarious virtues and good qualities. They may be overjoyed to see him go, he may be devoid of any of the excellent attributes so freely applied to him, he may even be an utter fool—these things matter not a jot—the “pleasing ceremony” as it is called by the reporter, who has not been present, must and will be held, and no man escapes it unless he is leaving the district to go to gaol, in which case the authorities, very unkindly, do not give sufficient notice of their intention to make the arrest for his fellow-citizens to get up a testimonial. Occasionally, too, a man, who has resided in a place for some time, feels that he is already sufficiently indebted to the townspeople, without calling upon them to make any further presentations. So he leaves

quietly and unostentatiously, and the regret at his departure, though privately expressed, is often more sincere than that voiced at public farewells.

All these functions—public, social, and private—are performed with due ceremony and every reverence. The New Zealander has lost his sense of measure and proportion: he sees in these trifles events of the greatest national importance and has no idea how infinitely comical they may appear, garbed and vested as they are with this grave, pompous dignity, when estimated at their own worth.

Every New Zealander is a confirmed Democrat. But is he really free? Is democracy freedom in itself? He who believes it has something to relearn. Democracy does not necessarily spell freedom, any more than aristocracy or oligarchy. The Liberal-Labour fusion ruling here impresses upon everything the stamp of its opinions, seeks to subject everything to its supremacy, and is firmly resolved to tolerate no other gods beside itself. There is very little fraternity about this socialism. The war is over purely material interests—higher wages and shorter hours—without considering the employer. The boss may look out for himself and when "he thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." This democracy forces the proprietors of large estates to sell out, and declares null and void legally concluded contracts without the justification that public welfare demands such a step, and it assumes the power to destroy and ruin legally established trades without paying any compensation. The Liquor Act and the Labour Laws are encroachments on individual liberty, which a true democrat should scarcely support.

Their socialism, too, means the domination of one class—worse even than a bourgeoisie in that it is uneducated: it is fanatical and without consideration for the rights of others.

And in spite of that, although the care of the worker is the *suprema lex* in this country, there is no dissatisfaction, no discontent, no dissension—and why? Because the New Zealander knows very well that as he has made his bed so must he lie on it: knows that it is all his own fault, that he governs himself and makes his own laws and his own state, and holds in his hands the possibility of altering such measures as run counter to his own interests.

The interest taken in politics is universal, and capable men come forward, attracted by the possibility of realising their ideas in the public arena. That is one of the blessings of the Parliamentary system. The Ministry is formed out of the party in power, and the choice of men is controlled by that party, and not by the arbitrary will of an individual. Certainly this system is not without its disadvantages, which are perhaps more easily recognisable in thinly populated New Zealand than in Great Britain, where there exists a nobility imbued with modern ideas, possessing all the advantages of education, and political and economic knowledge. One of the chief drawbacks of the system is the kow-towing to the masses, the specious premises, and the vote-hunting on the part of the politicians. But this at any rate happens publicly, and is open to the criticism of opposition, or of the Press.

But above all the Parliamentary system educates

the masses in matters political, and forces the various factions to combine into two or three parties so that decisive majorities can be arrived at. It obliges them, too, to moderate their platform speeches, as any day may call them to the helm where the value and practicability of their demands and promises can be proven. And it teaches that there are two sides to every question, so that men learn to respect their adversaries. To a German it is really refreshing to see how objectively the elections are fought here. There are no personal calumnies and offences, no washing of dirty linen in public, and no candidate need fear that he will emerge from the contest with mud clinging to his character. Fair play is the supreme law. If a candidate for instance, is taken ill before the election, and cannot appear in public, his opponent will cease his meetings, too, no matter how bad his chances may be. He will not take advantage of his adversary, nor profit by the latter's innocently incurred misfortune. Never did I value the great advantages of the Parliamentary system higher than when I remembered that Seddon was able to die in harness, while to Bismarck this wish of a lifetime was denied.

Everyone, of course, has the right of freely expressing his opinions, and no law of *lèse-majesté* nor policeman will prevent him doing so. Still the right is not abused, although the New Zealander likes to use it often. In the "letters to the Editor" which appear by the dozen every day, the citizen talks on every possible subject, and other things as well. The Government, legislation, criticisms which he does not agree with, public events, ball-

room behaviour, the sparrow and the dust nuisance, the exercise of post-mortem, the use of chloroform, vaccination, the policy of Germany (*hélas*, how often and wrongly), free-trade or protection, divining rods, and the management of public institutions—all are discussed: often with a wisdom undulled by knowledge.

Despite democracy and socialism, the men here have not become as the angels. It would be foolish to say that class distinctions do not exist in this country. The Colonial dearly loves a lord and entertains a lurking reverence even for a hyphenated name. The doings of a peer are followed with intense interest, be it only in respect of his divorce suit. Before a well-filled purse, too, these democrats will make their profoundest salaams. Among the more prosperous classes snobs are not so very rare either, and a little smile is apt to quiver at the corner of one's mouth when one hears officers of the Volunteer Corps addressed in private life as "Colonel" or "Captain."

The New Zealander loves his country with all his heart. Whether he grows grain in Invercargill or Canterbury, digs for gold in Thames or Otago, runs a dairy in Taranaki, or has a sheep-station at Hawkes Bay: whether he follows trade or business in the city, or fells timber in the roadless back-blocks, ask him, and he will tell you with a ring of sincere conviction, "There is no place like New Zealand." And yet he scarcely knows his own country, seldom leaves his narrow groove, and rarely travels for pleasure, being satisfied to hear the praise of the scenic beauties from the mouth of the tourist, or learn of them through photographs. If he

happens to take a long holiday he goes "Home". In five or six months England, France, Germany, Italy, and often America as well are visited, and rushed through. Yet one might well ask, "Why travel into distant land, when the best things are so near at hand?" But in these frequent trips to Europe there is something of the migratory instinct of the birds and fishes, an instinct that harks back to the place of birth, to remembrances of youth, and to the seat of old culture and tradition. And when he comes back, he will still say in tones of firm conviction, "There is no place like New Zealand." No other country has a chance with it. Everything here is believed to be the best in the world—not only land and scenery, but railways, the postal system, the telegraphs. The New Zealander has become adverse to taking advice, and loves to hear and listen to the fulsome flattery of passing strangers. He sincerely thinks the eyes of the world are directed on his country, to study and learn from its social legislation. Is this justifiable pride, or narrow conceit? Perhaps both. Still, no one would like to deny them this joy in their own land, which is the expression of content, prosperity, and pride in what they have made the country. And each individual feels that he has had his share in the work of progress and development.

The Colony finds its main support in a sound middle-class, of common-sense intellect, to whom the democratic constitution allows every chance of making its way. The Ministry of to-day is the best evidence of this. The Premier is a self-made merchant, who began life as a telegraph boy; the Minister for Railways worked in the Sailors' Union,

while the Minister for Education is the proprietor of a clothing and mercery business. Over the last appointment, many will shake their heads. Internal policy, customs, finance, or railways can be managed by common sense and business aptitude—the routine is soon learned. But surely a portfolio of Education claims special knowledge and special study? Can any Tom, Dick or Harry, who is able to organise a shop, well, undertake such a position? Does not this sort of thing only lead to a Department controlled by secretaries, inspectors, and other officials? Truly democracy sometimes follows strange paths!

Happy, however, is the country in which intellect can make its way (Europe! listen and be ashamed of yourself!), in which even creed is no obstacle in the way to office and authority. Verily, New Zealand, "thou hast it better than our Continent—the old one!"

The democratic basis of the State reveals itself, too, in the schools. Primary Education is free, and is given to boys and girls together in the Borough Schools. Most children (152,416 children, to give figures) have to be satisfied with this. Further education is gained by practical experience. In 1909 8,203 pupils attended High Schools, which are often boarding schools. In these establishments the class-rooms for boys and girls are separate, though generally in the same building. Thus from earliest childhood, little men and little women tread the same road, learn to know and esteem one another, and become good comrades in the face of the common enemy, the teacher. The syllabus, too, is the same for girls as for boys. The

children are given "Nature Study" lessons, and learn of natural development, evolution, and Darwin—whom our head-teachers used once to place second only to the devil. Religious instruction is eliminated from the schools, and left in the hands of the churches and their Sunday Schools, but it is mendacious falsehood to say that the character of the New Zealander has suffered by this. Black sheep exist everywhere, but where is crime and sin less than here? Here, where the houses are scarcely ever locked up, where cattle and horses graze on open pastures day and night without a guard, where so many of those opportunities, which make the thief, exist. It is, I repeat a mendacious calumny, issued to bring the schools back under the control of the church, and it is to be hoped that the New Zealander will be on his guard against it.

Though quite modern on one side, the syllabus gives undue prominence to Latin. Greek, however, is not taught. It is to be trusted that the modern spirit asserts itself right through, and limits instruction in the dead languages very much in favour of the living ones. The great works of the ancients will then be read in good translations, instead of being used as grammatical, gymnastic apparatus, or for such-like purposes, which used to deprive us boys so effectively of pleasure in these books. Of course, we cannot enjoy the works in the same way as the ancients did—we do not possess their feelings or sentiments. We can in no way imagine what associations of ideas one word might have awakened in those times, what notes were struck, or what echo reverberated. So I do not

really see why a translation should afford less enjoyment than the original.

Anybody who has passed the "Matric" of the High School may go to the University, which, of course, is open to both sexes alike. The Colleges are distributed among the four cities. Here the professors give their lectures and demonstrations, and here the industrious New Zealander gains the right to all those mysterious letters that he tags on to his name. In the space of thirty-seven years 1183 obtained direct degrees.

The Medical School is in Dunedin. The method of instruction in this science would hardly suit a German. The young student is treated like a schoolboy, and has to carefully mind his p's and q's. What gives the German University its freshness is the personal freedom that every student enjoys. And the result is, that when he attends his lectures, he does so from love of work, and interest in his studies, not because the teacher is looking round with a rod, so to speak, to see if everybody has turned up. No independent man is educated through supervision. It is surprising to see the stock of material that the young medical has to plod through. He does not confine himself to the particular science connected with his profession, and study only the broad outlines of other branches, but zoology, botany, chemistry, and physics have to be thoroughly mastered. The whole course of study is dished up in detail before him, and he must eat and digest it. Forgetfulness is never permitted. Every four weeks the unfortunate fellows are worried with examinations—they have scarcely time to breathe.

More freedom ought certainly to be given them, and this perpetual examining dispensed with, for its value, indeed, is only problematical. The man who lacks an "examination temperament" is often let down by nervousness, despite his knowledge, while another may just get those questions about which, he by chance knows something. It is only the man-in-the-street who sets such store on examinations. Examinations used as a finale, for which they are, perhaps, needed, and seldom applied otherwise would be all right. But here one gets rather too much of a good thing. Moreover, the Colonial preference for the thing utilitarian has too much influence on the courses marked out for study. All is cut and dried for practical work. General practitioners deliver the clinical lectures, men of practice form the honorary staffs of the Public Hospitals. This system stands, in my mind, in great need of being altered. Big hospitals want the undivided attention of leading physicians and surgeons; the demands of such institutions cannot be supplied in the spare hours of busy city practitioners who devote one or two afternoons in a week to the work. Would it not be better to follow the German practice, to elect for twelve years a first-class physician and surgeon and pay them, to live and work at the hospital, train students and nurses, undertake scientific studies and be allowed a consultative practice only? If the cause of medical science is to be advanced in New Zealand, the honorary staffs will have to cease and be replaced by highly efficient and paid leaders, who will, can, and must devote their main time to the hospital, its wants in the operating room and laboratory.

Then only will the student be educated up to scientific work, which he is not to-day. Experimental medicine, theoretical, speculating, and research work . . . have no disciples. In the little *New Zealand Medical Journal* appear mostly papers, that in another part of the world would be classified as "therapeutic communications out of the practice." In 1909, 123 male and 11 female students paid homage to Æsculapius, but here, as elsewhere, no one can correctly answer inquisitive questions as to what becomes of the girl medical student, as so very few, comparatively, appear on the register. With regard to surgery in general, it may be remarked that here dry aseptic does not yet enjoy the recognition it is so well entitled to.

The syllabus of the schools, especially of the primary schools, is laden with subjects that in Europe are taught only to adults, while so important a matter as physical training—especially of girls—is left entirely to sport. The boys are given, for instance, manual training in woodwork and carpentry, and are then considered to have received a technical education. It is not recognised that this is, for a lad, only play—a mere pastime, though a useful one. The essentials of the work escape him, and through undertaking too much at a time, all branches of study naturally suffer. In the finish nothing is done thoroughly, and a merely superficial knowledge is gained, especially as only five days a week are at the disposal of the instructor. Thus the system brings little good to anyone.

Nowadays, too, they are thinking very seriously of teaching the boys sharp-shooting, and training them for defence work, it being hoped to thus

establish a reserve force—a nation in arms. But the art of shooting and good marksmanship will scarcely in itself gain victory over a well-disciplined opponent. This much might have been learnt from the Boer War.

The youth, may, perhaps, gain tactical instruction with Volunteers, in whose hands the defence of the country now lies. This sort of Army will always raise a smile on German lips. There is drill one night a week—no volunteer is obliged to come—or perchance, there is a church parade in full uniform, which will be more largely attended, for then Jane and Mary can see and admire the boys in their smart coats. At Easter the “Army” goes for three or four days’ manoeuvres, holds target practice, and generally succeeds in keeping everybody awake. Sometimes another few days’ camp is held, when the battalions sleep in tents, and train before and after business hours. During the day the warriors stand behind the counter and desk, while the officers are generally bankers, merchants, and lawyers in private life. To the German this is too reminiscent of the days of the happy citizen army, that was able to shelter, during a rain-storm under a single tree. The rifle shooting of schoolboys, the volunteers, the forts at Auckland, Wellington, and Dunedin, the Defence Council, and even the big guns in Albert Park (Auckland), will be insufficient, and will fail—fail miserably, when there is a real foe to be kept out. Something more is needed—above all universal training, which, in imitation of Germany’s example, will have to be introduced sooner or later.

Will the compulsory Militia-service now to be

introduced on Lord Kitchener's advice, really meet the case? To a German, who has spent years in the army, this must appear as a half-hearted measure. The example of Switzerland cannot be cited as evidence, as New Zealand's neutrality is not guaranteed, as that of Europe's Holiday Resort State. In a Dominion like New Zealand, with a very small population, the highest efficiency as a soldier is essential, is absolutely necessary. And that, it would seem, can only be gained by training after the German system, which means training for one, or two, or three years, and not for a few evening-hours and in a camp for four, six or eight weeks.

This absurdly short time gives no opportunity to any officer, young or old, to handle masses, to split an army up and unite it again on the place wanted, to let Army-corps march separated from each other and bring them together again, to meet the enemy, to have on the battlefield the right number, on the right place, at the right time.

And will the weeks allotted be sufficient to teach the young New Zealander discipline? I do not envy the men who will be entrusted with that duty. A task, formidable and toilsome, awaits them. New Zealand is a new land. The absence of history and tradition, of old places, ruins and old families makes itself felt in the character of its youths. They do not revere old things, do not acknowledge authorities, for Jack is as good as his master. Will the drill-master succeed to sew into the young hearts the respect, the veneration, the awe, which Goethe praises as the ultimate aim and end of all moral education? It is a consumma-

tion devoutly to be wished. It would improve the young Maorilander's character such a great deal, if some things, old or new, sacred or secular, matters not, would leave a hush on his soul.

I think it was Blumenthal who coined the neat saying, "Tell me what you do in your leisure hours, and I will tell you what you are."

How does the New Zealander occupy his leisure? First comes reading. New Zealand's papers are all written in a decent spirit: the Press Association cables report briefly the events of the world, which the editors supplement with more or less happy commentaries: and, for the rest, they are in their conception of the international situation, an echo of the great English journals which they resemble in size and make-up. The book market, too, relies on London influence. The latest publications—mostly novels and detective stories—are issued in cheap colonial editions, which, by the way, are models in printing and paper, and are swallowed with avidity whether good or bad. Here, as everywhere else in the world, sloppy sentiment finds the most readers. Each city, each place has its public library. These are well-conducted, especially in Christchurch and Auckland, and contain literature of all countries. The younger generation does not forget the old writers — George Eliot, Tennyson, Ruskin, Dickens, Scott, and the graceful, crystal-clear Macaulay. But with regard to Shakespeare it remains a truism that the German knows him best, despite the existence of numerous Shakespearian Societies in British countries.

The name of Shakespeare turns the thoughts

from literature to the theatre, which, however, plays here only a small part, and has no higher aim than to provide shallow amusement, and pass away the time. Travelling companies play horrible melodrama, abounding in brave and noble sentiments, where vice succumbs, and virtue emerges triumphant. The New Zealander sits spellbound before this sort of thing, hoots and hisses the villain, hangs on every word of the hero, and fills in the pauses with applause, yelling and whistling. He seems to live in the piece. Such an audience would really be an ideal one for a poet. The pity of it is, that such enthusiasm is wasted on so unworthy a subject. Besides melodrama, the latest London and New York successes are produced. And what one sees here does not say much for Anglo-Saxon taste. It is either stupid nonsense, or masked melodrama. The Englishman does not care to see the real life of to-day on his stage. He is too romantic. He loves the company of knights, brave and bold: and the treatment of modern problems, and even of vices, is only permitted, when played in the drawing-room among well-dressed people. Bernard Shaw's brilliant and charming women, with the smile of Mona Lisa on their faces, are unknown here; Mrs Warren is not allowed to justify herself; Salome may not desire the mouth of "Jokanaan" which is like a pomegranate cut with a knife of ivory; while unheard are the witty dialogues of Wilde's other plays, the action of which is so terribly conventional.

Opera is not cultivated at all. Australian companies, with a galaxy of brilliant voices, present English musical plays, which consist of an idiotic

"book," numerous songs, and fine girls in tights. Occasionally, though, there is a real treat in the shape of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, with its witty text, and bright, but never vulgar music. At this moment, however, "the inevitable widow, alleged to be merry" haunts the footlights.

Concerts claim scarcely any time. Artists such as Paderewski, Heerman, Hamburg, Friedenthal, Melba, Crossley, Dolores, and Mallinson, come, see and conquer—thanks chiefly to name and reputation. And they have not all recognised the mission that awaits them here. Some of them, like Heerman, Paderewski and Mallinson open wide the gates of Paradise, others come with the idea of making money, and allow their press agents to advertise them by relating the story of their wooing, publishing the photographs of their children, and even by dragging the puling infant and unweaned baby into print. The children of Madame Butt, and those of Jan Kubelik have become famous, and filled many a hall for their parents by the way in which they have been thrust before the public gaze. These artists seek to attract the audience more by their personality than by their art.

The concerts of the New Zealanders themselves are of the dilettante order. The orchestras are composed of male and female amateurs, who have an unhappy way of making mincemeat of a symphony by producing only parts and single movements. Their motto seems to be:—

"By mass alone can you subdue the masses,
Each then selects in time what suits his bent.
Bring much, you something bring for various classes
And from the house goes everyone content.

You give a piece, abroad in pieces send it!
 'Tis a ragout—success must needs attend it. "

And when their ambition impels them to essay one of—or more usually one movement of—Beethoven's Symphonies, then, "ut desint vires, tamen est laudanda voluntas." The Colonial loves music, but he has no musical taste, and sadly lacks musical education. Such a thing as criticism in the daily papers scarcely exists. Every entertainment must be praised according to the size of the advertisement. One monthly journal, the *Triad*, delivers good and trenchant critiques, but the editor lays himself open to the reproach of counteracting, in the pictorial part of the paper, his musical opinions. These pictures show the same weak mawkish taste that this critic condemns in matters musical—and the result is neutral.

Much, however, could be achieved here in music. I believe, singing is taught in the schools. But the results sadden the heart of every lover of the heaven-born art of music. Observe the children at an outing of their School. When going out and coming home in the drags or trams, they will sing. But what? Not Scottish, Irish, or kindred German folk-songs, but the latest idiotic music-hall piffle, or a terror and deformity from an alleged comic opera. School and teacher are responsible for this outrage on a childish soul. And it is clear that musical education must begin here, if ever musical culture is to be attained.

Men are wanted to see to this branch of education. The State—or better still the four cities—should keep and pay a high-class orchestra, which could give seasons in the cities, and might even

put on grand opera. There are souls waiting to accept that which is good—but who is there to give it to them?

There remains only one generally recognised dissipation—sport and gambling. Card-playing especially has attained great importance. One is asked to bridge, poker, solo-whist, and euchre parties. Boys and girls, men and women, old and young—all play. The main inducement is the lust of gain. During the racing season enormous sums are wagered. Last year £2,030,426 were invested on 323 days in 167 licensed totalisators, and to this must be added the wagers with book-makers. It is estimated that in Wellington alone, £1,000,000 goes in betting in one year, and in other cities the sum is scarcely less. The races are the centre of all amusements. No place in New Zealand is too small to have its racecourse, and most places have two for trots and galloping.

The following incident—a true one—may serve to illustrate the rôle the races play in the mind of the Colonial. The steamer *Monowai* broke her propeller on the voyage from the Bluff to Melbourne. For days she was driven hither and thither at the mercy of wind and waves, until she was finally taken in tow by a vessel sent in search of her. The passengers sang a hymn on being rescued, and scarcely had the sound of the sacred song of thanksgiving died away, when loud and clear from the *Monowai* came the hail. “What won the New Zealand cup?” That had been the man’s greatest anxiety through the whole period of peril.

Every opportunity is taken to gamble. Even

during the little regatta in George Sound, during our *Waikare* trip an enterprising barber opened a thriving "tote." The national vices of New Zealand are gambling and legislation.

New Zealand's national sport is football, and in this she is invincible. In addition all other kinds of sport—cricket, hockey, tennis, etc., are indulged in.

Bernard Shaw remarks in one of his introductions (which, by the way, are often more entertaining than his plays) "The well-fed Englishman, though he lives and dies a schoolboy, cannot play. He cannot even play cricket and football, he has to work at them: that is why he beats the foreigner who plays at them. To him playing means playing the fool. He can hunt, and shoot, and travel, and fight: he can, when special holiday festivity is suggested to him, eat and drink, dill and drab, smoke and lounge. But play he cannot." That is quite true. The New Zealander, too, practises and trains most conscientiously: he takes his sport as seriously as if the welfare of the world depended on the winning of a match. English, Australian, New Zealand teams visit each other to measure their strength in cricket, football and tennis. Pages of cable messages report these matches, which are as feverishly awaited as war news, and as sagely read and discussed. Great festivities honour the victors—official receptions, presentations, and "pleasant ceremonies." In fact, a great footballer is a national hero.

So far so good, if only the culture of the mind were not neglected. But that unfortunately is the case. All this loud noisy tone; this love of

gambling, this over-estimation of purely bodily skill, shows a certain lack of culture, an absence of refinement, of depth, and of the inwardness of true enjoyment.

This however, must not be read as a reproach. It has its natural *raison d'être*, and it would, indeed, be astonishing if things were otherwise with these men of action. For art and æsthetic considerations there used to be no time. Every effort was extended in clearing and cultivating the land, and when work was over the tired head was glad to find relaxation in sleep. Then the ground repaid the labour, and the people became well-to-do, and gained time and leisure. The lust for recreation, and the craving for dissipation awakened. The reaction was as strong and vigorous as the work that came before it. The sensations of gambling and betting were a pleasing relaxation, and spare time, as so often, was not employed in acquiring knowledge, but in the pursuit of pleasure. So far New Zealand has neither an art of her own, nor a literature, and does not even show signs of mental cultivation. People are still satisfied with shallowness, sentimentality, or sensation on the stage, on canvas, and on the concert platform. But this too, will be overcome. Always when hunger has been stilled, art has come into blossom. Here, too, men will rise who will be the teachers of the people, and will lead the yearning masses in the right channels. The desire for beauty, for the higher and purer reality that is wedded to art, exists, but has not yet grown self-conscious. Little Thorn-Rose sleeps still in the thorn bush. May the prince come soon to wake her!

The New Zealander leads a right comfortable life. Not harassed by competition, he can devote a fair part of the day to himself and his family. Eight hours is the legal day's work. The offices close at five, and the shops at six, and once a week at nine, while their shutters are put up for one afternoon in the six working days. All holidays are strictly observed, the festival days of the calendar as well as the national and the many self-created Colonial ones. On Sundays the railway and postal services are at rest, and the telegraph office is only open for a short time. The telephone, however, rings day and night. On Saturday, at one, all offices and banks close until Monday morning, and in the afternoon everybody is on the sports grounds. The young people play cricket and tennis, the ladies croquet, and the old gentlemen roll their bowls, while in winter time it is hockey, football, and golf. Then in the evening, the city livens up again. Folk stand about in crowds, gossip, laugh and are generally noisy. Long streams of young girls and boys pass by, arm in arm, and ready-made couples wend their way. Crowds gather before the brightly lighted shop windows. Dozens of perambulators, guarded by dozens of husbands, wait beneath the verandahs for dozens of mothers, who are making their purchases inside. On the corner the Salvation Army plays by flaring torchlight, and preaches ghastly Lent sermons: at another point stands an agitator holding forth on politics: on the steps of the monument, someone paints in horrifying pictures the effects of alcoholism: while yonder another gathers a crowd around him as he thunders against a Government, that has done him some little in-

justice. Phlegmatically the "Bobby," the swordless policeman, moves through the mass, interfering with no one, but occasionally asking the standing people to move on.

The next day is quiet. One sits at home, works in the garden, indulges in a hobby, plays cards, sleeps or reads, or goes out to the surrounding suburbs for a picnic. Theatres and concert halls are closed. A Sunday such as this is a real day of rest and recreation, and everyone who has got used to it will admit, with Dr Peters, that they would not like to miss it. For a stranger, without house or home, such a Sunday is, however, a veritable terror.

Such is the comfortable, quiet life of the inhabitants of this land, which even faulty legislation cannot destroy. Conditions are all in harmony—a healthy ground, a healthy climate, and a healthy people. The land contains gold, coal, copper and petroleum, is fertile in pasture and crops, and more than rich in scenic beauties. The climate is propitious, has sufficient sun and rain, and does not run to extremes. These advantages, together with the smallness of the population, result everywhere in prosperity. Bitter poverty, such as lurks in cellars and garrets at Home, keeps night vigils in the streets and archways, and begs and starves, is totally unknown here. Everyone has his little home, with its bathroom, which, happily, is used daily, and its piano, which, unfortunately, is also used daily. The single home is general everywhere. I cannot remember ever having seen two families living in the same house. A garden, too, is never wanting, in which the people grow all those

flowers, that one never fails to see on every table and in every buttonhole.

This prosperity permits of the population being properly fed, and one can safely say that in no house will meat be found wanting from the daily bill of fare. Not only on Sundays, but every day the New Zealander has his mutton in the pot. This mutton—to be material for a moment—is really exquisite: boiled or roast, its flavour must surely please every palate. In other respects—with the exception, perhaps, of the irreproachable roast beef—the Continental does not think too highly of English cooking. The Briton cooks at the table. Meat, potatoes, and vegetables (which the Englishman cannot prepare at all) and the proper seasoning is always lacking. So that everyone piles little heaps of salt and mustard on the edge of his plate, strews pepper over everything, and, in fact, finishes the preparation of the dish there and then. Endless sauces, from Worcester to Tomato are added. He has a remarkable preference for sweet dishes and puddings, of which three or four appear daily on the table, from among which the poor guest has to choose. Tea is decidedly the favourite beverage of the New Zealander. He drinks it in the morning at seven o'clock (unwashed and in bed—ugh!) for breakfast at 8.30, as morning tea at eleven, for lunch at one, as afternoon tea at four, as evening tea after dinner at seven, and in many cases as a night-cap at ten. But, of course, he does not neglect whisky and beer.

The three factors—the warm, but not enervating climate; the hygiene of the single house, of the daily bath and of sport, and the wholesome food—com-

bine together to make the general health of the Colony remarkably good. Rickets, which keep the European orthopædic hospitals going, are almost unknown here, and are run close in rarity by lateral spinal curvature (scoliosis), as I have proved by the examination of 500 school children, and by the experience of myself and others. The vigorous constitution of the old-time immigrant, his rude health, is vested in the third and fourth generation. On several occasions there has been danger of epidemics—small-pox and plague were brought into the country, but they never spread, though apropos of small-pox, it may be stated that only about one half the population is vaccinated, and that only once. The English law permits, unfortunately the “conscientious objection.” The opponent of vaccination—who, as a layman, of course, knows better than the bacteriologist and physician—has only to say that he is firmly convinced that his child would suffer harm by vaccination, and the protective measure must not be taken. Chronic rheumatism of the joints seems to be comparatively frequent, and its development is favoured by the sudden changes of weather. Goitre is not rare. False teeth, too, are seen astonishingly often. What favours the growth of these third teeth? the water or a lack of mouth culture? (or the number of dentists?)

All New Zealand is like a big family. Everybody knows everybody else, and each knows his neighbour's affairs often better than the neighbour himself. One follows with interest the movements of one's friends, reads about their health, their parties, and the dresses of their women-folk in the

“Ladies Columns” of the weekly papers. The people stand together, divide joys and sorrows, rejoice over every success attained by a New Zealander, or mourn together on the death of a countryman. They feel united as brothers, possess the healthy pride of a growing nation that believes in itself and its future, and love their land as a family its home. The New Zealander is what not everyone can claim to be—a happy man in a happy country!



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